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CALVARY SONGS.

B[illegible] Perkins.

Queenston Sunday School.

PRINCETON, N. J.

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CALVARY SONGS:

A COLLECTION OF

NEW AND CHOICE

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

BY REV. CHAS. S. ROBINSON D. D., AND THEODORE E. PERKINS.

PHILADELPHIA:
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PREFACE.

It is hoped that this Book will be sufficient for the real use of any ordinary Sunday-school for at least twenty years. Only, let there be enterprise in learning to sing the pieces, so as to bring them *all* into service.

Mechanical reasons have forbidden any arrangement according to exact analysis of subjects. But the following table will furnish all suggestions that are needed.

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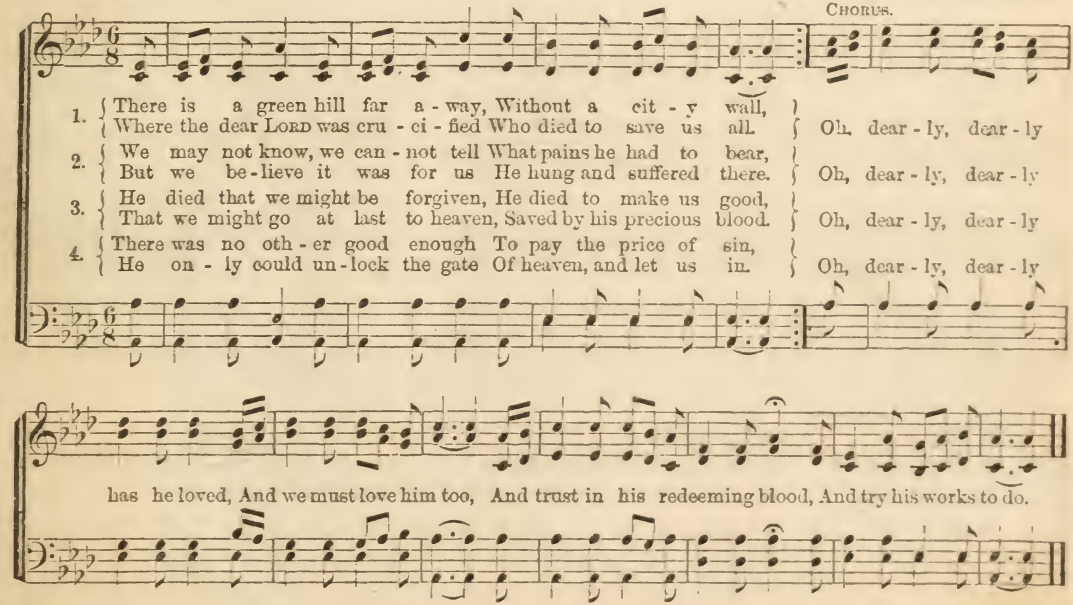
CALVARY SONGS.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

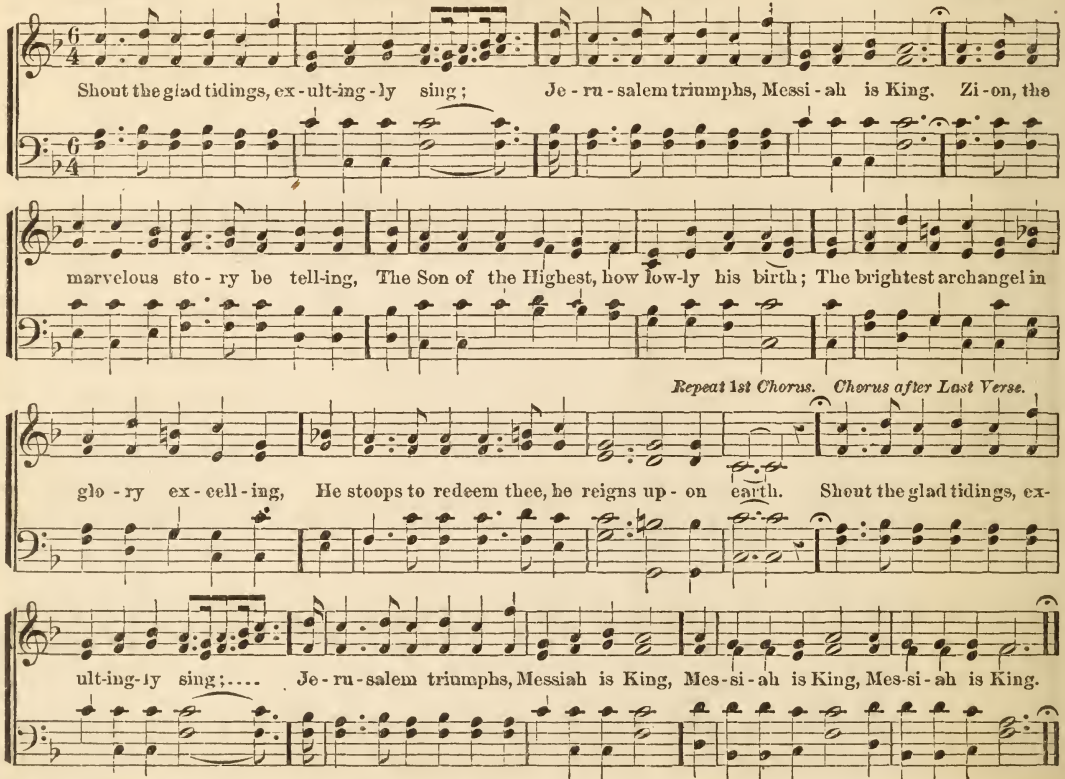
Mrs. ALEXANDER. T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1875.,

CHORUS.


1. There is a green hill far a - way, Without a cit - y wall,
Where the dear LORD was cru - ci - fied Who died to save us all. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains he had to bear,
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly
3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by his precious blood. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly
4. There was no oth - er good enough To pay the price of sin,
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven, and let us in. Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly
has he loved, And we must love him too, And trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.

MUHLENBERG.

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

AVISON.

Shout the glad tidings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; Je-ru-salem triumphs, Messi-ah is King. Zi-on, the
marvelous sto-ry be tell-ing, The Son of the Highest, how low-ly his birth; The brightest archangel in
Repeat 1st Chorus. Chorus after Last Verse.
glo-ry ex-cell-ing, He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up-on earth. Shout the glad tidings, ex-
ult-ing-ly sing;.... Je-ru-salem triumphs, Messiah is King, Mes-si-ah is King, Mes-si-ah is King.

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS. *Concluded*

Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

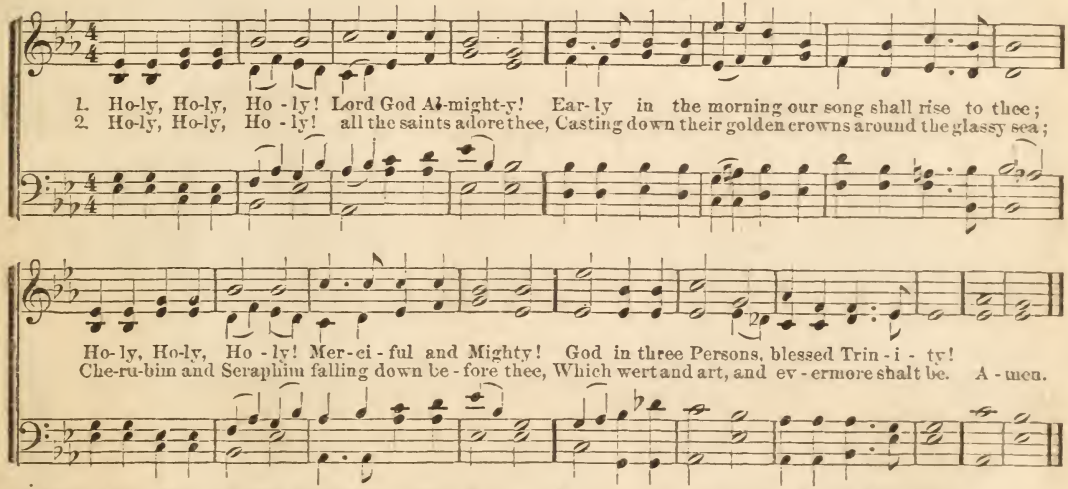
2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!
Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound thro' the earth and the skies.
Cho.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

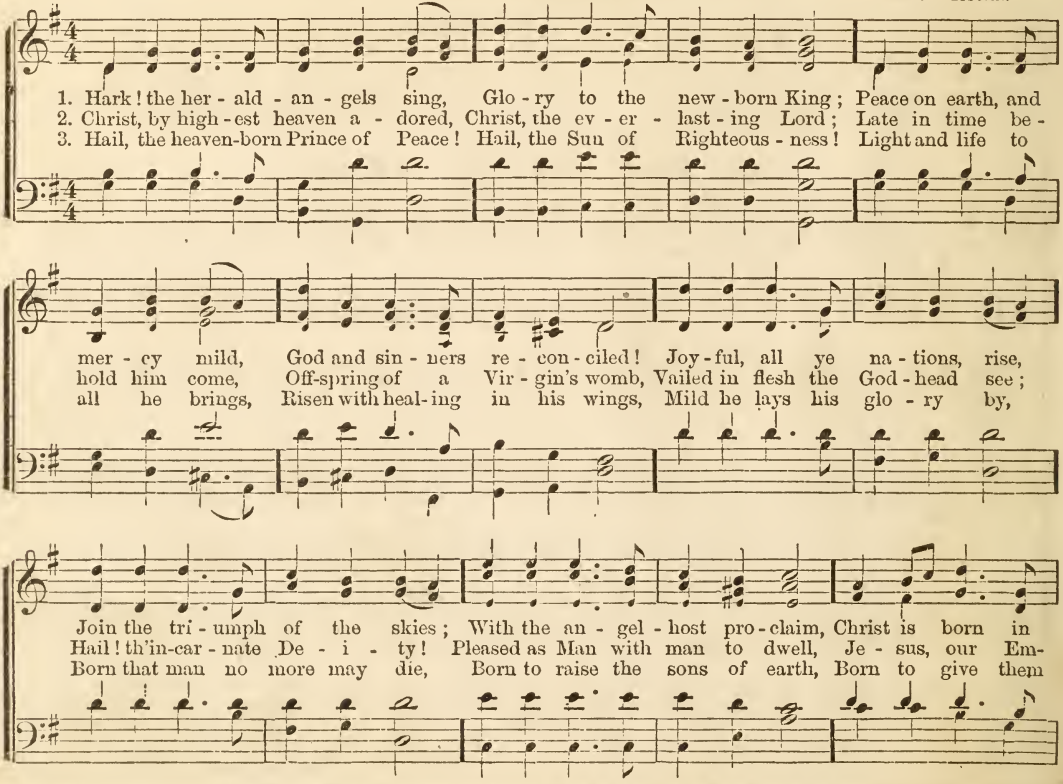
Heber. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

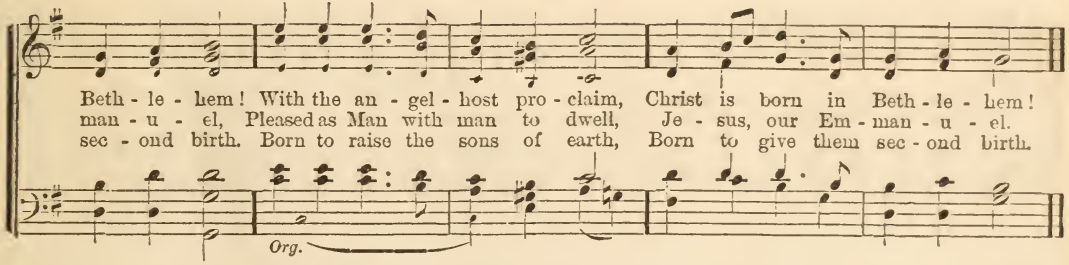

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho - ly! Mer-ci - ful and Mighty! God in three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
Che-ru-bim and Seraphim falling down be - fore thee, Which wert and art, and ev - ermore shalt be. A - men.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art Holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity! Amen.

HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING.

C. WESLEY. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -
3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteous - ness! Light and life to
mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,
hold him come, Off-spring of a Vir - gin's womb, Vailed in flesh the God - head see;
all he brings, Risen with heal - ing in his wings, Mild he lays his glo - ry by,
Join the tri - umph of the skies; With the an - gel - host pro - claim, Christ is born in
Hail! th'in-car - nate De - i - ty! Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em-
Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them


Beth - le - hem! With the an - gel - host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
man - u - el, Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el.
sec - ond birth. Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.
Org.

FIRST HYMN.

1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!"
Sons of men, and angels! say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens! and, earth! reply.
Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise:
Christ has opened paradise.
Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death! is now thy sting?"—
Dying once, he all doth save;—
"Where thy victory, O Grave!"

SECOND HYMN.

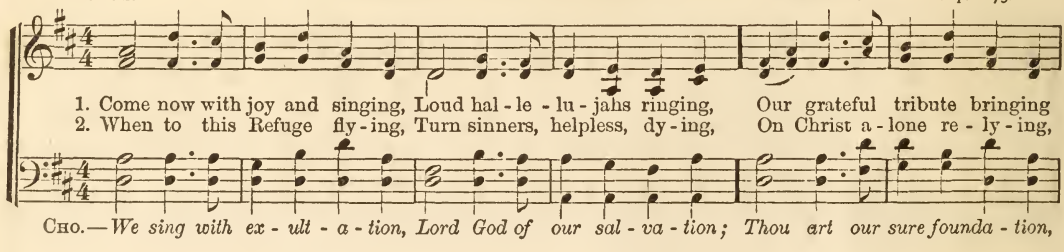
1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove!
Triumph in redeeming love.
Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face!
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise, and bless redeeming love.

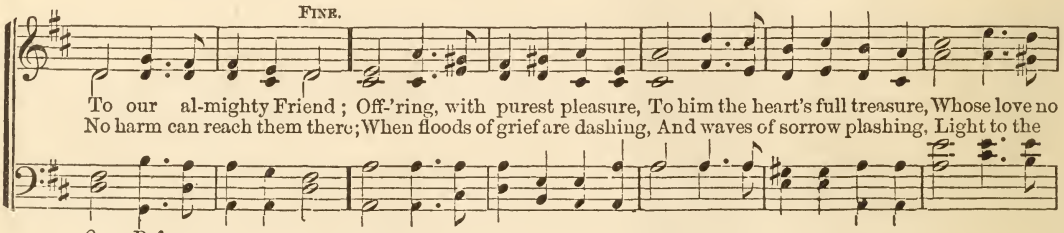
2 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,—
Canceled by redeeming love.
Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin!
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

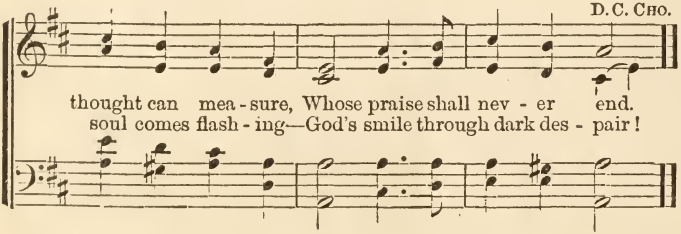
3 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,—
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,—
Nothing but redeeming love.
Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string:
Mortals! join the hosts above,—
Join to praise redeeming love.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

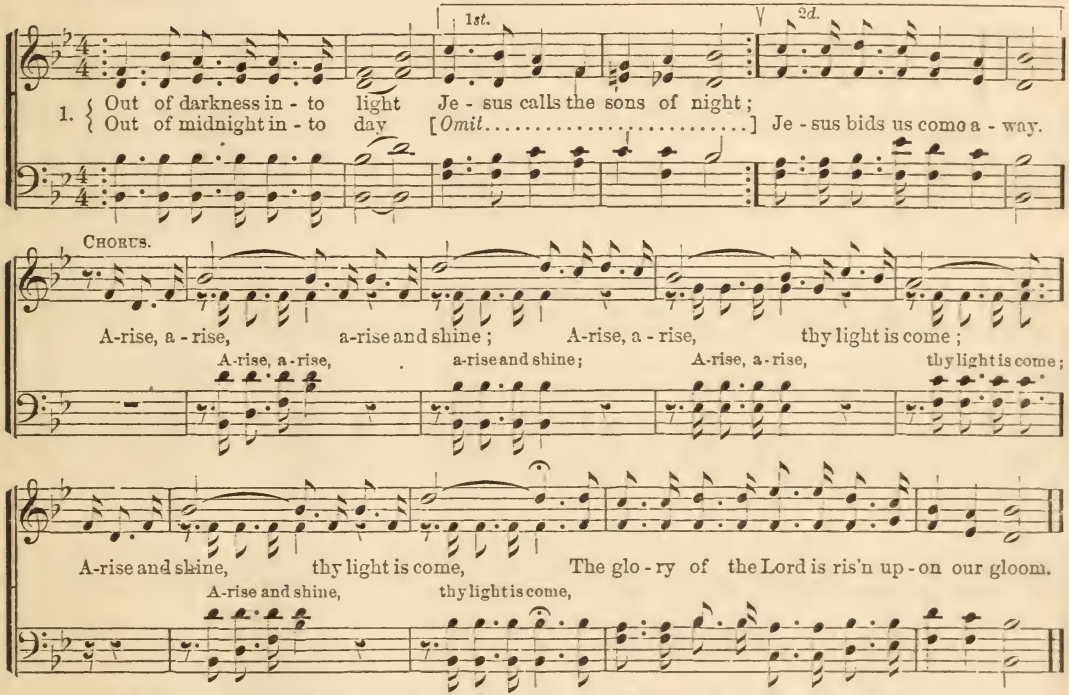
W. F. S.

Wm. F. Sherwin. Cop. 1875.

1. Come now with joy and singing, Loud hal - le - lu - jahs ringing, Our grateful tribute bringing
2. When to this Refuge fly - ing, Turn sinners, helpless, dy - ing, On Christ a - lone re - ly - ing,
Cho.—We sing with ex - ult - a - tion, Lord God of our sal - va - tion; Thou art our sure founda - tion,


Fine.
To our al-mighty Friend; Off-'ring, with purest pleasure, To him the heart's full treasure, Whose love no
No harm can reach them there; When floods of grief are dashing, And waves of sorrow plashing, Light to the
Our Ref-uge ev - er-more.



3 In waking or in sleeping,
Bright days, or nights of weeping,
Our souls are in thy keeping
While here we wait below;
In thee alone abiding,
And in thy love confiding,
Safe when thy hand is guiding,
We'll ever onward go. *Cho.*

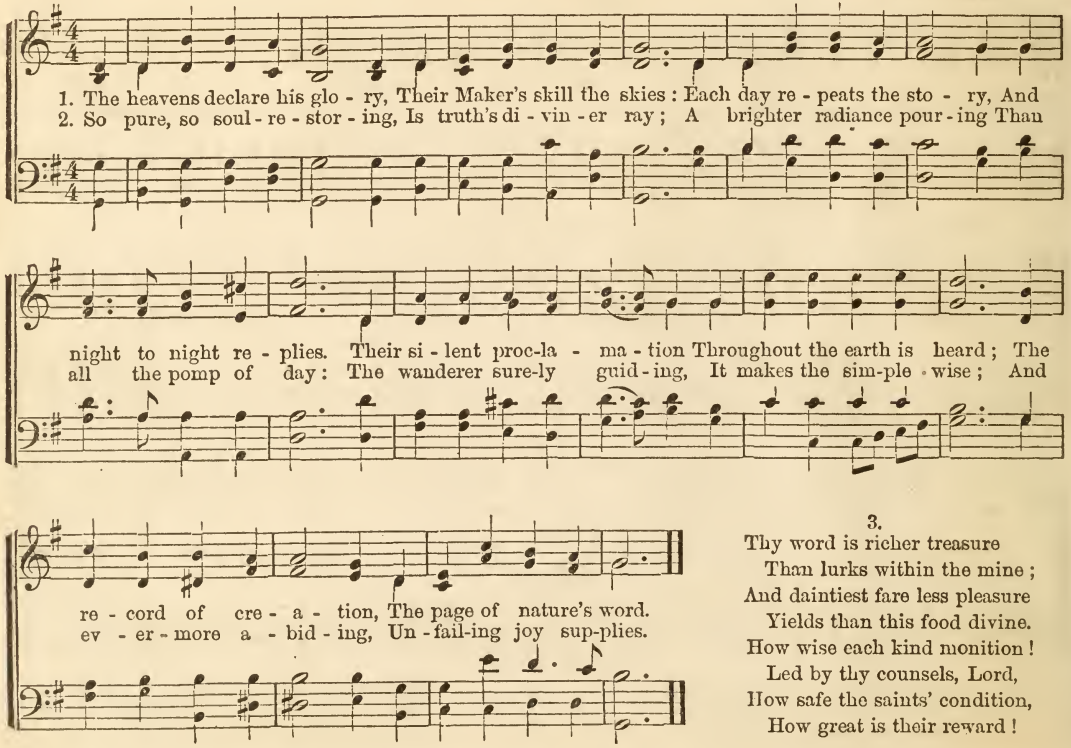
ARISE AND SHINE.

1st.
2d.
1. Out of darkness in - to light Je - sus calls the sons of night;
Out of midnight in - to day [Omit.....] Je - sus bids us come a - way.
Chorus.
A-rise, a - rise, a-rise and shine; A-rise, a - rise, thy light is come;
A-rise, a - rise, a-rise and shine; A-rise, a - rise, thy light is come;
A-rise and shine, thy light is come, The glo - ry of the Lord is ris'n up - on our gloom.
A-rise and shine, thy light is come,

2 From this world's alluring snares,
From its perils and its cares,
From its vanity and strife,
Jesus beckons us to life. *Cho.*

3 From the vanities of youth,
Into rest, and love, and truth,
Into joy that never palls,
Jesus in his mercy calls. *Cho.*

THE HEAVENS DECLARE HIS GLORY.

CONDER. T. R. MATTHEWS.

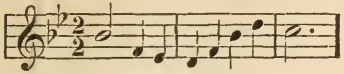

1. The heavens declare his glo - ry, Their Maker's skill the skies : Each day re - peats the sto - ry, And
2. So pure, so soul - re - stor - ing, Is truth's di - vin - er ray ; A brighter radiance pour - ing Than
night to night re - plies. Their si - lent proc-la - ma - tion Throughout the earth is heard ; The
all the pomp of day : The wanderer sure-ly guid - ing, It makes the sim-ple wise ; And
re - cord of cre - a - tion, The page of nature's word.
ev - er - more a - bid - ing, Un - fail-ing joy sup-plies.

3.

Thy word is richer treasure
Than lurks within the mine ;
And daintiest fare less pleasure
Yields than this food divine.
How wise each kind monition !
Led by thy counsels, Lord,
How safe the saints' condition,
How great is their reward !

FIRST HYMN.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.



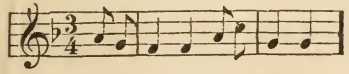
1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinners' ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

SECOND HYMN.

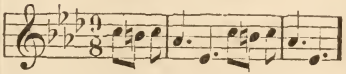
NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

THIRD HYMN.

SABBATH SONG.



1 Strains of music often greet me,
As I join the busy throng;
But there's nothing half so pleasant
As the holy Sabbath song.

CHORUS.

No fear of ill, no fear of wrong,
While I can sing my Sabbath song;
My Sabbath song, my Sabbath song,
I love to sing my Sabbath song.

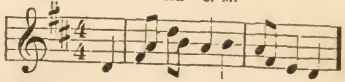
2 'Tis a song of love and mercy,
Speaking peace to all mankind;
Telling sinners, poor and needy,
Where the Saviour they may find.

3 Angels sweetly sing in glory
Songs of praise to God, their King;
But the song of blest redemption
Man, redeemed, alone can sing.

4 While I live, oh, may I ever
Love the holy Sabbath song;
And when death shall call me homeward,
Join it with the blood-bought throng.

FOURTH HYMN.

WARWICK. C. M.



1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

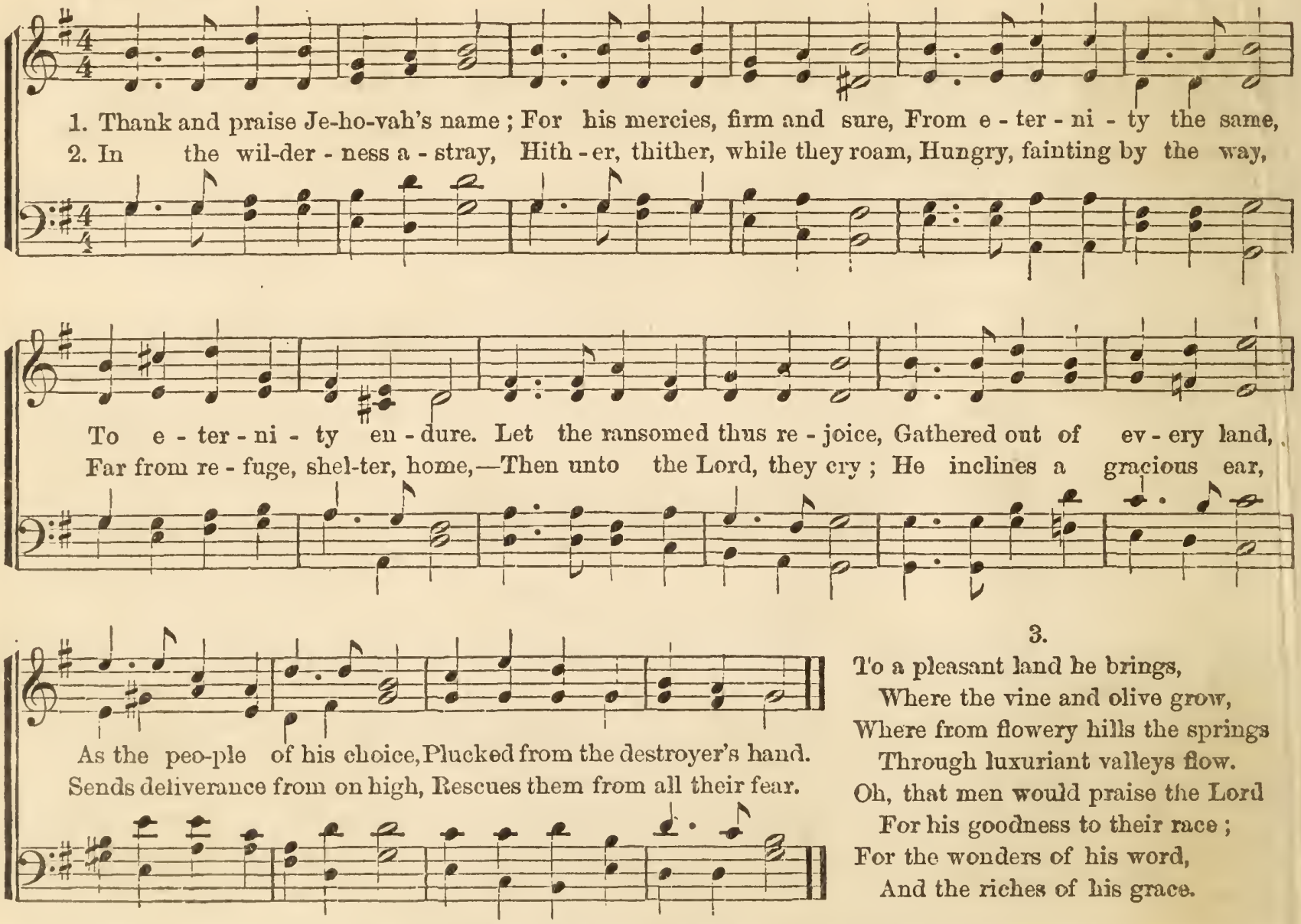
3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my feet.

THANK AND PRAISE JEHOVAH'S NAME.

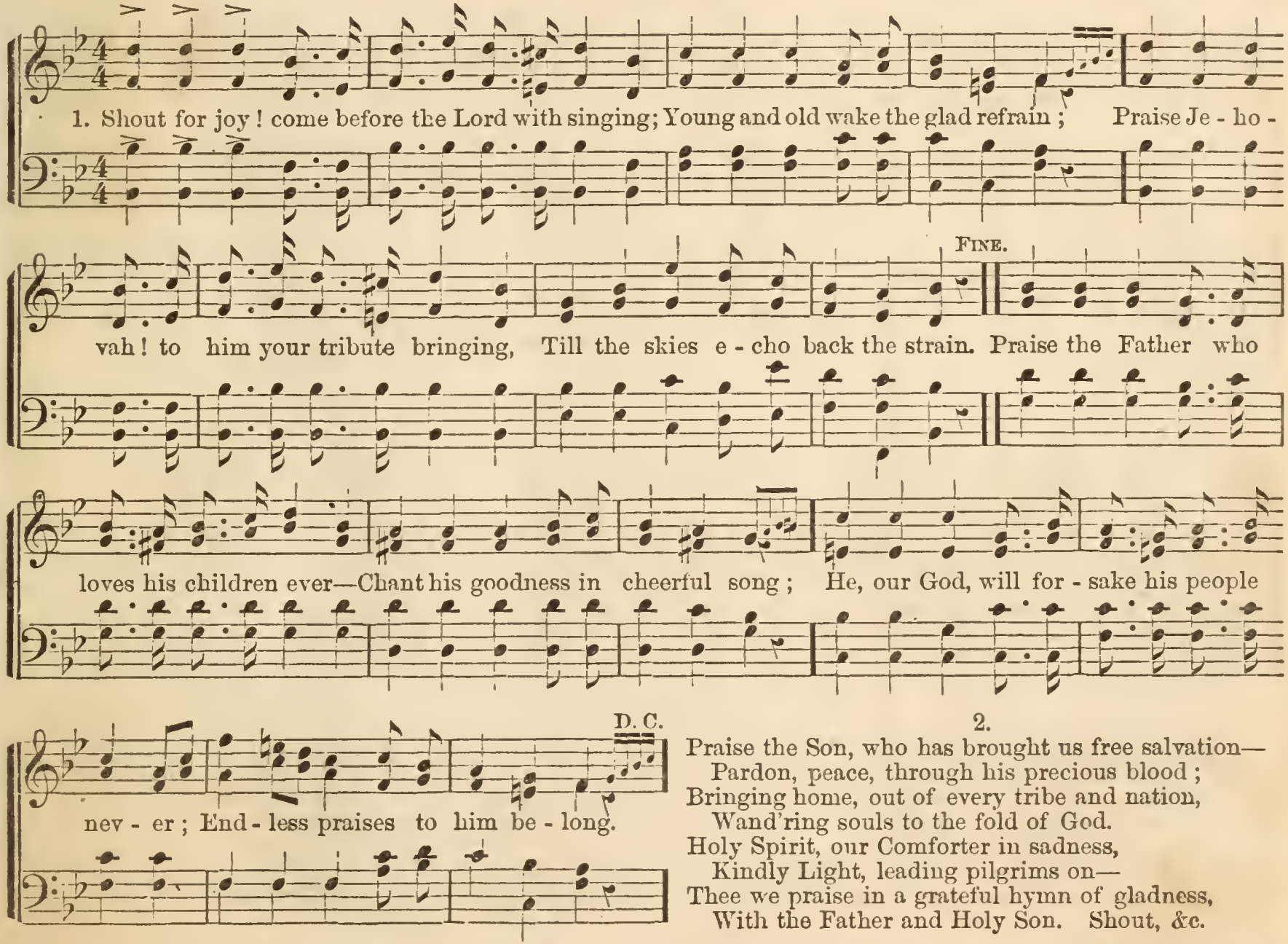
MONTGOMERY. Dr. ELVEY.


1. Thank and praise Je-ho-vah's name ; For his mercies, firm and sure, From e - ter - ni - ty the same,
2. In the wil-der - ness a - stray, Hith - er, thither, while they roam, Hungry, fainting by the way,
To e - ter - ni - ty en - dure. Let the ransomed thus re - joice, Gathered out of ev - ery land,
Far from re - fuge, shel-ter, home,—Then unto the Lord, they cry ; He inclines a gracious ear,
As the peo-ple of his choice, Plucked from the destroyer's hand.
Sends deliverance from on high, Rescues them from all their fear.

3.

To a pleasant land he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.
Oh, that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace.

SHOUT FOR JOY!

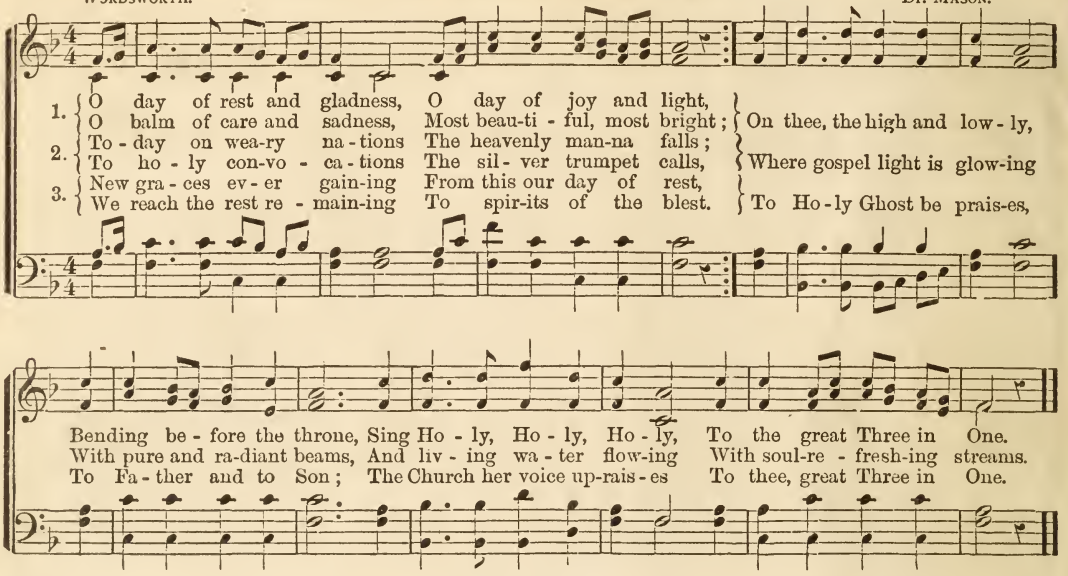

1. Shout for joy! come before the Lord with singing; Young and old wake the glad refrain; Praise Je - ho -
FINE.
vah! to him your tribute bringing, Till the skies e - cho back the strain. Praise the Father who
loves his children ever—Chant his goodness in cheerful song; He, our God, will for - sake his people
D. C.
nev - er; End - less praises to him be - long.

2.

Praise the Son, who has brought us free salvation—
Pardon, peace, through his precious blood;
Bringing home, out of every tribe and nation,
Wand'ring souls to the fold of God.
Holy Spirit, our Comforter in sadness,
Kindly Light, leading pilgrims on—
Thee we praise in a grateful hymn of gladness,
With the Father and Holy Son. Shout, &c.

O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

WORDSWORTH. Dr. MASON.

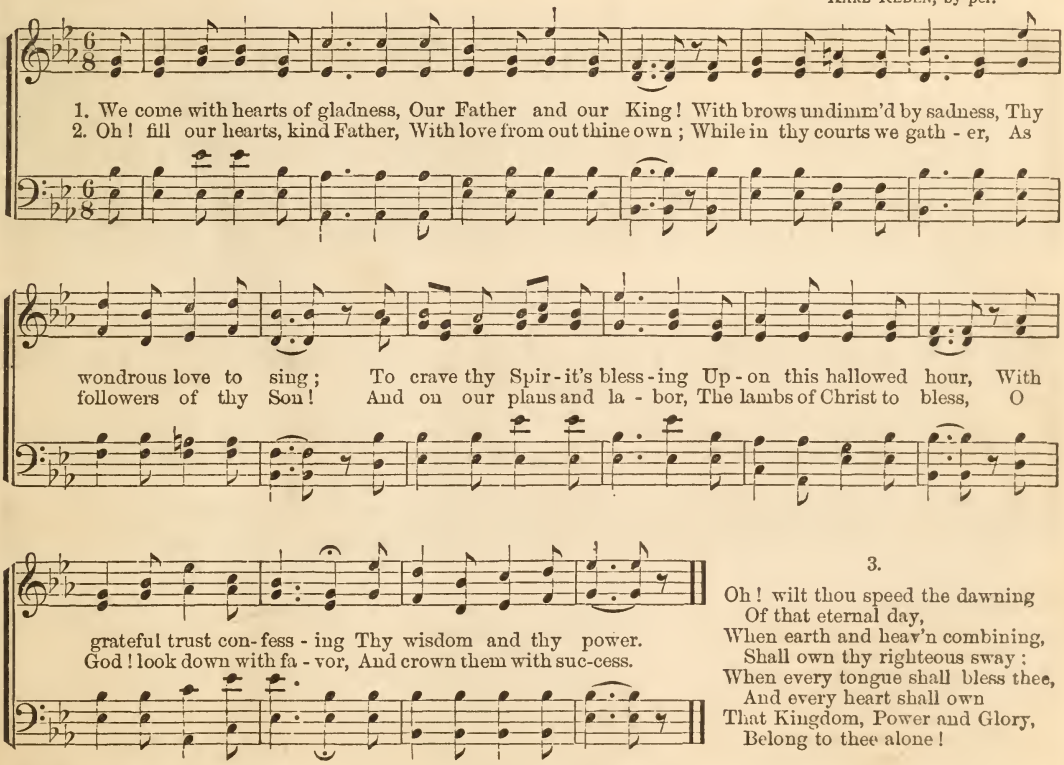

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness, Most beau-ti - ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low - ly,
2. To - day on wea-ry na - tions The heavenly man-na falls;
To ho - ly con-vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trumpet calls, Where gospel light is glow-ing
3. New gra - ces ev - er gain-ing From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest re - main-ing To spir-its of the blest. To Ho - ly Ghost be prais-es,
Bending be - fore the throne, Sing Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
With pure and ra-diant beams, And liv - ing wa - ter flow-ing With soul-re - fresh-ing streams.
To Fa - ther and to Son; The Church her voice up-rais - es To thee, great Three in One.

SECOND HYMN.

1 THINE holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to thee!
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.

2 We join to sing thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath day;
Each voice in gladness raises
Its loudest, sweetest lay!
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

KARL REDEN, by per.

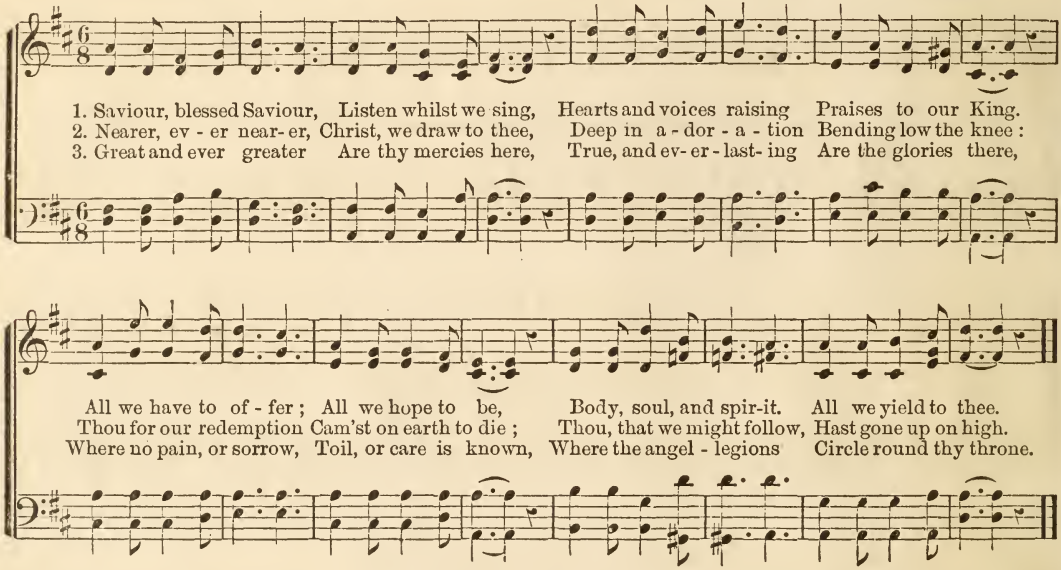

1. We come with hearts of gladness, Our Father and our King! With brows undimm'd by sadness, Thy
2. Oh! fill our hearts, kind Father, With love from out thine own; While in thy courts we gath - er, As
wondrous love to sing; To crave thy Spir - it's bless - ing Up - on this hallowed hour, With
followers of thy Son! And on our plans and la - bor, The lambs of Christ to bless, O
grateful trust con - fess - ing Thy wisdom and thy power.
God! look down with fa - vor, And crown them with suc - cess.

3.

Oh! wilt thou speed the dawning
Of that eternal day,
When earth and heav'n combining,
Shall own thy righteous sway:
When every tongue shall bless thee,
And every heart shall own
That Kingdom, Power and Glory,
Belong to thee alone!

SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

Rev. G. THWING. E. BARKER.


1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices raising Praises to our King.
2. Nearer, ev - er near- er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in a - dor - a - tion Bending low the knee :
3. Great and ever greater Are thy mercies here, True, and ev- er - last- ing Are the glories there,
All we have to of - fer ; All we hope to be, Body, soul, and spir-it. All we yield to thee.
Thou for our redemption Cam'st on earth to die ; Thou, that we might follow, Hast gone up on high.
Where no pain, or sorrow, Toil, or care is known, Where the angel - legions Circle round thy throne.

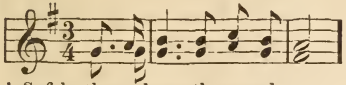
4 Brighter still and brighter
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done ;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

5 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God :
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

6 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul
Earthly toils forgetting
Finds its promised goal ;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

FIRST HYMN.

SABBATH. 7, 6, 6.



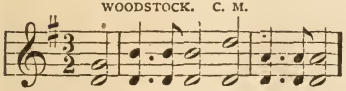
1 Safely through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name:
Show thy reconciling face—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come, thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

SECOND HYMN.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.



1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear;
And all his promises to plead
When none but God is near.

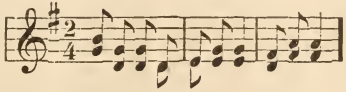
3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour
And lead to endless day.

THIRD HYMN.

SABBATH BELL.



1 Pleasant is the Sabbath bell,
Ref. In the light, in the light,
Seeming much of joy to tell, In, &c.
But a music sweeter far. In, &c.
Breathes where angel spirits are
Ref. In the light of God.

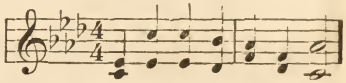
CHO.—Let us walk in the light,
Walk in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2 Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow? *Cho.*

3 Yes, that bliss our own may be,
All the good shall Jesus see,
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.
Cho.

FOURTH HYMN.

LOVE AT HOME.



1 There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home;
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home;
Peace and plenty here abide,
Smiling sweet on every side.
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

REFRAIN.

Love at home, love at home;
Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
When there's love at home.

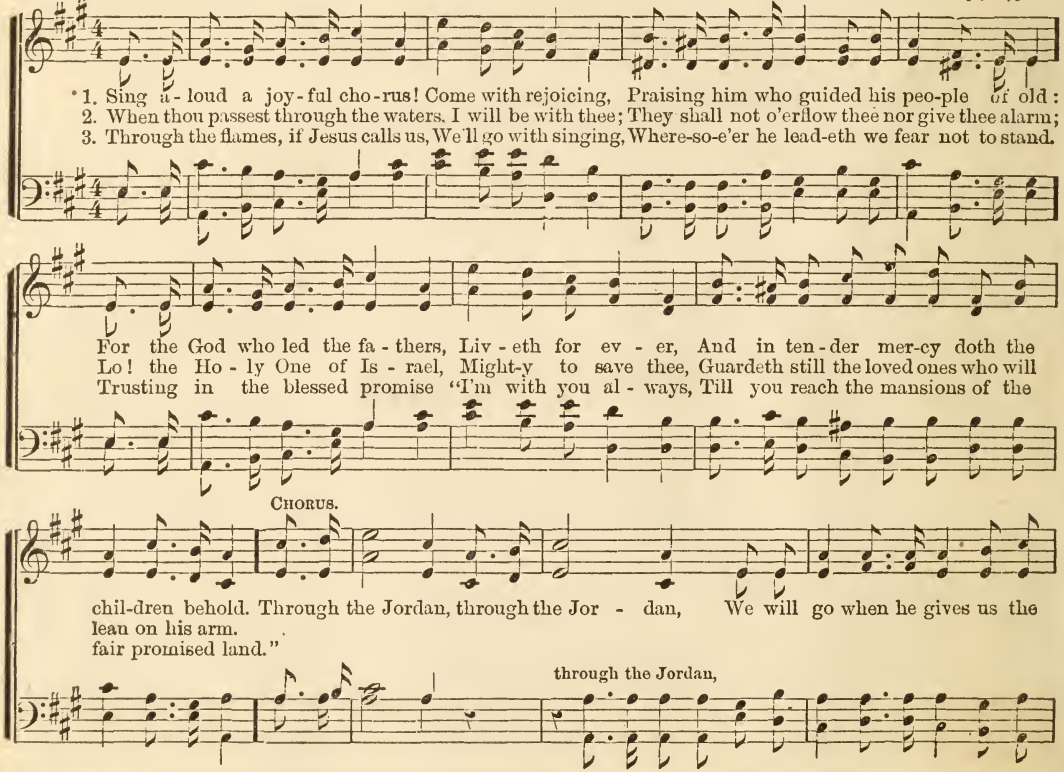
2 Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high
When there's love at home. *Ref.*

3 Jesus, show thy mercy mine,
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper I am thine.
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun so bright—
Can dispel the gloom of night;
Then there's love at home. *Ref.*

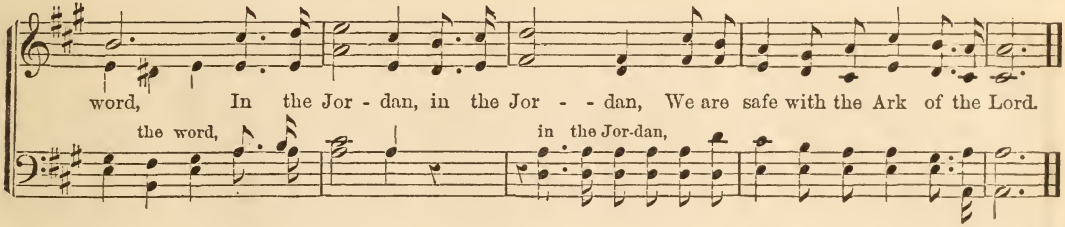
THROUGH THE JORDAN!

W. F. S.

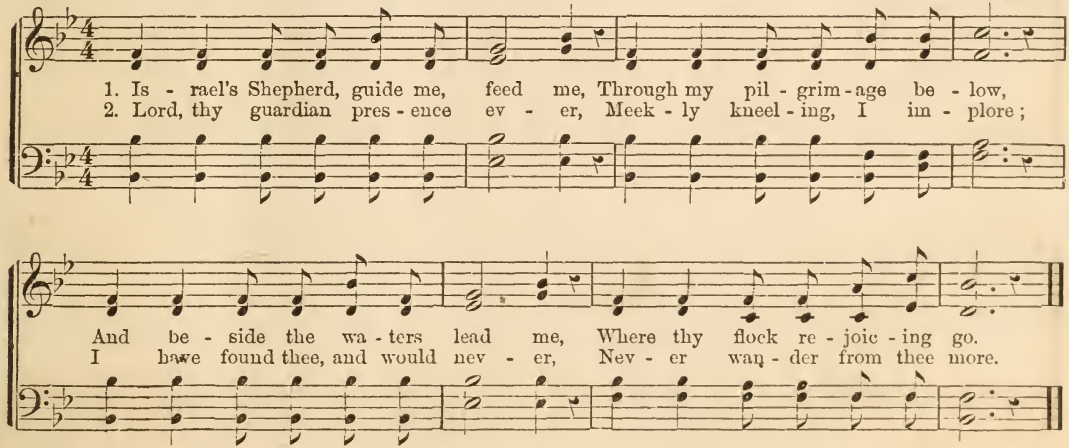
Wm. F. Sherwin. Copr., 1875.


1. Sing a - loud a joy - ful cho - rus! Come with rejoicing, Praising him who guided his peo-ple of old:
2. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; They shall not o'erflow thee nor give thee alarm;
3. Through the flames, if Jesus calls us, We'll go with singing, Where-so-e'er he lead-eth we fear not to stand.
For the God who led the fa - thers, Liv - eth for ev - er, And in ten - der mer-cy doth the
Lo! the Ho - ly One of Is - rael, Might-y to save thee, Guardeth still the loved ones who will
Trusting in the blessed promise "I'm with you al - ways, Till you reach the mansions of the
Chorus.
chil-dren behold. Through the Jordan, through the Jor - dan, We will go when he gives us the
lean on his arm.
fair promised land."
through the Jordan,

THROUGH THE JORDAN. *Concluded.*

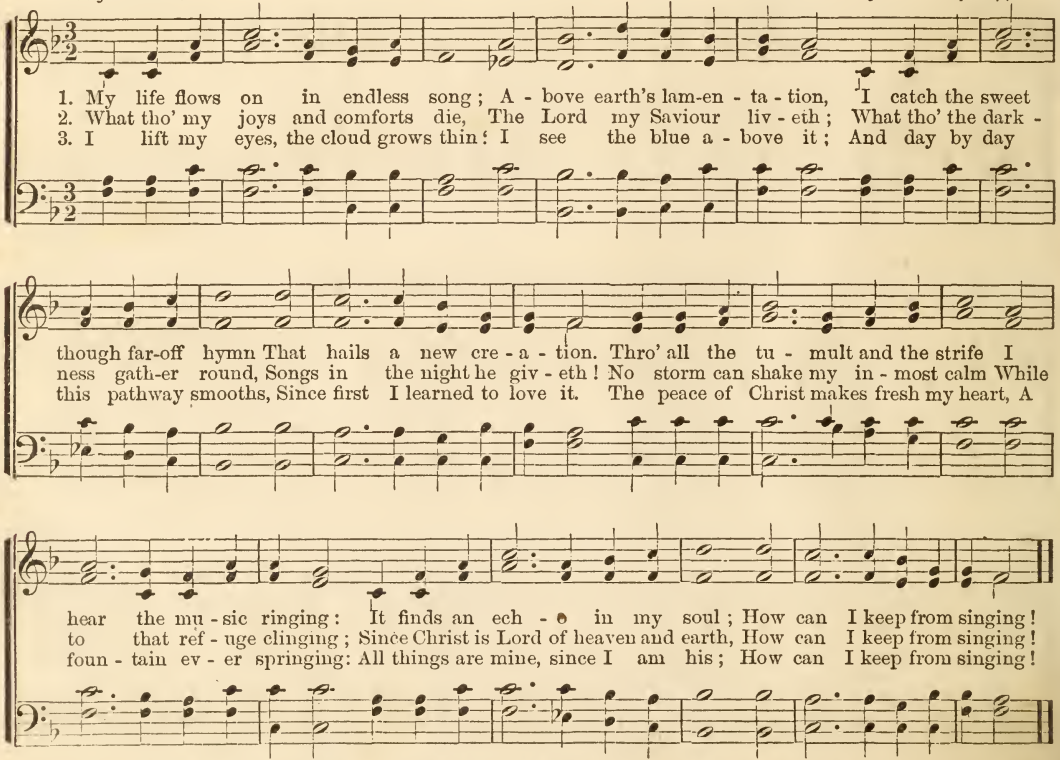


ISRAEL'S SHEPHERD, GUIDE ME.

KARL REDEN, by per.

1. Is - rael's Shepherd, guide me, feed me, Through my pil - grim - age be - low,
2. Lord, thy guardian pres - ence ev - er, Meek - ly kneel - ing, I im - plore;
And be - side the wa - ters lead me, Where thy flock re - joic - ing go.
I have found thee, and would nev - er, Nev - er wan - der from thee more.

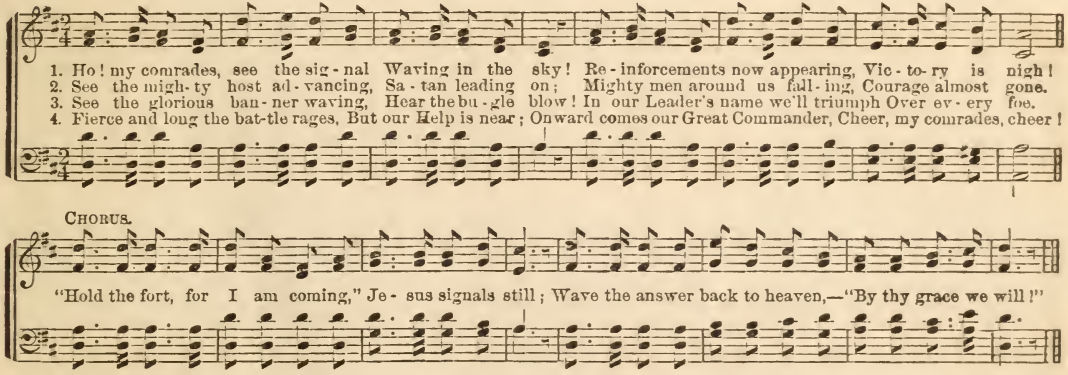
HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

F. J. HARTLY. S. J. VAIL. Cop. 1874.


1. My life flows on in endless song; A - bove earth's lam-en - ta - tion, I catch the sweet
2. What tho' my joys and comforts die, The Lord my Saviour liv - eth; What tho' the dark -
3. I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it; And day by day
though far-off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion. Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I
ness gath-er round, Songs in the night he giv - eth! No storm can shake my in - most calm While
this pathway smooths, Since first I learned to love it. The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A
hear the mu - sic ringing: It finds an ech - o in my soul; How can I keep from singing!
to that ref - uge clinging; Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth, How can I keep from singing!
foun - tain ev - er springing: All things are mine, since I am his; How can I keep from singing!

HOLD THE FORT.

From "Gospel Songs," by P. P. Bliss. By per. of John Church & Co.


1. Ho! my comrades, see the sig-nal Waving in the sky! Re-inforcements now appearing, Vic-to-ry is nigh!
2. See the migh-ty host ad-vancing, Sa-tan leading on; Mighty men around us fall-ing, Courage almost gone.
3. See the glorious ban-ner waving, Hear the bu-gle blow! In our Leader's name we'll triumph Over ev-ery foe.
4. Fierce and long the bat-tle rages, But our Help is near; Onward comes our Great Commander, Cheer, my comrades, cheer!
Chorus.
"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Je-sus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven,—"By thy grace we will!"

SECOND HYMN.

Geo. S. Weeks, by per.

1 Lift the Royal banner higher,
Banner of the free;
Let its folds of mercy waving
Now encircle me.

Cho.—Ring aloud the glorious anthem,
Anthem of the free!
Wave the banner, love its motto—
"Jesus died for me."

2 Floating out amid the gloaming,
Wave it, lift it high,
Till the myriad lost ones see it,
Weary ones draw nigh. *Cho.*

3 As the serpent once uplifted
On the burning plain,
So our Jesus, now uplifted,
Bids us look again. *Cho.*

4 Jesus waits to bid you welcome,
Hear his loving voice;
Come, my brother, heed his calling,
Evermore rejoice. *Cho.*

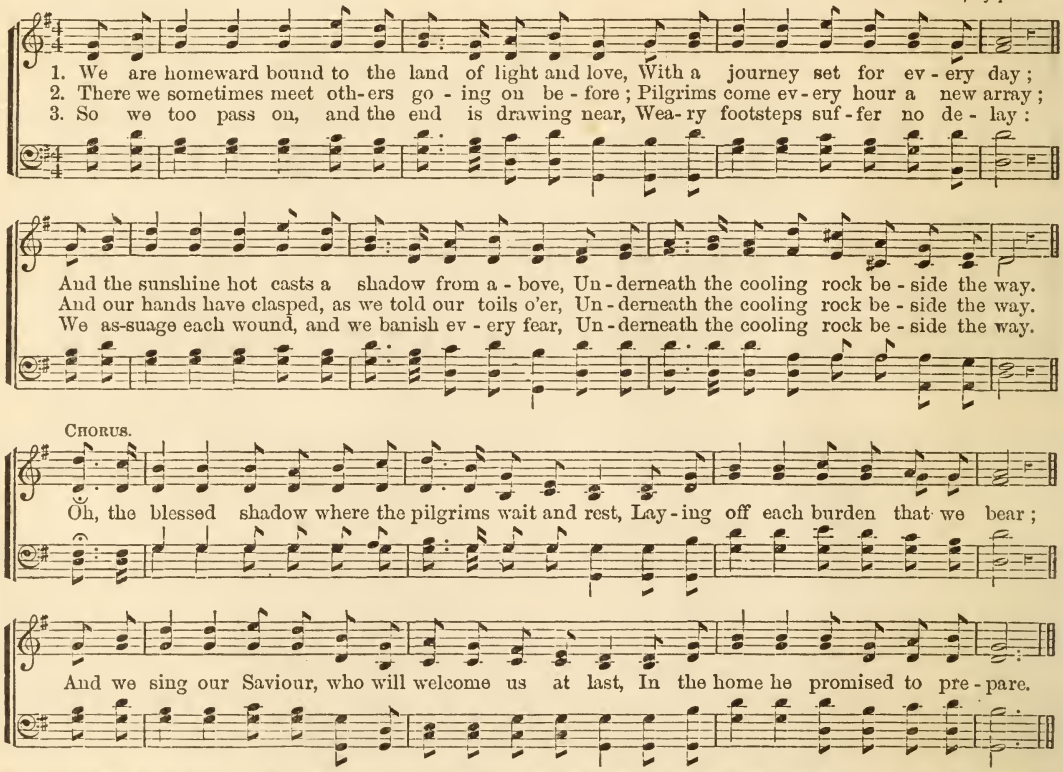
5 "Come and taste my love unending,"
Jesus says to thee;
Pleasures rich, and joy unceasing,
Thine shall ever be. *Cho.*

6 When the waves of sin are rolling,
Like a mighty sea,
Trust in Jesus, he will help thee,
Jesus died for thee. *Cho.*

7 Courage, brother, do not falter,
Press with vigor on,
Jesus ever beckons onward,
On to glory, on! *Cho.*

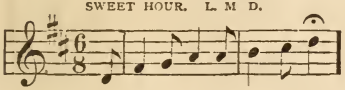
THE ROCK BESIDE THE WAY.

C. S. R. Rev. A. A. Gralev, by per.


1. We are homeward bound to the land of light and love, With a journey set for ev - ery day;
2. There we sometimes meet oth-ers go - ing on be - fore; Pilgrims come ev - ery hour a new array;
3. So we too pass on, and the end is drawing near, Wea - ry footsteps suf - fer no de - lay:
And the sunshine hot casts a shadow from a - bove, Un - derneath the cooling rock be - side the way.
And our hands have clasped, as we told our toils o'er, Un - derneath the cooling rock be - side the way.
We as-suage each wound, and we banish ev - ery fear, Un - derneath the cooling rock be - side the way.
Chorus.
Oh, the blessed shadow where the pilgrims wait and rest, Lay - ing off each burden that we bear;
And we sing our Saviour, who will welcome us at last, In the home he promised to pre - pare.

FIRST HYMN.

SWEET HOUR. L. M D.

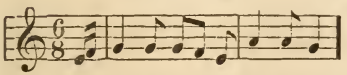


1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care.
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

SECOND HYMN.

RETREAT. L. M.



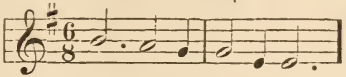
1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

THIRD HYMN.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.



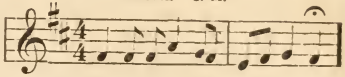
1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

FOURTH HYMN.

NAOML. C. M.



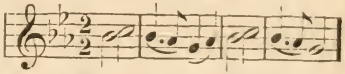
1 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend; [mine
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

FIFTH HYMN.

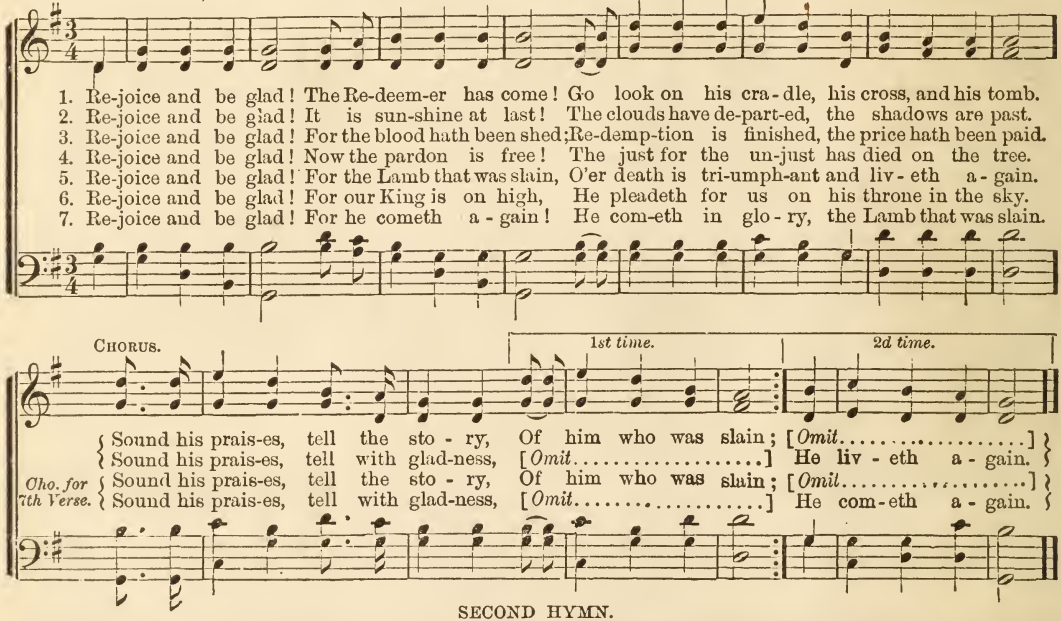
SICILY. 8s & 7s.



1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
Oh, refresh us, oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
‖: May thy presence, :‖
With us evermore be found.

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

Rev. H. BONAR, D. D. — English Melody.

1. Re-joice and be glad! The Re-deem-er has come! Go look on his cra-dle, his cross, and his tomb.
2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de-part-ed, the shadows are past.
3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re-demp-tion is finished, the price hath been paid.
4. Re-joice and be glad! Now the pardon is free! The just for the un-just has died on the tree.
5. Re-joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain, O'er death is tri-umph-ant and liv-eth a-gain.
6. Re-joice and be glad! For our King is on high, He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.
7. Re-joice and be glad! For he cometh a-gain! He com-eth in glo-ry, the Lamb that was slain.
CHORUS.
1st time.
2d time.
Sound his prais-es, tell the sto-ry, Of him who was slain; [Omit.....]
Sound his prais-es, tell with glad-ness, [Omit.....] He liv-eth a-gain.
Cho. for 7th Verse. Sound his prais-es, tell the sto-ry, Of him who was slain; [Omit.....]
Sound his prais-es, tell with glad-ness, [Omit.....] He com-eth a-gain.

SECOND HYMN.

1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love.
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
CHO.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
[*Cho.*

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
[*Cho.*

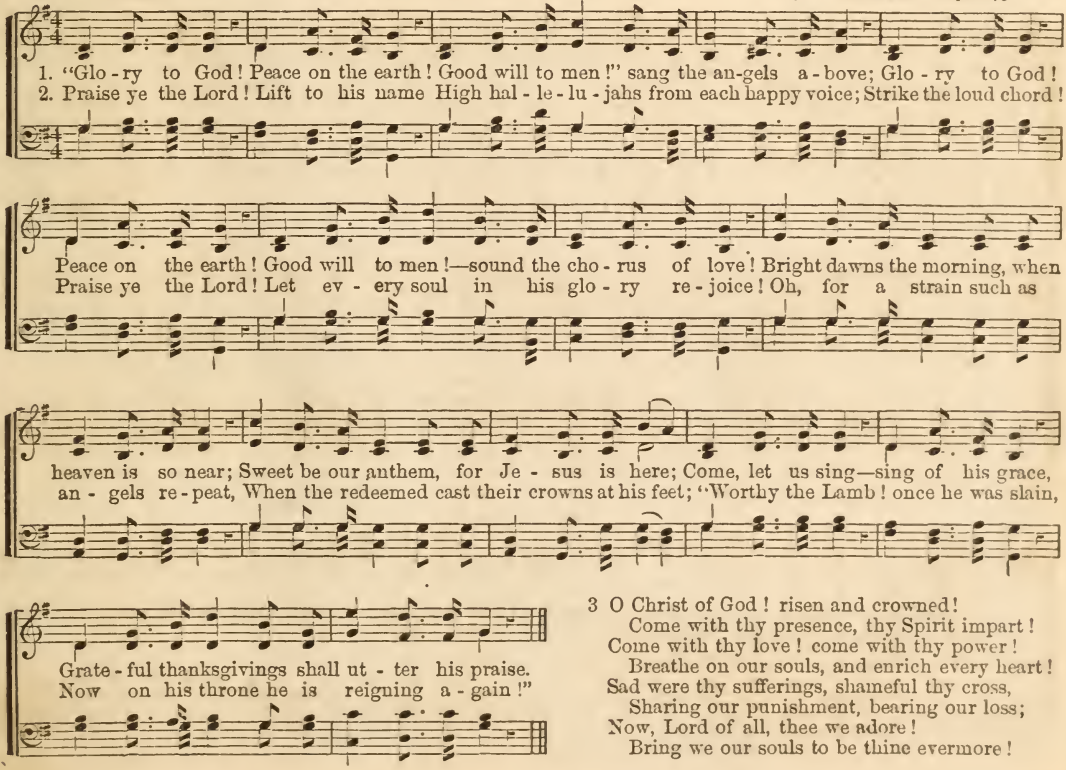
4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us; and sought us, and guided our ways.
[*Cho.*

5 Revive us again; fill each heart, with thy love:
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above. *Cho.*

GLORY TO GOD!

C. S. R.

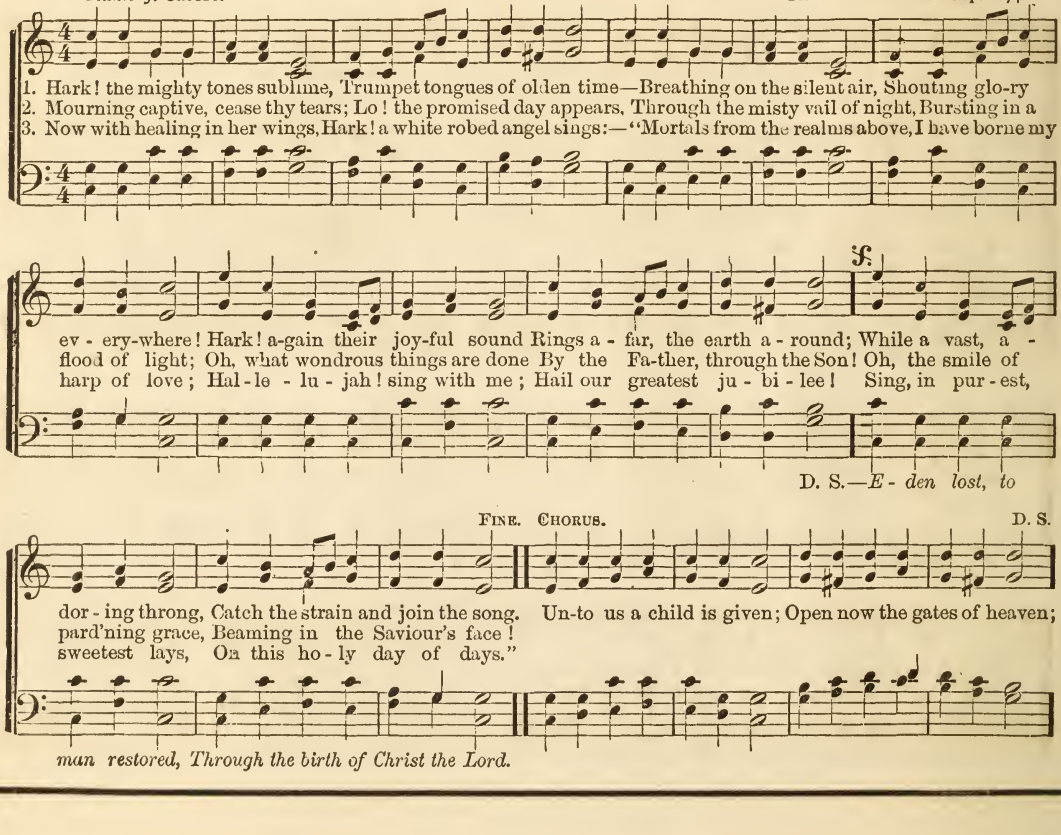
Arr. by T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1875.


1. "Glo - ry to God! Peace on the earth! Good will to men!" sang the an-gels a - bove; Glo - ry to God!
2. Praise ye the Lord! Lift to his name High hal - le - lu - jahs from each happy voice; Strike the loud chord!
Peace on the earth! Good will to men!—sound the cho - rus of love! Bright dawns the morning, when
Praise ye the Lord! Let ev - ery soul in his glo - ry re - joice! Oh, for a strain such as
heaven is so near; Sweet be our anthem, for Je - sus is here; Come, let us sing—sing of his grace,
an - gels re - peat, When the redeemed cast their crowns at his feet; "Worthy the Lamb! once he was slain,
Grate - ful thanksgivings shall ut - ter his praise.
Now on his throne he is reigning a - gain!"

3 O Christ of God! risen and crowned!
Come with thy presence, thy Spirit impart!
Come with thy love! come with thy power!
Breathe on our souls, and enrich every heart!
Sad were thy sufferings, shameful thy cross,
Sharing our punishment, bearing our loss;
Now, Lord of all, thee we adore!
Bring we our souls to be thine evermore!

THE ANGEL'S PROCLAMATION.

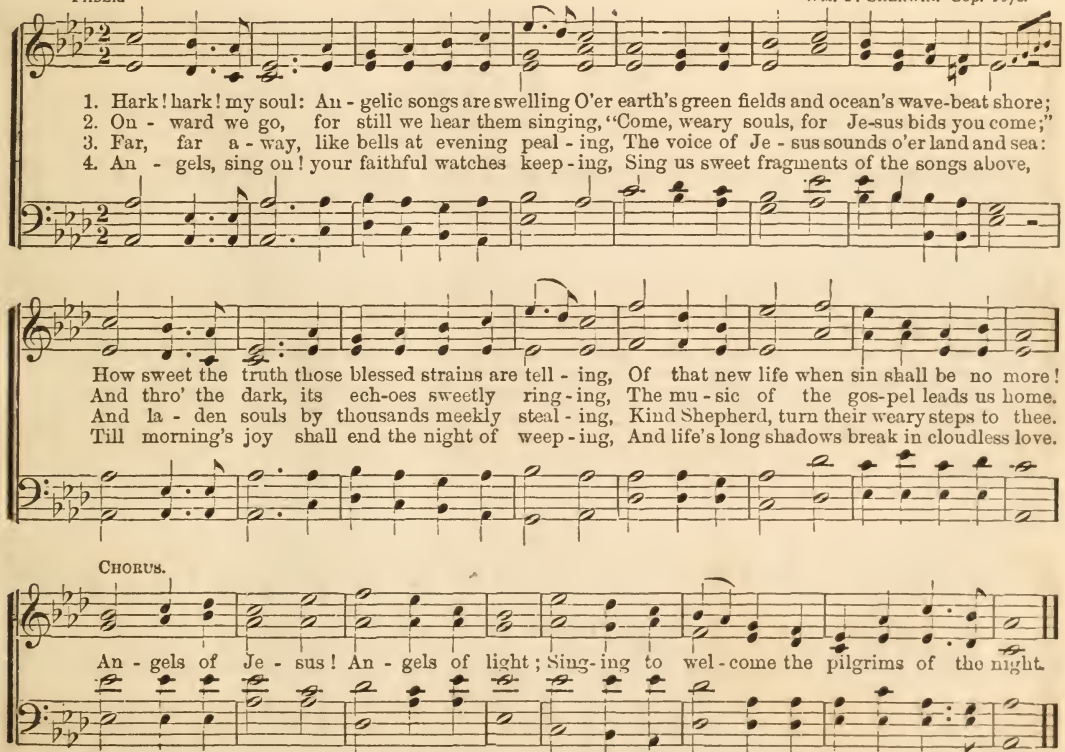
FANNY J. CROSBY. THEO. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1874.


1. Hark! the mighty tones sublime, Trumpet tongues of olden time—Breathing on the silent air, Shouting glo-ry
2. Mourning captive, cease thy tears; Lo! the promised day appears, Through the misty vail of night, Bursting in a
3. Now with healing in her wings, Hark! a white robed angel sings:—"Mortals from the realms above, I have borne my
f.
ev - ery-where! Hark! a-gain their joy-ful sound Rings a - far, the earth a - round; While a vast, a -
flood of light; Oh, what wondrous things are done By the Fa-ther, through the Son! Oh, the smile of
harp of love; Hal - le - lu - jah! sing with me; Hail our greatest ju - bi - lee! Sing, in pur - est,
D. S.—E - den lost, to
FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
dor - ing throng, Catch the strain and join the song. Un-to us a child is given; Open now the gates of heaven;
pard'ning grace, Beaming in the Saviour's face!
sweetest lays, On this ho - ly day of days."
man restored, Through the birth of Christ the Lord.

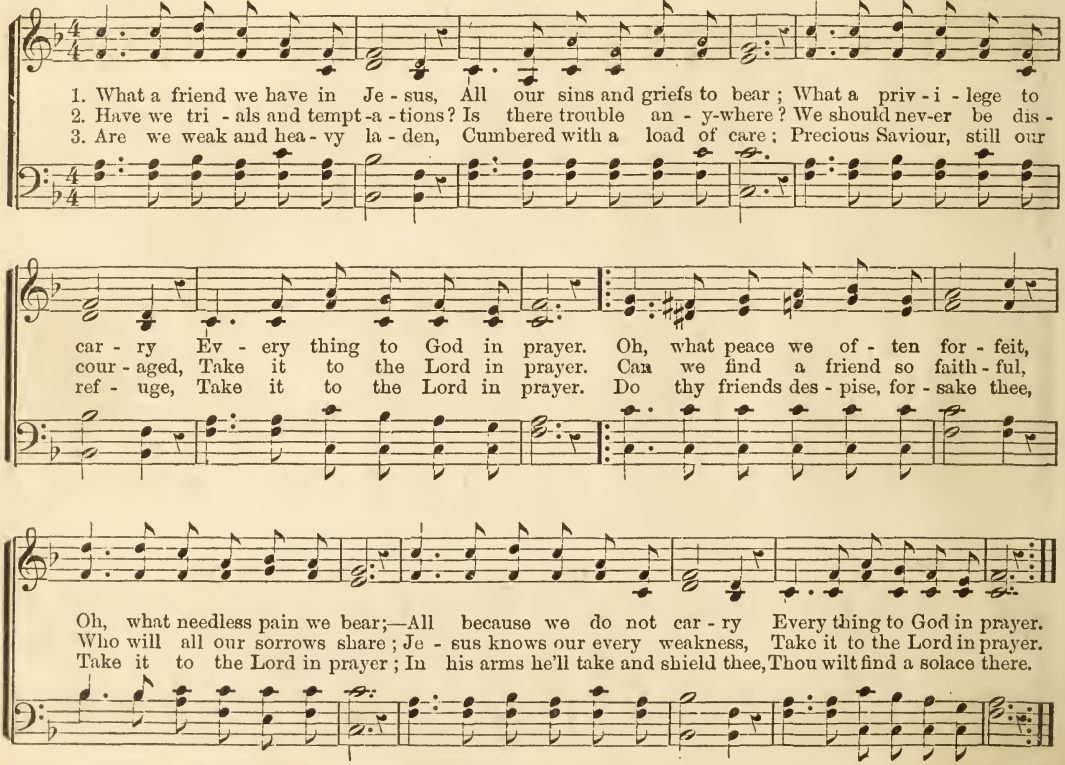
HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

FABER.

WM. F. SHERWIN. Cop. 1872.

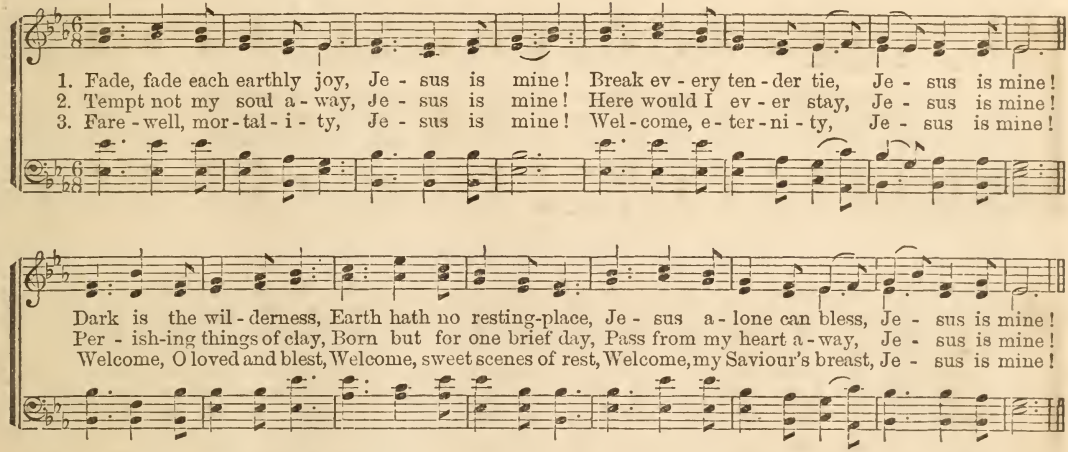

1. Hark! hark! my soul: An - gelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for Je-sus bids you come;"
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea:
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watches keep - ing, Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
And thro' the dark, its ech-oes sweetly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
And la - den souls by thousands meekly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
CHORUS.
An - gels of Je - sus! An - gels of light; Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

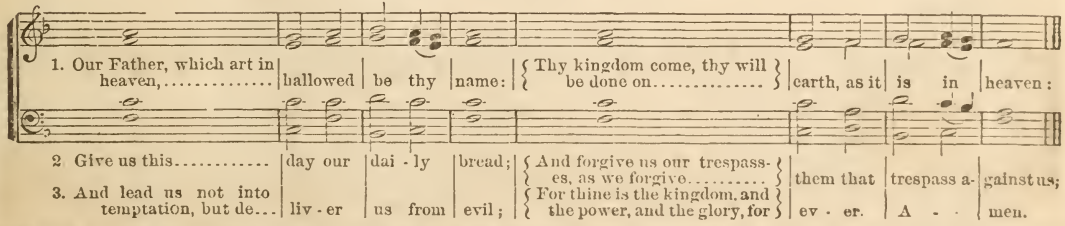
Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. Karl Reden, by per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear ; What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear;—All because we do not car - ry Every thing to God in prayer.
2. Have we tri - als and tempt - a - tions? Is there trouble an - y-where ? We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sorrows share ; Je - sus knows our every weakness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
3. Are we weak and hea - vy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care ; Precious Saviour, still our ref - uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends des - pise, for - sake thee, Take it to the Lord in prayer ; In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

JESUS IS MINE.

Mrs. H. Bonar. T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1858.

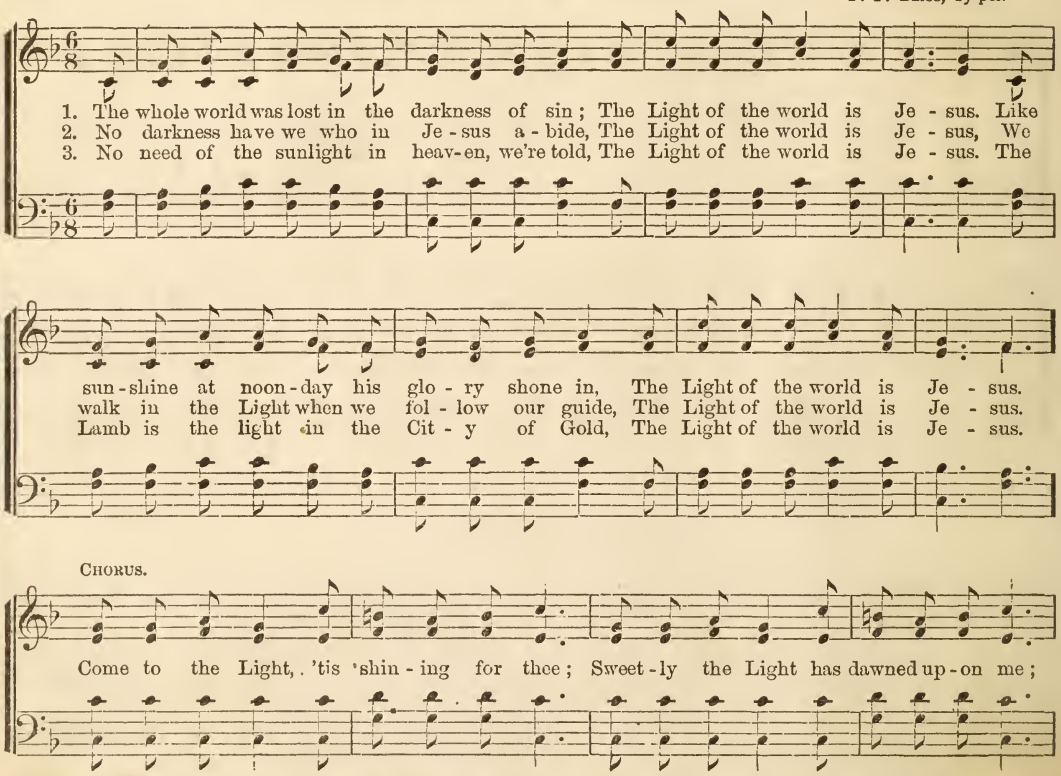

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - ery ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!
Dark is the wil - derness, Earth hath no resting-place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish-ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

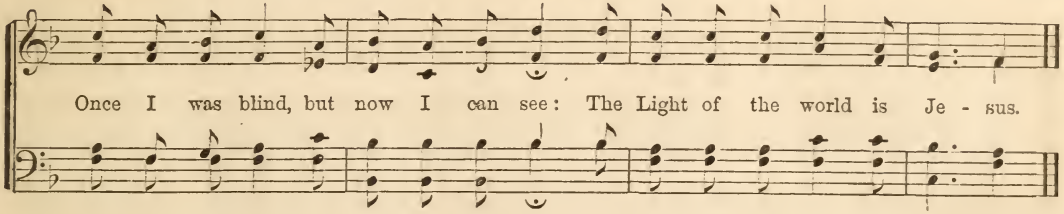
THE LORD'S PRAYER. *Chant.*


1. Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven:
2 Give us this day our dai - ly bread; And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ev - er. A - men.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS.

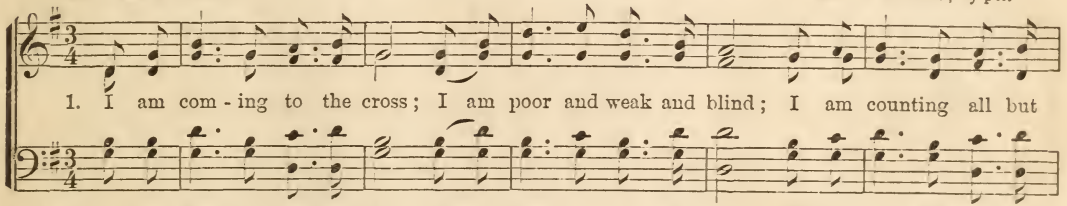
P. P. Bliss, by per.

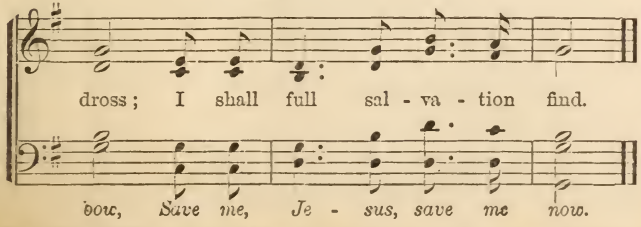

1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin; The Light of the world is Je - sus. Like
2. No darkness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The Light of the world is Je - sus, We
3. No need of the sunlight in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the world is Je - sus. The
sun - shine at noon - day his glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
walk in the Light when we fol - low our guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Lamb is the light in the Cit - y of Gold, The Light of the world is Je - sus.
Chorus.
Come to the Light, . 'tis shin - ing for thee; Sweet - ly the Light has dawned up - on me;



I AM TRUSTING, LORD, IN THEE.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am counting all but
Cho.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly at thy cross I

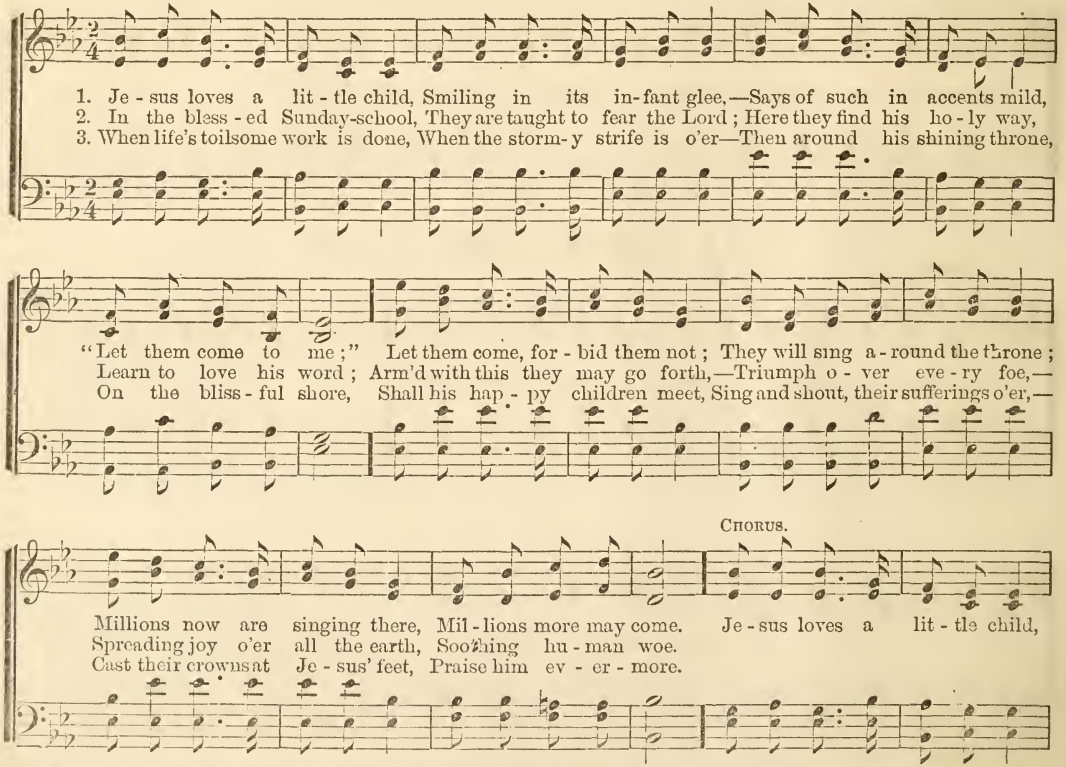


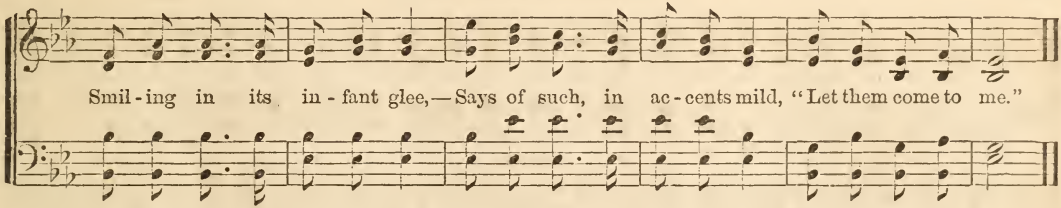
2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin. *Cho.*

3 In thy promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust:
I with Christ am crucified. *Cho.*

JESUS LOVES A LITTLE CHILD,

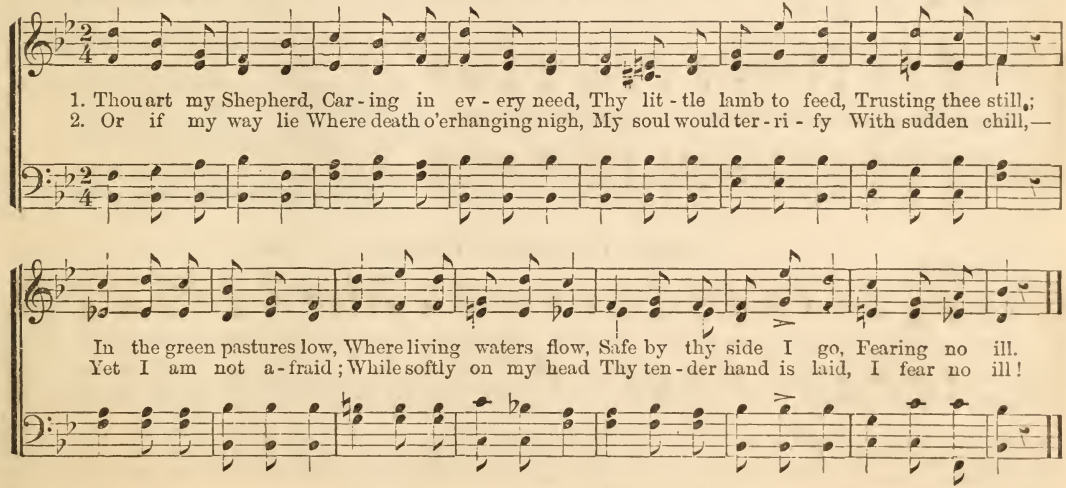
W. Bennett. W. F. Sherwin. Cop. 1874.


1. Je - sus loves a lit - tle child, Smiling in its in-fant glee,—Says of such in accents mild,
2. In the bless - ed Sunday-school, They are taught to fear the Lord; Here they find his ho - ly way,
3. When life's toilsome work is done, When the storm- y strife is o'er—Then around his shining throne,
"Let them come to me;" Let them come, for - bid them not; They will sing a - round the throne;
Learn to love his word; Arm'd with this they may go forth,—Triumph o - ver eve - ry foe,—
On the bliss - ful shore, Shall his hap - py children meet, Sing and shout, their sufferings o'er,—
Chorus.
Millions now are singing there, Mil - lions more may come. Je - sus loves a lit - tle child,
Spreading joy o'er all the earth, Soothing hu - man woe.
Cast their crowns at Je - sus' feet, Praise him ev - er - more.



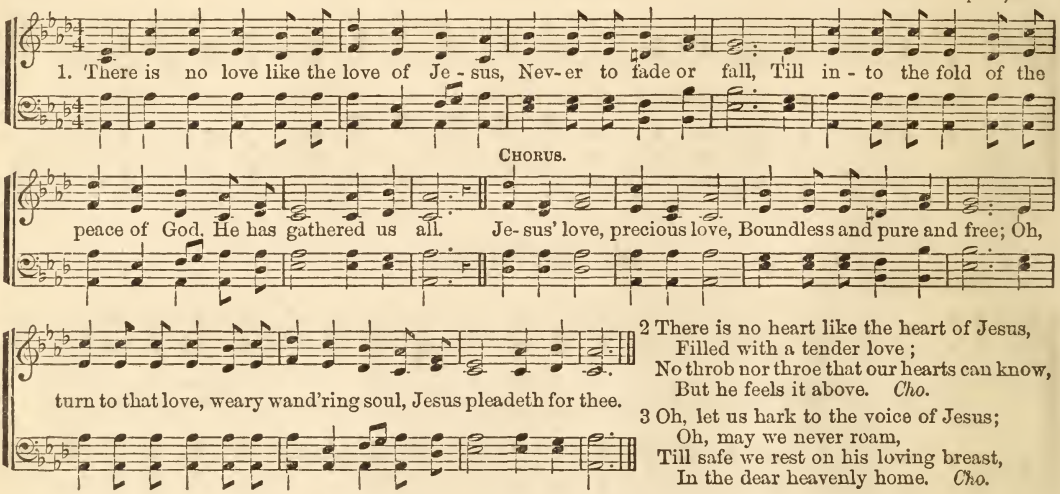
MY SHEPHERD.

Miss THALHEIMER. CRAMER.


1. Thou art my Shepherd, Car-ing in ev-ery need, Thy lit-tle lamb to feed, Trusting thee still,
2. Or if my way lie Where death o'erhanging nigh, My soul would ter-ri-fy With sudden chill,—
In the green pastures low, Where living waters flow, Safe by thy side I go, Fearing no ill.
Yet I am not a-fraid; While softly on my head Thy ten-der hand is laid, I fear no ill!

LOVE OF JESUS.

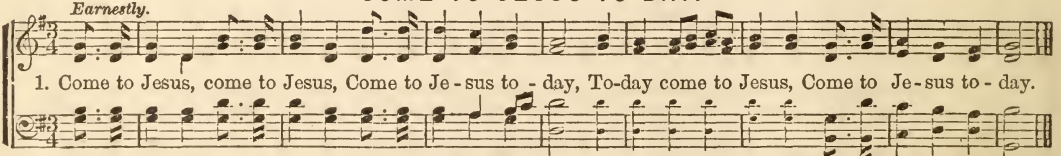
T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1870.


1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev-er to fade or fall, Till in - to the fold of the
CHORUS.
peace of God. He has gathered us all. Je- sus' love, precious love, Boundless and pure and free; Oh,
turn to that love, weary wand'ring soul, Jesus pleadeth for thee.

2 There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender love;
No throb nor throe that our hearts can know,
But he feels it above. *Cho.*

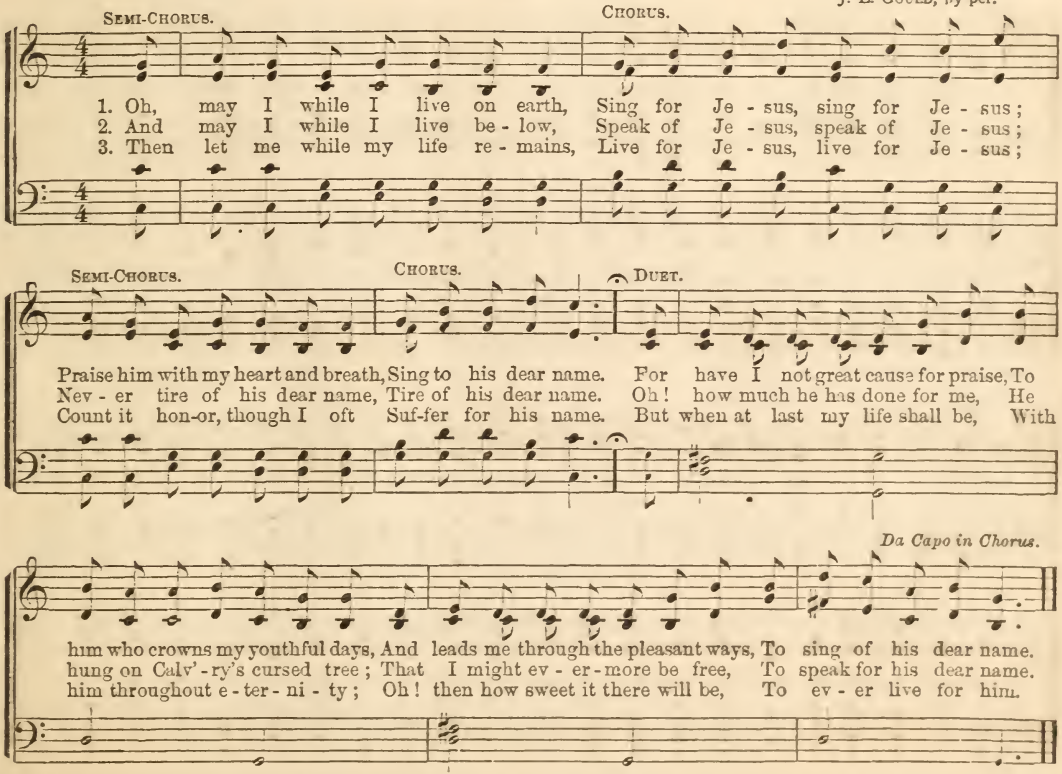
3 Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus;
Oh, may we never roam,
Till safe we rest on his loving breast,
In the dear heavenly home. *Cho.*

COME TO JESUS TO-DAY.

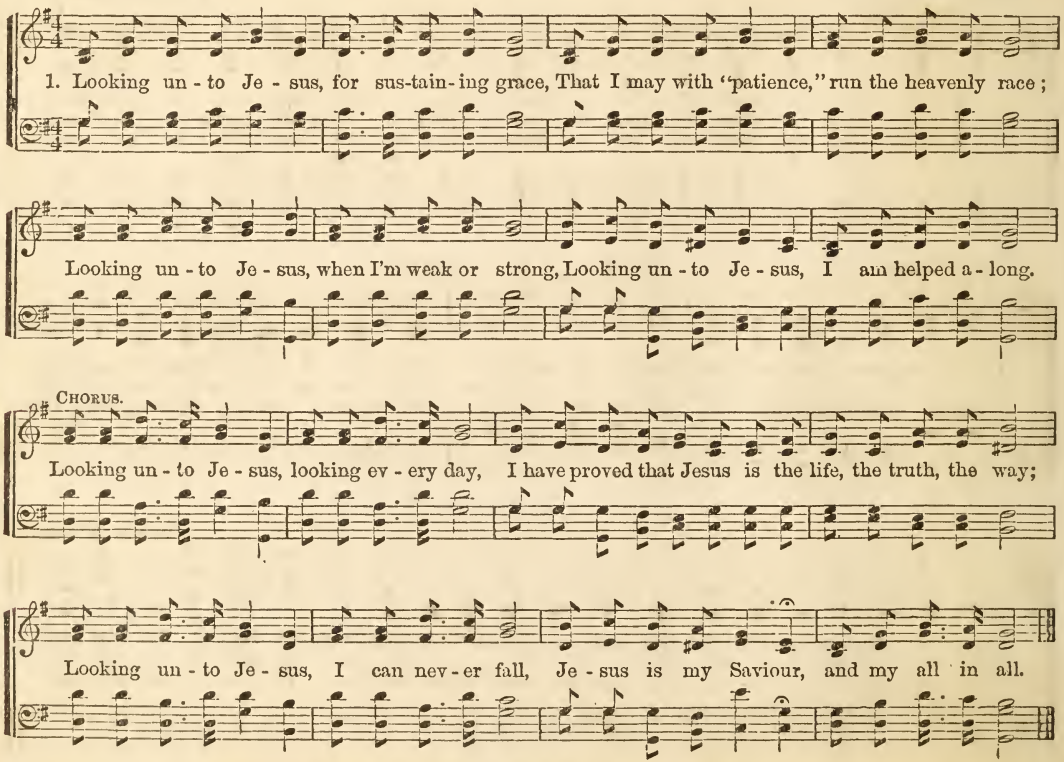


2. He will save you, &c.
3. Oh, believe him, &,
4. He'll receive you, &c.
5. Flee to Jesus, &c.
6. He will hear you, &c.
7. He'll have mercy, &c.
8. He'll forgive you, &c.
9. He will cleanse you, &c.
10. Jesus loves you, &c.

SING FOR JESUS.

J. E. Gould, by per.

Semi-Chorus.
Chorus.
1. Oh, may I while I live on earth, Sing for Je - sus, sing for Je - sus;
2. And may I while I live be - low, Speak of Je - sus, speak of Je - sus;
3. Then let me while my life re - mains, Live for Je - sus, live for Je - sus;
Semi-Chorus.
Chorus.
Duet.
Praise him with my heart and breath, Sing to his dear name. For have I not great cause for praise, To
Nev - er tire of his dear name, Tire of his dear name. Oh! how much he has done for me, He
Count it hon-or, though I oft Suf-fer for his name. But when at last my life shall be, With
Da Capo in Chorus.
him who crowns my youthful days, And leads me through the pleasant ways, To sing of his dear name.
hung on Calv'-ry's cursed tree; That I might ev - er-more be free, To speak for his dear name.
him throughout e - ter - ni - ty; Oh! then how sweet it there will be, To ev - er live for him.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Looking un - to Je - sus, for sus-tain-ing grace, That I may with "patience," run the heavenly race;
Looking un - to Je - sus, when I'm weak or strong, Looking un - to Je - sus, I am helped a - long.
CHORUS.
Looking un - to Je - sus, looking ev - ery day, I have proved that Jesus is the life, the truth, the way;
Looking un - to Je - sus, I can nev - er fall, Je - sus is my Saviour, and my all in all.

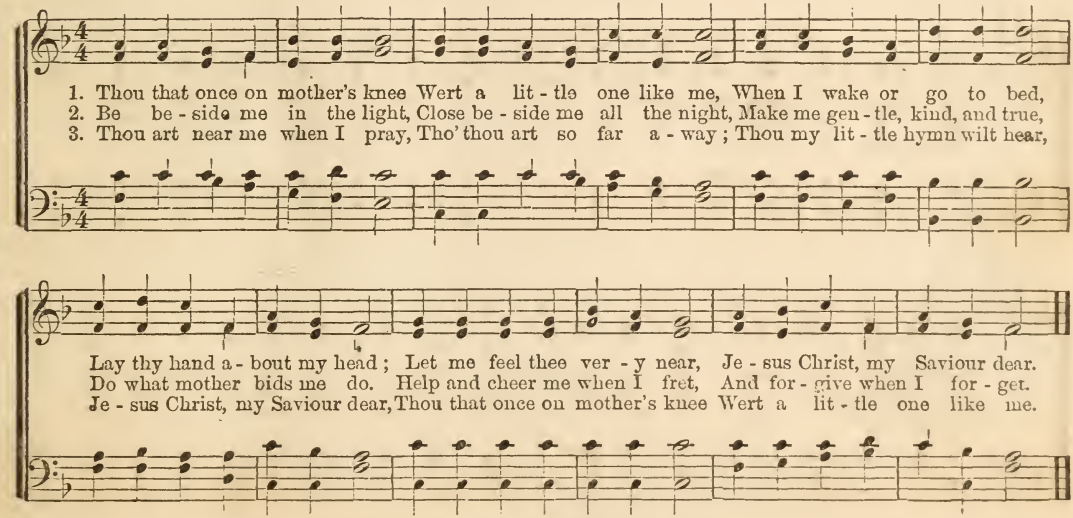
2 Looking unto Jesus, I can always see
Jesus with approving smile looking down on me;
Looking unto Jesus, I can run straight on,
Looking unto Jesus, all my fears are gone. *Cho.*

3 Looking unto Jesus, oh, delightful sight,
Jesus turns my darkness into heavenly light;
Looking unto Jesus, through the stormy skies,
Jesus gilds with glory all the clouds that rise. *Cho.*

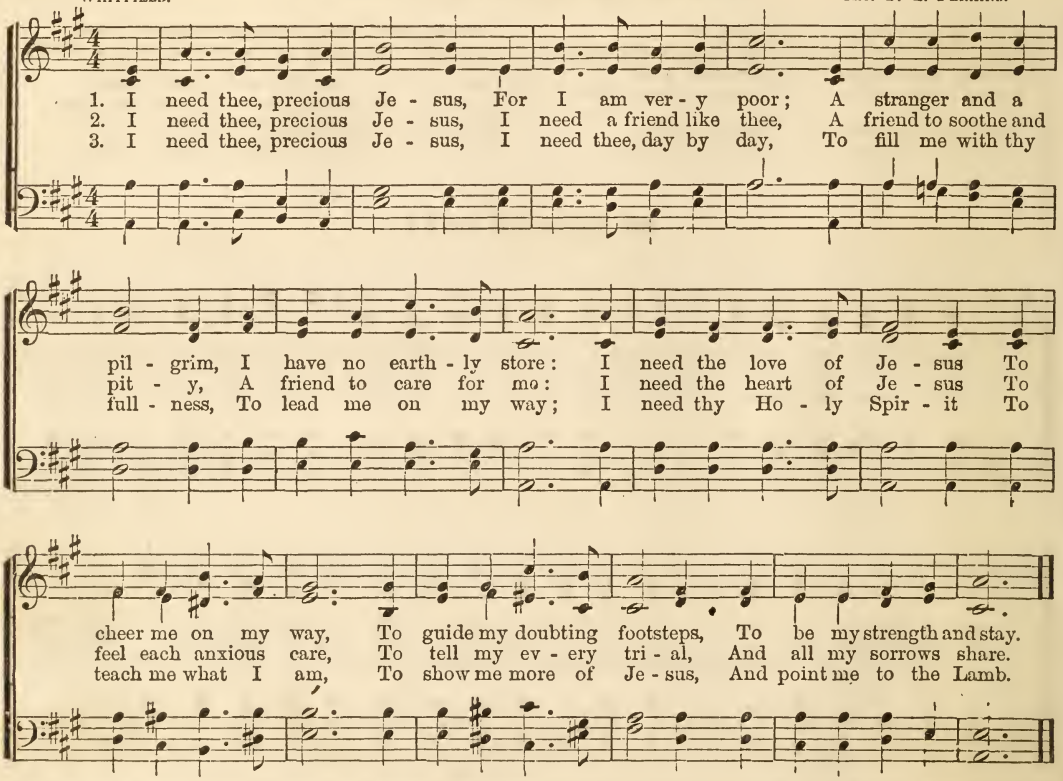
4 Looking unto Jesus, till the hour shall come,
When he sends his angels down to take me home;
Looking unto Jesus, till his face I see,
In his unvailed glory, through eternity. *Cho.*

MY SAVIOUR DEAR.

PALGRAVE. T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1870.

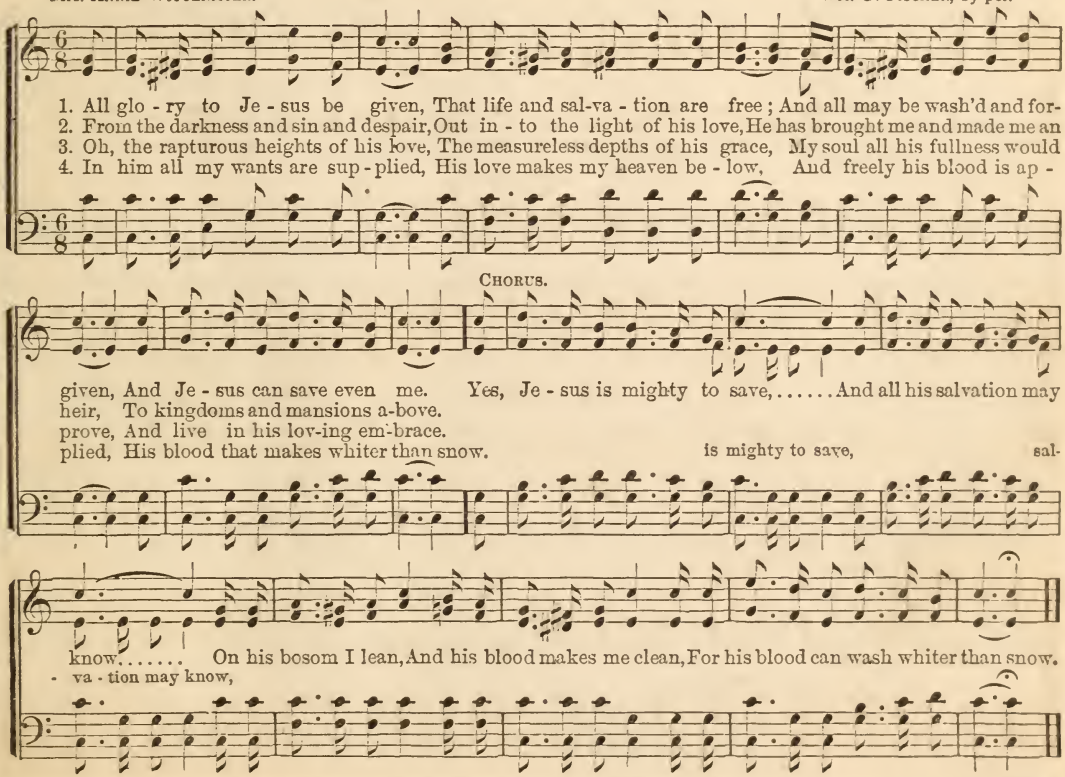

1. Thou that once on mother's knee Wert a lit - tle one like me, When I wake or go to bed,
2. Be be - side me in the light, Close be - side me all the night, Make me gen - tle, kind, and true,
3. Thou art near me when I pray, Tho' thou art so far a - way; Thou my lit - tle hymn wilt hear,
Lay thy hand a - bout my head; Let me feel thee ver - y near, Je - sus Christ, my Saviour dear.
Do what mother bids me do. Help and cheer me when I fret, And for - give when I for - get.
Je - sus Christ, my Saviour dear, Thou that once on mother's knee Wert a lit - tle one like me.

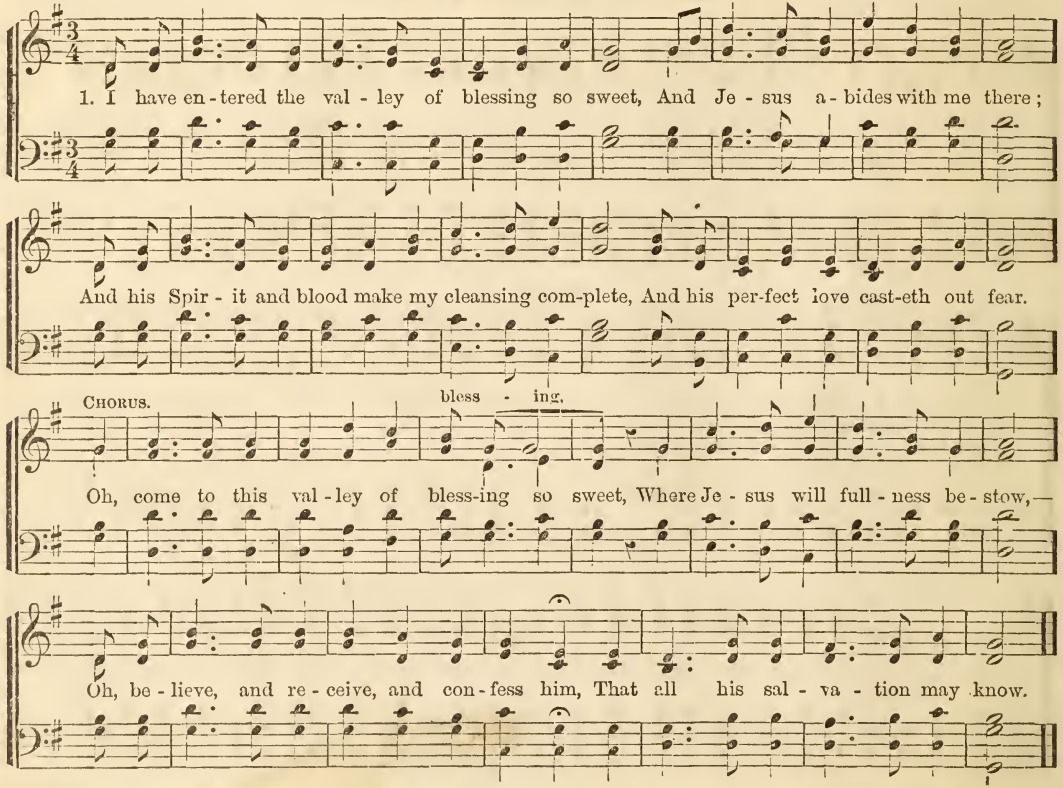
I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

WHITFIELD. Arr. T. E. PERKINS.

1. I need thee, precious Je - sus, For I am ver - y poor; A stranger and a
2. I need thee, precious Je - sus, I need a friend like thee, A friend to soothe and
3. I need thee, precious Je - sus, I need thee, day by day, To fill me with thy
pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store: I need the love of Je - sus To
pit - y, A friend to care for me: I need the heart of Je - sus To
full - ness, To lead me on my way; I need thy Ho - ly Spir - it To
cheer me on my way, To guide my doubting footsteps, To be my strength and stay.
feel each anxious care, To tell my ev - ery tri - al, And all my sorrows share.
teach me what I am, To show me more of Je - sus, And point me to the Lamb.

JESUS IS MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.


1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and sal-va - tion are free; And all may be wash'd and for-
2. From the darkness and sin and despair, Out in - to the light of his love, He has brought me and made me an
3. Oh, the rapturous heights of his love, The measureless depths of his grace, My soul all his fullness would
4. In him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my heaven be - low, And freely his blood is ap -
Chorus.
given, And Je - sus can save even me. Yes, Je - sus is mighty to save, ... And all his salvation may
heir, To kingdoms and mansions a-bove.
prove, And live in his lov-ing em-brace.
plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.
is mighty to save, sal-
know. ..... On his bosom I lean, And his blood makes me clean, For his blood can wash whiter than snow.
- va - tion may know,

40 Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer. **THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.** Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

1. I have en - tered the val - ley of blessing so sweet, And Je - sus a - bides with me there;
And his Spir - it and blood make my cleansing com-plete, And his per-fect love cast-eth out fear.
Chorus.
bless - ing.
Oh, come to this val - ley of bless-ing so sweet, Where Je - sus will full - ness be - stow,—
Oh, be - lieve, and re - ceive, and con - fess him, That all his sal - va - tion may know.

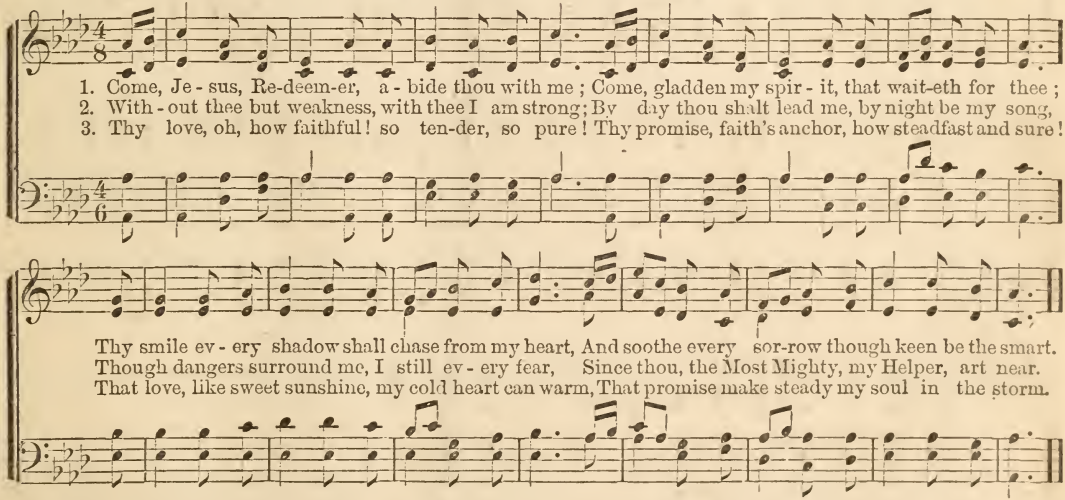
2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart. *Cho.*

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal. *Cho.*

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain." *Cho.*

COME, JESUS, REDEEMER.

Dr. RAY PALMER. T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1860.

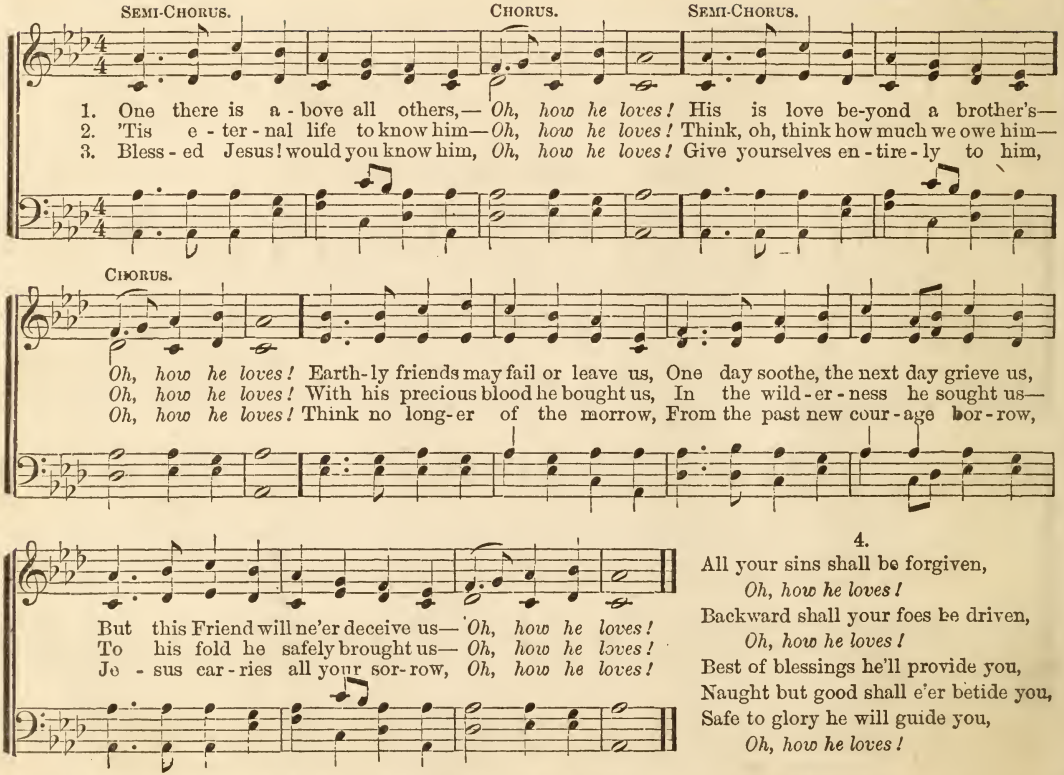

1. Come, Je - sus, Re-deem-er, a - bide thou with me; Come, gladden my spir - it, that wait-eth for thee;
2. With - out thee but weakness, with thee I am strong; By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song,
3. Thy love, oh, how faithful! so ten-der, so pure! Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
Thy smile ev - ery shadow shall chase from my heart, And soothe every sor-row though keen be the smart.
Though dangers surround me, I still ev - ery fear, Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm, That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace:
From restless, vain wishes, bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings hence forward shall end,
Till, glad, to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

5 Oh, then, blessèd Jesus, who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I shall see thy full glory, thy face shall behold,
And praise thee with raptures for ever untold!

OH, HOW HE LOVES!

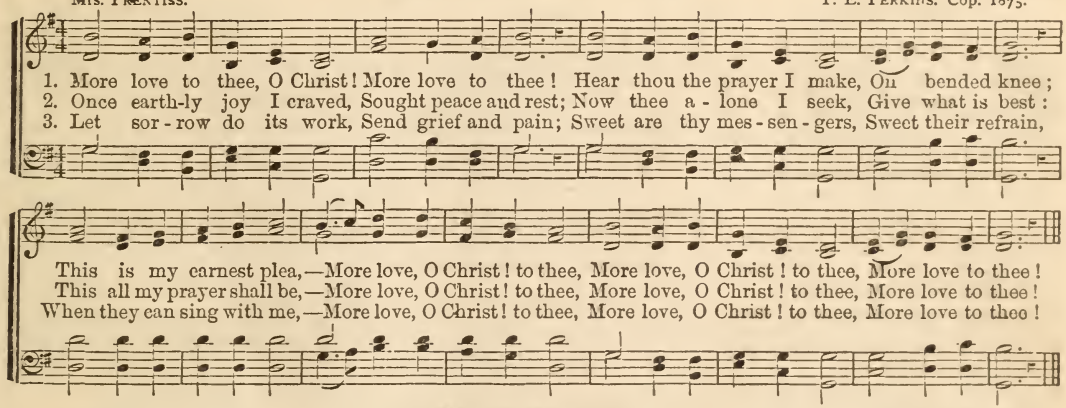
Miss M. Nunn. T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1860.


Semi-Chorus.
Chorus.
Semi-Chorus.
1. One there is a-bove all others,— Oh, how he loves! His is love be-yond a brother's—
2. 'Tis e-ter-nal life to know him— Oh, how he loves! Think, oh, think how much we owe him—
3. Bless-ed Jesus! would you know him, Oh, how he loves! Give yourselves en-tire-ly to him,
Chorus.
Oh, how he loves! Earth-ly friends may fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
Oh, how he loves! With his precious blood he bought us, In the wild-er-ness he sought us—
Oh, how he loves! Think no long-er of the morrow, From the past new cour-age bor-row,
But this Friend will ne'er deceive us— Oh, how he loves!
To his fold he safely brought us— Oh, how he loves!
Je-sus car-ries all your sor-row, Oh, how he loves!

4.

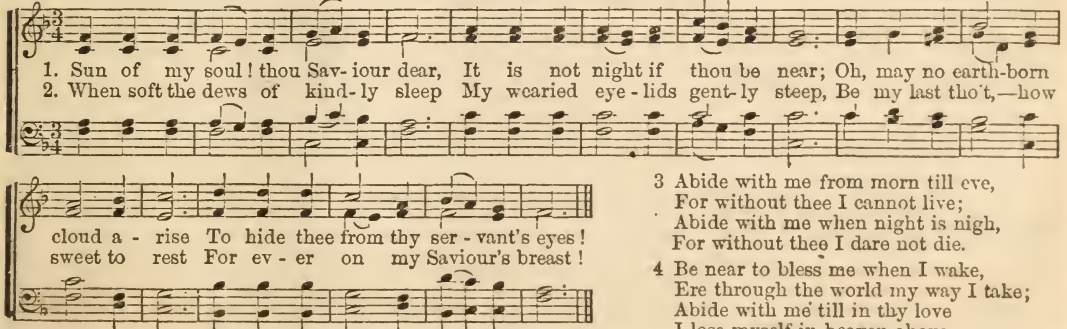
All your sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide you,
Naught but good shall e'er betide you,
Safe to glory he will guide you,
Oh, how he loves!

MORE LOVE TO THEE.

Mrs. Prentiss. T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1875.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee;
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best:
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are thy mes-sen-gers, Sweet their refrain,
This is my earnest plea,—More love, O Christ! to thee, More love, O Christ! to thee, More love to thee!
This all my prayer shall be,—More love, O Christ! to thee, More love, O Christ! to thee, More love to thee!
When they can sing with me,—More love, O Christ! to thee, More love, O Christ! to thee, More love to thee!

SUN OF MY SOUL.

Keble. W. H. Monk, arr.

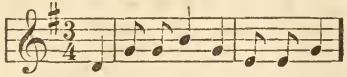

1. Sun of my soul! thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born
2. When soft the dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent-ly steep, Be my last tho't,—how
cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy ser-vant's eyes!
sweet to rest For ev-er on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

FIRST HYMN.

PRECIOUS NAME.



1 There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name, before his wondrous birth,
To Christ, the Saviour given.

REFRAIN.

We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus:
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

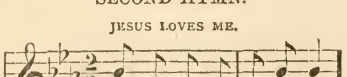
2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they sealed him,
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

SECOND HYMN.

JESUS LOVES ME.



1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to him belong;
They are weak, but he is strong.

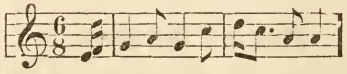
CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
Yes, Jesus loves me;
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.

3 Jesus loves me! he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him when I die.
He will take me home on high.

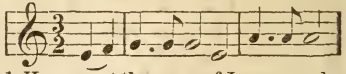
THIRD HYMN.

ORIOLA. C. M. D.

1 Dear Saviour, ever at my side,
How loving thou must be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.
Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

2 And when, dear Saviour! I kneel down
Morning and night in prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there;
Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

FOURTH HYMN.

HEBER. C. M.



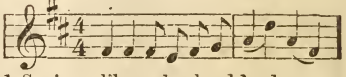
1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

FIFTH HYMN.

SHEPHERD. 8, 7, 4.

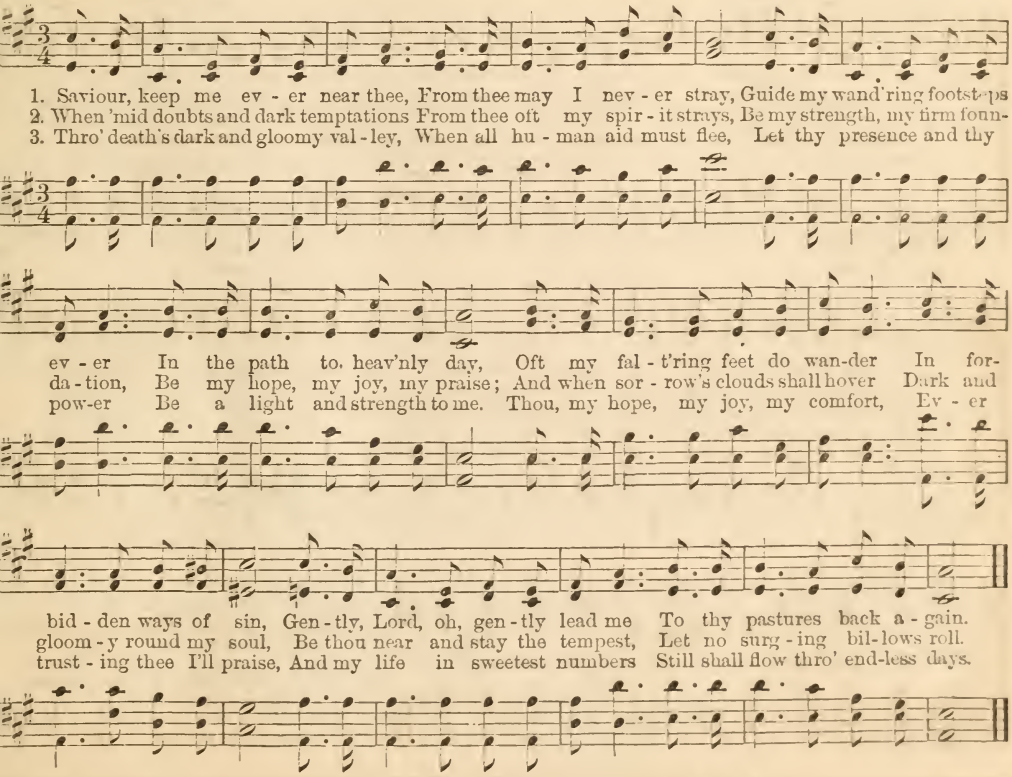


1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us thine we are;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus, [pray.
Hear young children when they

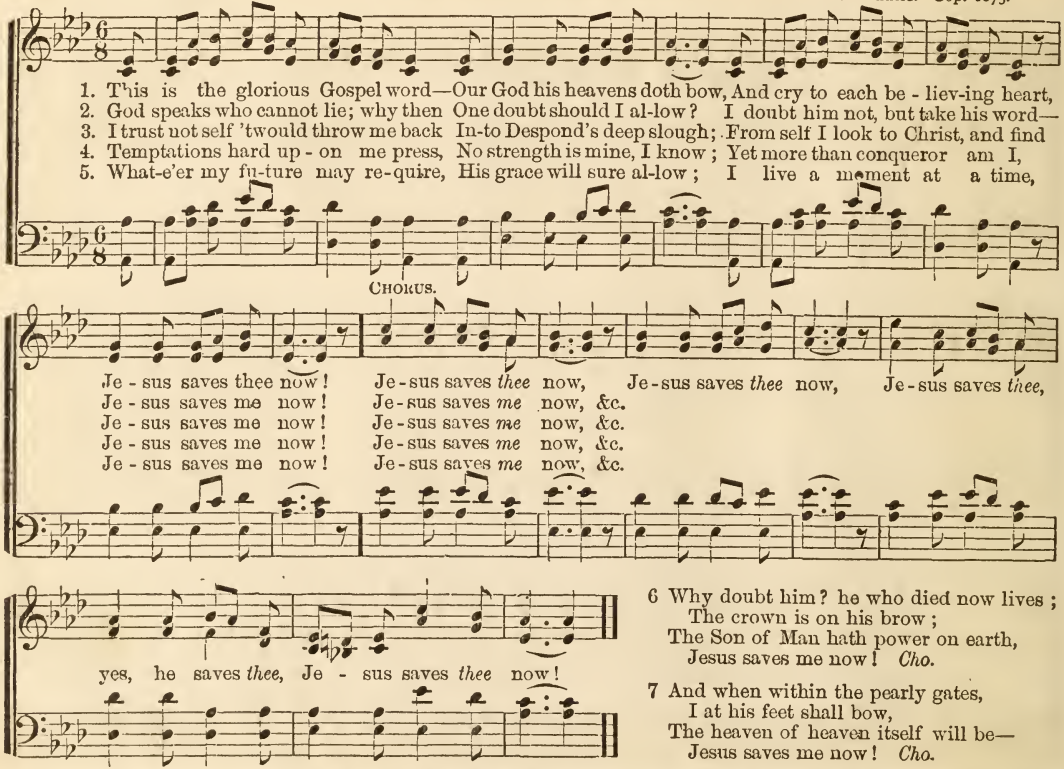
SAVIOUR, KEEP ME.

G. S. W.

GEO. S. WEEKS. Cop. 1875.

1. Saviour, keep me ev - er near thee, From thee may I nev - er stray, Guide my wand'ring footsteps
2. When 'mid doubts and dark temptations From thee oft my spir - it strays, Be my strength, my firm foun-
3. Thro' death's dark and gloomy val - ley, When all hu - man aid must flee, Let thy presence and thy
ev - er In the path to heav'nly day, Oft my fal - t'ring feet do wan-der In for-
da - tion, Be my hope, my joy, my praise; And when sor - row's clouds shall hover Dark and
pow-er Be a light and strength to me. Thou, my hope, my joy, my comfort, Ev - er
bid - den ways of sin, Gen - tly, Lord, oh, gen - tly lead me To thy pastures back a - gain.
gloom - y round my soul, Be thou near and stay the tempest, Let no surg - ing bil - lows roll.
trust - ing thee I'll praise, And my life in sweetest numbers Still shall flow thro' end-less days.

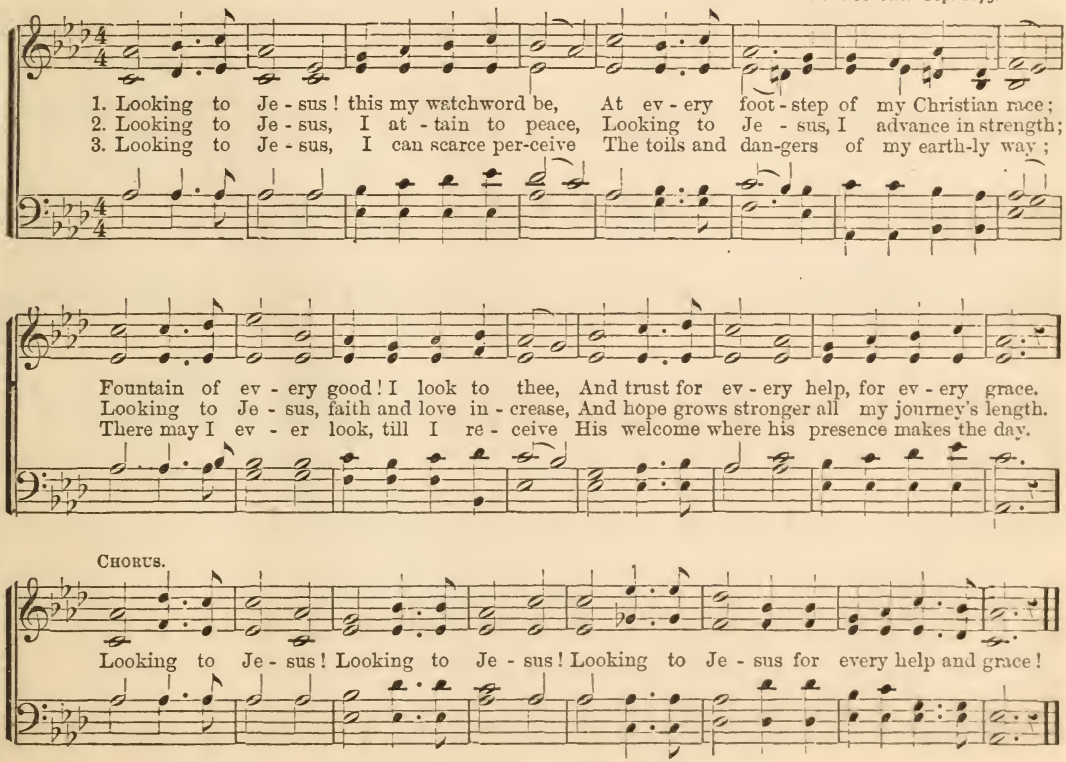
JESUS SAVES ME NOW.

T. B. Stephenson. George S. Weeks. Cop. 1875.

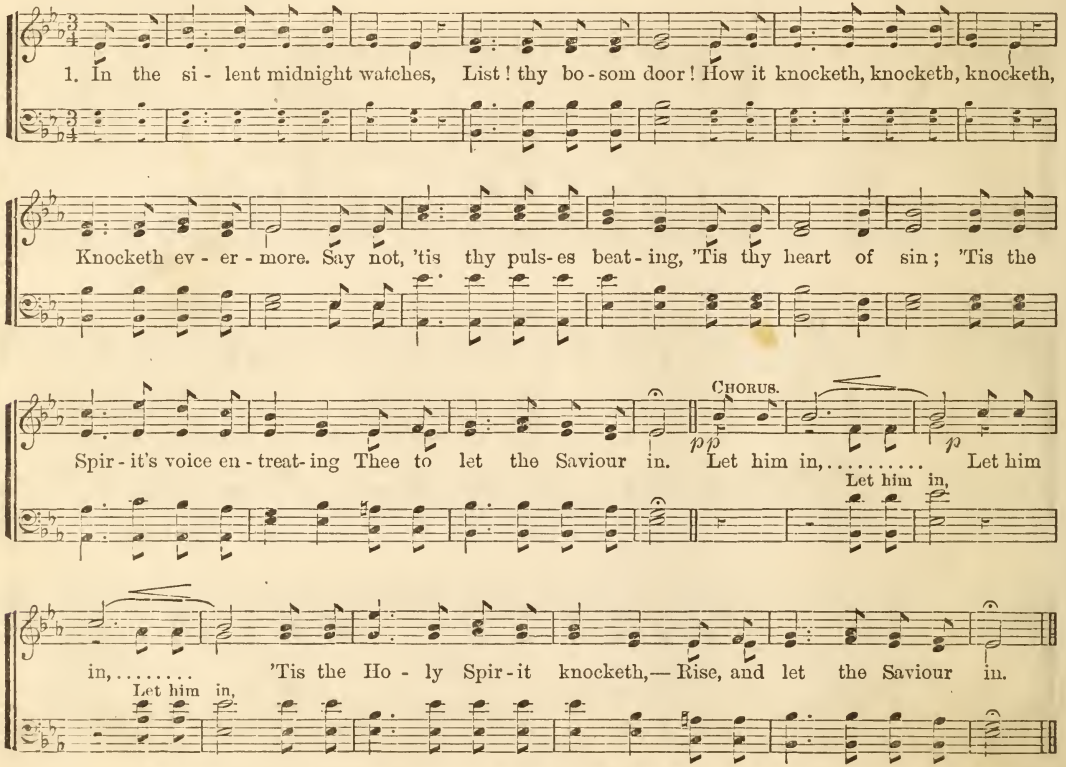

1. This is the glorious Gospel word—Our God his heavens doth bow, And cry to each be - liev-ing heart,
2. God speaks who cannot lie; why then One doubt should I al-low? I doubt him not, but take his word—
3. I trust not self 'twould throw me back In-to Despond's deep slough; From self I look to Christ, and find
4. Temptations hard up - on me press, No strength is mine, I know; Yet more than conqueror am I,
5. What-e'er my fu-ture may re-quire, His grace will sure al-low; I live a moment at a time,
Chorus.
Je - sus saves thee now! Je - sus saves thee now, Je - sus saves thee now, Je - sus saves thee,
Je - sus saves me now! Je - sus saves me now, &c.
Je - sus saves me now! Je - sus saves me now, &c.
Je - sus saves me now! Je - sus saves me now, &c.
yes, he saves thee, Je - sus saves thee now!

6 Why doubt him? he who died now lives;
The crown is on his brow;
The Son of Man hath power on earth,
Jesus saves me now! *Cho.*

7 And when within the pearly gates,
I at his feet shall bow,
The heaven of heaven itself will be—
Jesus saves me now! *Cho.*

H. KINGSBURY. Cop. 1875.

1. Looking to Je - sus! this my watchword be, At ev - ery foot - step of my Christian race;
2. Looking to Je - sus, I at - tain to peace, Looking to Je - sus, I advance in strength;
3. Looking to Je - sus, I can scarce per-ceive The toils and dan-gers of my earth-ly way;
Fountain of ev - ery good! I look to thee, And trust for ev - ery help, for ev - ery grace.
Looking to Je - sus, faith and love in - crease, And hope grows stronger all my journey's length.
There may I ev - er look, till I re - ceive His welcome where his presence makes the day.
CHORUS.
Looking to Je - sus! Looking to Je - sus! Looking to Je - sus for every help and grace!

THE HEAVENLY VISITOR.

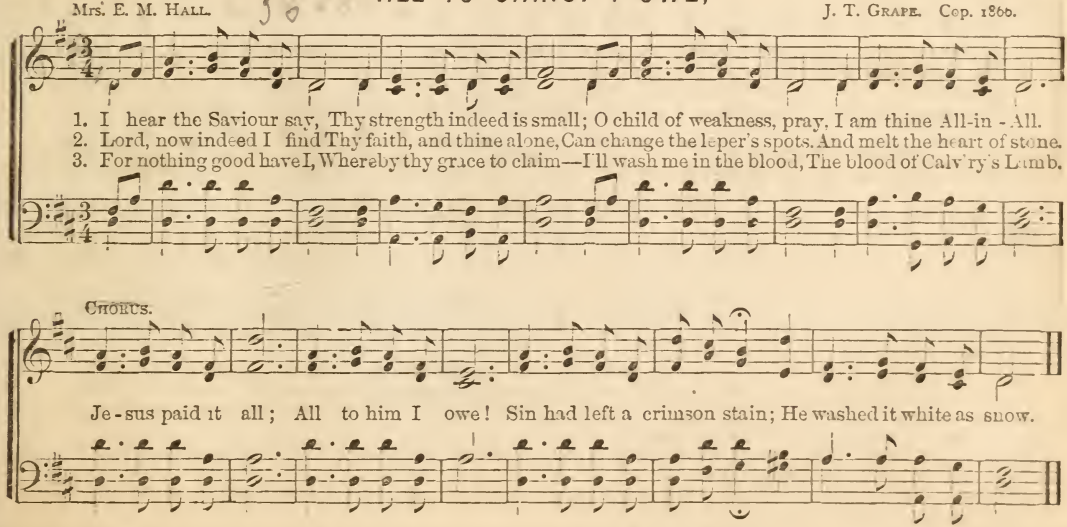
Asa Hull, by per.

1. In the si - lent midnight watches, List! thy bo - som door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh ev - er - more. Say not, 'tis thy puls-es beat - ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'Tis the
Spir - it's voice en - treat - ing Thee to let the Saviour in.
Chorus.
pp
Let him in,..... Let him
p
Let him in,
in,..... 'Tis the Ho - ly Spir - it knocketh,— Rise, and let the Saviour in.
Let him in,

2 Death comes down with ruthless footstep,
To the hall and hut—
Think you death will stand there knocking,
When thy door is shut?
Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth,
But thy door is fast;
Grieved, away the Saviour turneth,
Death breaks in the door at last.
Let him in, &c.

3 Then 'tis time to stand, entreating
Christ to let *thee* in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish creature,
Can it be forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But he then will know thee not.
Let him in, &c.

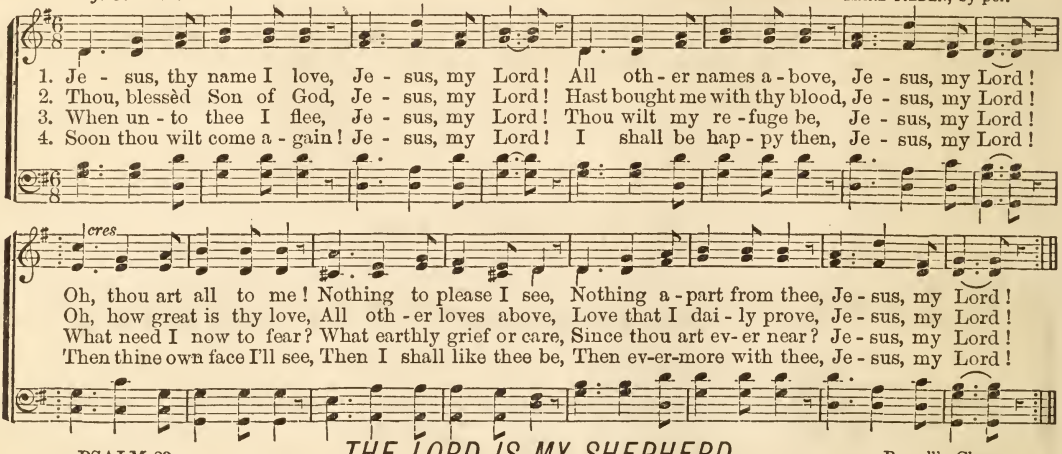
ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. J. T. Grape. Cop. 1866.


1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; O child of weakness, pray, I am thine All-in - All.
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy faith, and thine alone, Can change the leper's spots. And melt the heart of stone.
3. For nothing good have I, Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash me in the blood, The blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
Chorus.
Je - sus paid it all; All to him I owe! Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

JESUS, MY LORD.

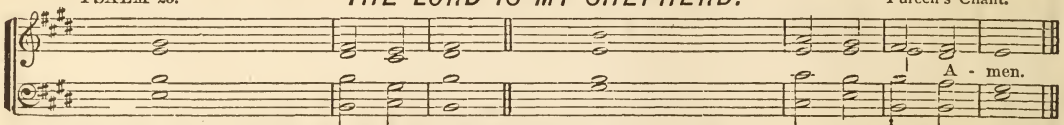
J. G. DECK. KARL REDEN, by per.


1. Je - sus, thy name I love, Je - sus, my Lord! All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord!
2. Thou, blessèd Son of God, Je - sus, my Lord! Hast bought me with thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord!
3. When un - to thee I flee, Je - sus, my Lord! Thou wilt my re - fuge be, Je - sus, my Lord!
4. Soon thou wilt come a - gain! Je - sus, my Lord! I shall be hap - py then, Je - sus, my Lord!
cres.
Oh, thou art all to me! Nothing to please I see, Nothing a - part from thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
Oh, how great is thy love, All oth - er loves above, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
What need I now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since thou art ev - er near? Je - sus, my Lord!
Then thine own face I'll see, Then I shall like thee be, Then ev-er-more with thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

PSALM 23.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

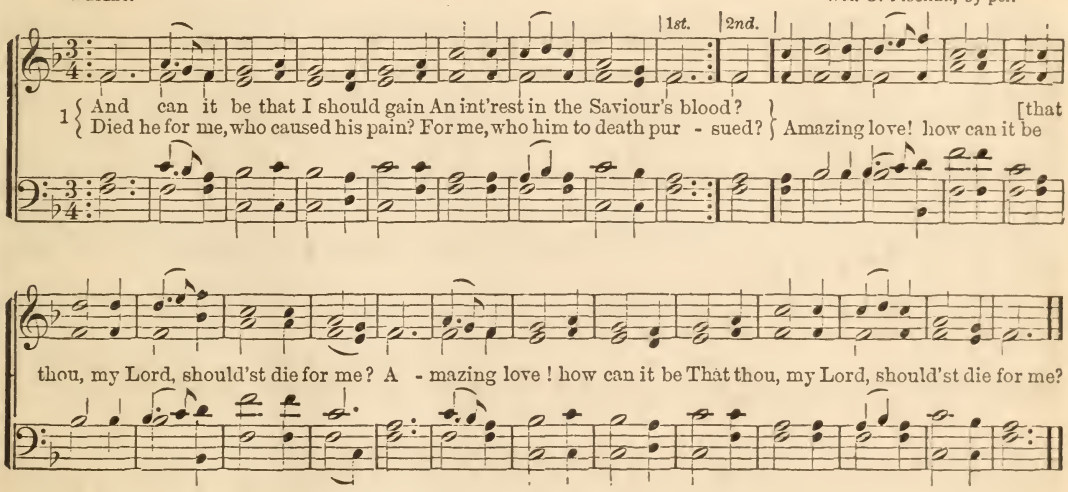
Purcell's Chant.



1. The Lord | is my | Shepherd: || I shall — | not — | want.
2. He maketh me to lie down | in green | pastures: || He leadeth me be- | side the | still — | waters.
3. He re- | storeth my | soul: || He leadeth me in the path of righteousness | for his | name's — | sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil: || For thou art with me; thy rod and thy | staff, they | comfort | me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies; || Thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup — | runneth | over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of · my | life: || And I will dwell in the | house · of the | Lord for- | ever. || A - men.

AND CAN IT BE?

WESLEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.


1st.
2nd.
1 And can it be that I should gain An int'rest in the Saviour's blood? Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pur - sued? Amazing love! how can it be [that
thou, my Lord, should'st die for me? A - mazing love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, should'st die for me?

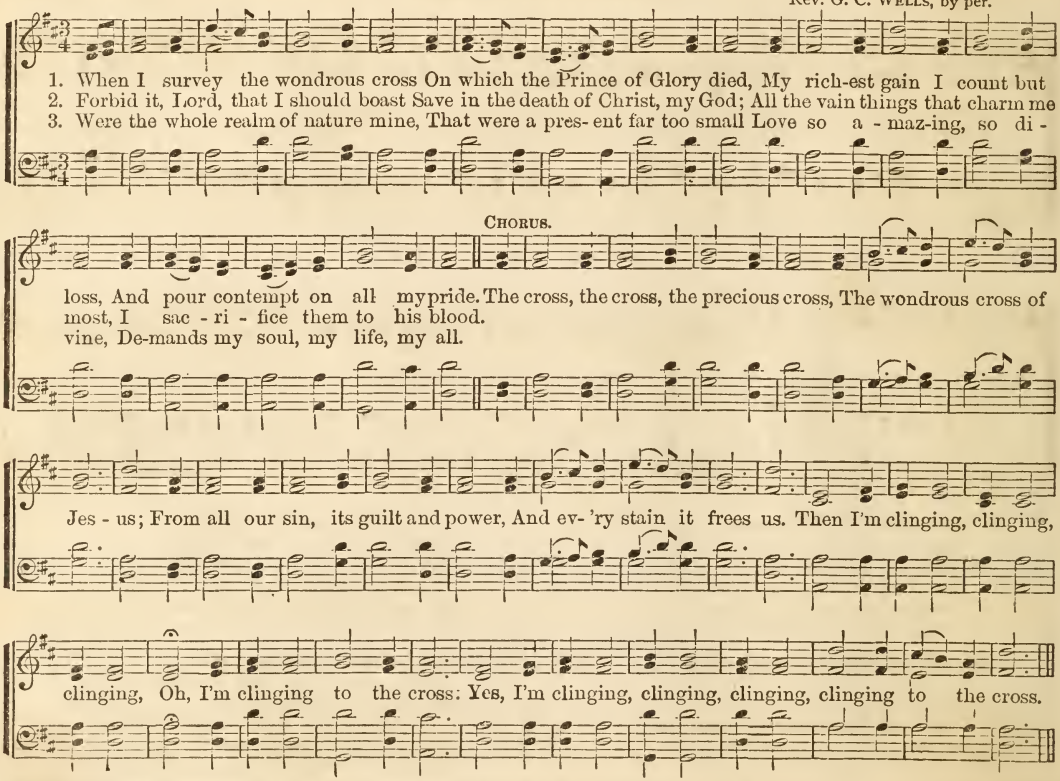
2 'Tis mystery all, th'Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first born seraph tries
To sound the depth of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night:
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke: the dungeon flamed with light;
My chain fell off, my heart was free—
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I tread;
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th'eternal throne
And claim the crown through Christ my own.

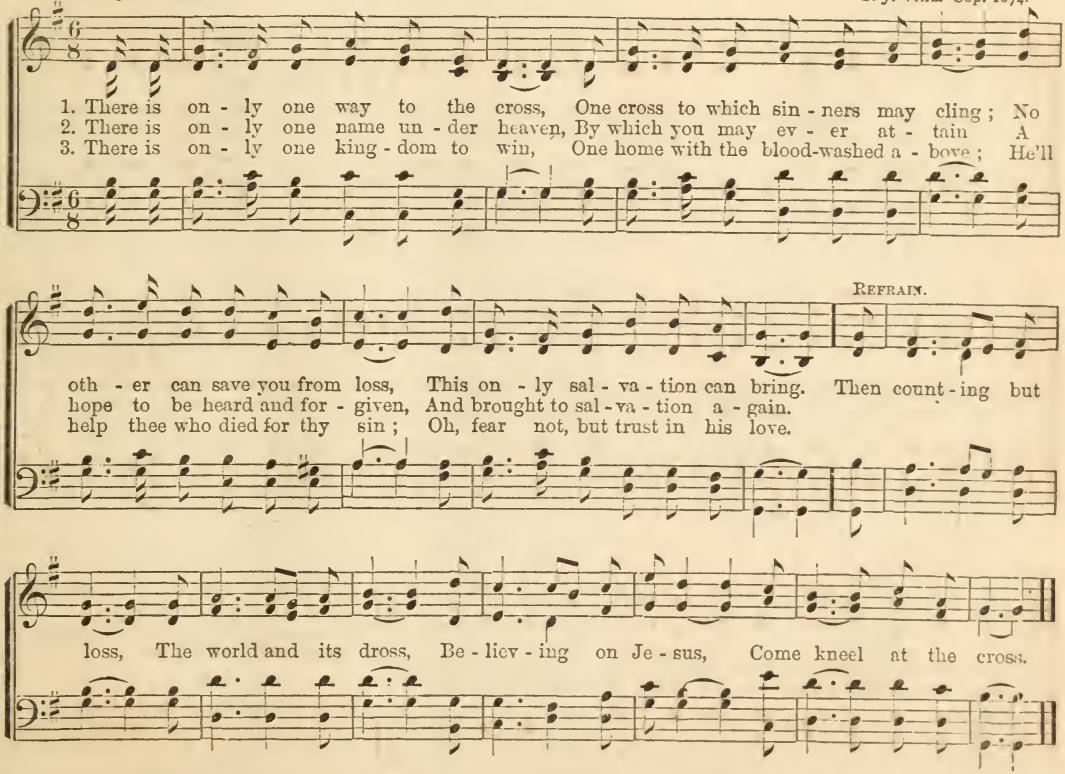
CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

Rev. G. C. WELLS, by per.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My rich-est gain I count but
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me
3. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres- ent far too small Love so a - maz-ing, so di -
CHORUS.
loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. The cross, the cross, the precious cross, The wondrous cross of
most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.
Jes - us; From all our sin, its guilt and power, And ev- 'ry stain it frees us. Then I'm clinging, clinging,
clinging, Oh, I'm clinging to the cross: Yes, I'm clinging, clinging, clinging, clinging to the cross.

ONLY ONE WAY.

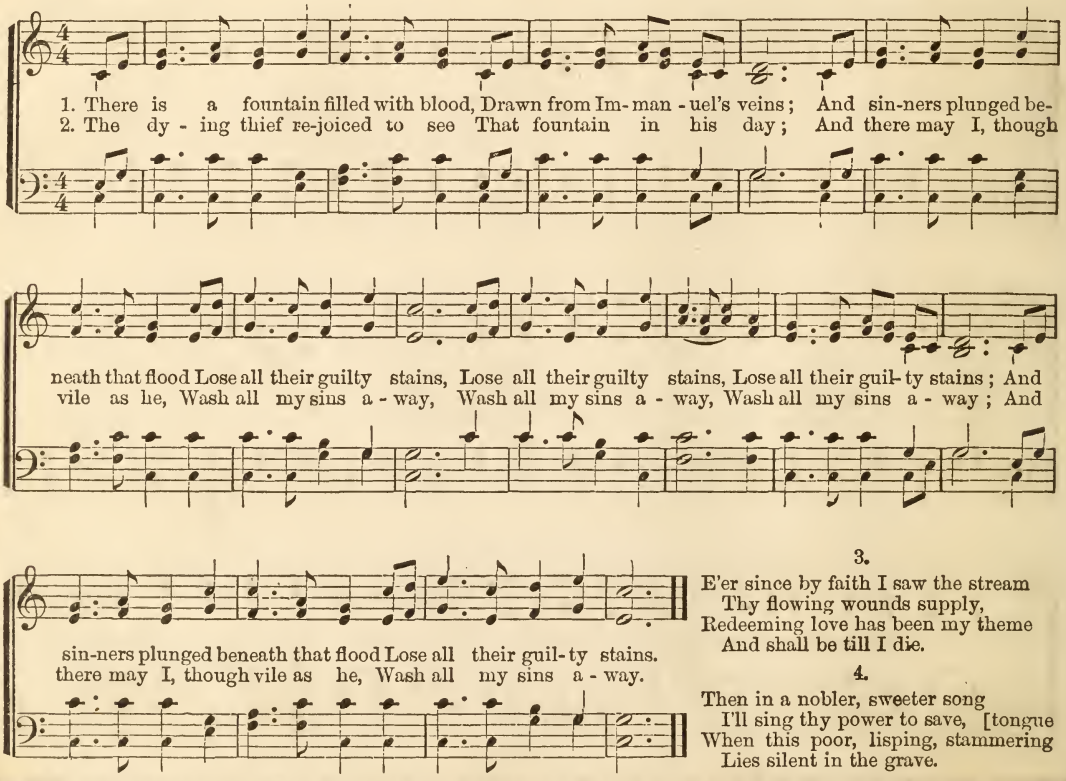
Rev. J. PARKER.

S. J. VAIL. Cop. 1874.


1. There is on - ly one way to the cross, One cross to which sin - ners may cling; No
2. There is on - ly one name un - der heaven, By which you may ev - er at - tain A
3. There is on - ly one king - dom to win, One home with the blood-washed a - bove; He'll
REFRAIN.
oth - er can save you from loss, This on - ly sal - va - tion can bring. Then count - ing but
hope to be heard and for - given, And brought to sal - va - tion a - gain.
help thee who died for thy sin; Oh, fear not, but trust in his love.
loss, The world and its dross, Be - liev - ing on Je - sus, Come kneel at the cross.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WM. COWPER. WESTERN MELODY.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im- man - uel's veins; And sin-ners plunged be-
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though
neath that flood Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guil- ty stains; And
vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way; And
sin-ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guil- ty stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

3.

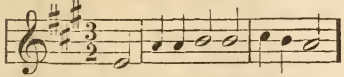
E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be till I die.

4.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

FIRST HYMN.

AZMON. C. M.



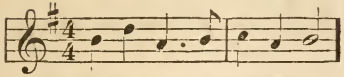
1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

SECOND HYMN.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7S.



1 Children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

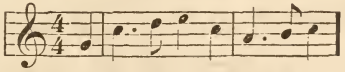
2 Ye are traveling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

THIRD HYMN.

BROWN. C. M.



1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

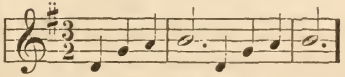
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

FOURTH HYMN.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.



1 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

REFRAIN.

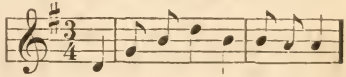
Happy day, happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day!
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With him of every good possessed.

FIFTH HYMN.

SOLID ROCK. L. M. D.



1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the solid rock I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

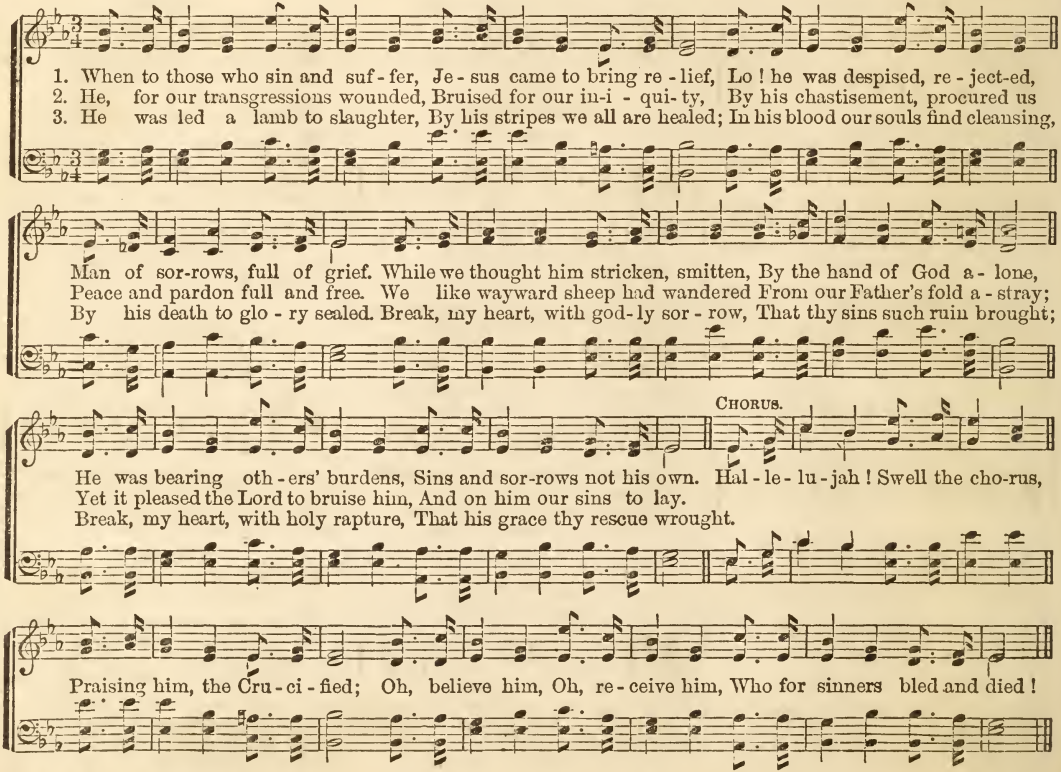
2 When darkness seems to vail his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail. *Ref.*

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay. *Ref.*

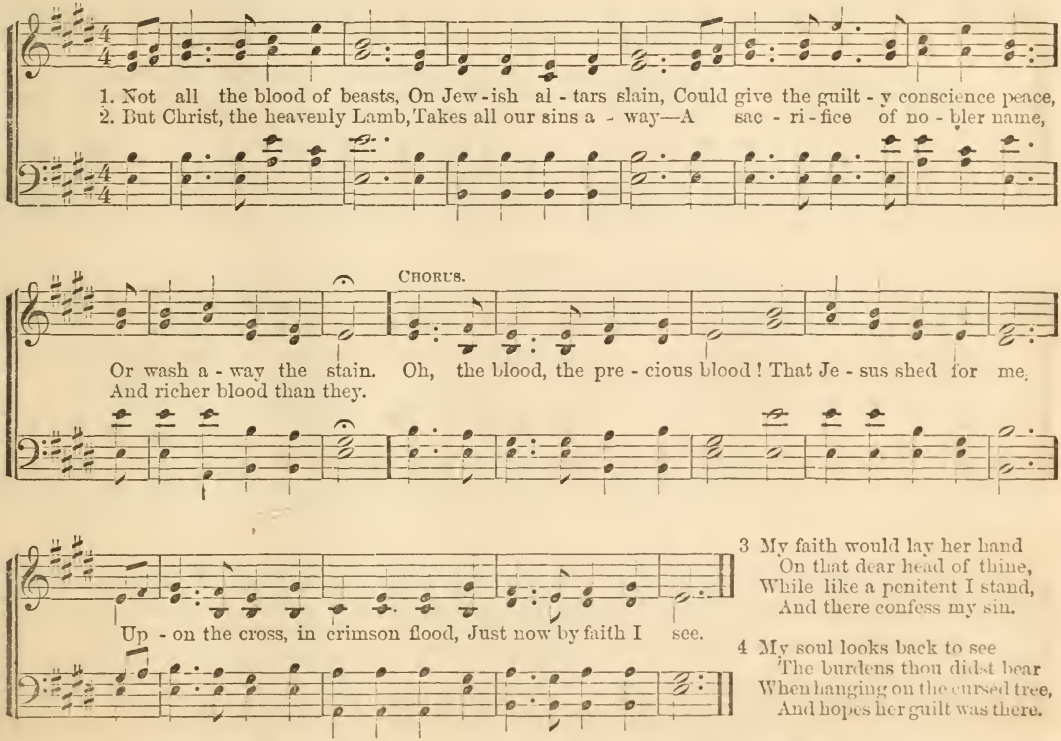
THE MAN OF SORROWS.

A. T. P.

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D. Cop. 1875.


1. When to those who sin and suf - fer, Je - sus came to bring re - lief, Lo! he was despised, re - ject-ed,
2. He, for our transgressions wounded, Bruised for our in-i - qui-ty, By his chastisement, procured us
3. He was led a lamb to slaughter, By his stripes we all are healed; In his blood our souls find cleansing,
Man of sor-rows, full of grief. While we thought him stricken, smitten, By the hand of God a - lone,
Peace and pardon full and free. We like wayward sheep had wandered From our Father's fold a - stray;
By his death to glo - ry sealed. Break, my heart, with god-ly sor - row, That thy sins such ruin brought;
Chorus.
He was bearing oth - ers' burdens, Sins and sor-rows not his own. Hal - le - lu - jah! Swell the cho-rus,
Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him, And on him our sins to lay.
Break, my heart, with holy rapture, That his grace thy rescue wrought.
Praising him, the Cru - ci - fied; Oh, believe him, Oh, re - ceive him, Who for sinners bled and died!

WATTS. Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

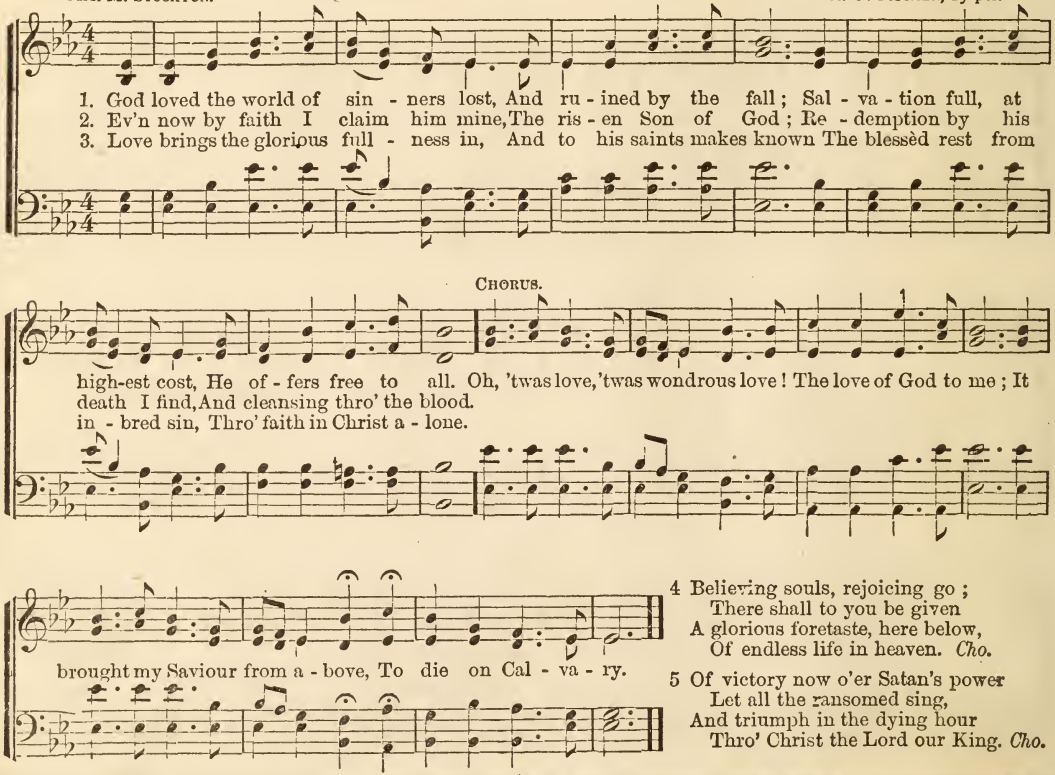

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew-ish al-tars slain, Could give the guilt-y conscience peace,
2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way—A sac-ri-fice of no-bler name,
CHORUS.
Or wash a-way the stain. Oh, the blood, the pre-cious blood! That Je-sus shed for me,
And richer blood than they.
Up-on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

WONDROUS LOVE.

Mrs. M. Stockton. Wm. G. Fischer, by per.

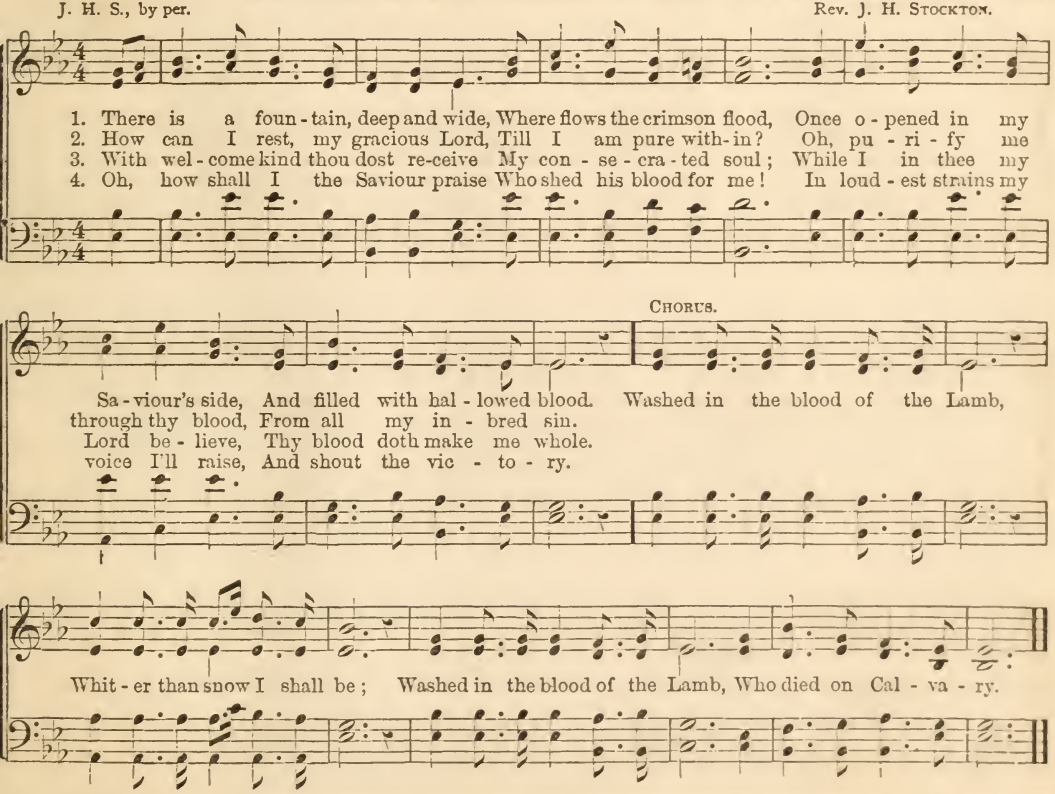

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost, And ru - ined by the fall; Sal - va - tion full, at
2. Ev'n now by faith I claim him mine, The ris - en Son of God; Re - demption by his
3. Love brings the glorious full - ness in, And to his saints makes known The blessèd rest from
Chorus.
high-est cost, He of - fers free to all. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It
death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.
in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
brought my Saviour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven. *Cho.*

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Thro' Christ the Lord our King. *Cho.*

WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

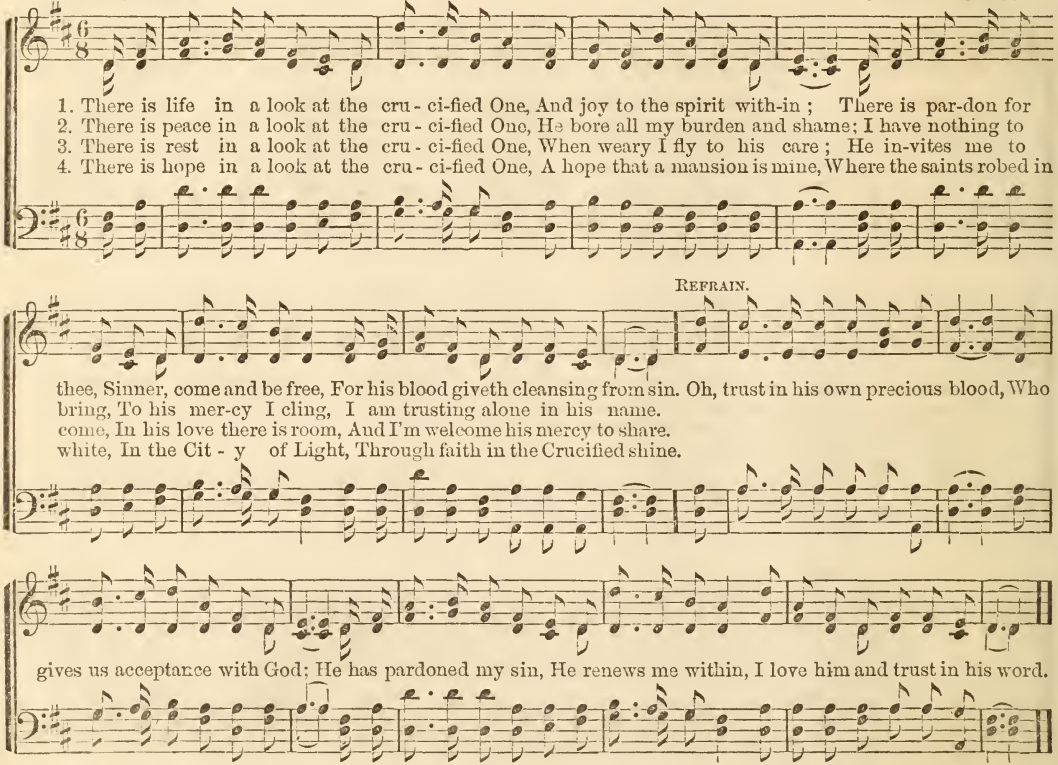
J. H. S., by per. Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. There is a foun - tain, deep and wide, Where flows the crimson flood, Once o - pened in my
2. How can I rest, my gracious Lord, Till I am pure with - in? Oh, pu - ri - fy me
3. With wel - come kind thou dost re-ceive My con - se - cra - ted soul; While I in thee my
4. Oh, how shall I the Saviour praise Who shed his blood for me! In loud - est strains my
Chorus.
Sa - viour's side, And filled with hal - lowed blood. Washed in the blood of the Lamb,
through thy blood, From all my in - bred sin.
Lord be - lieve, Thy blood doth make me whole.
voice I'll raise, And shout the vic - to - ry.
Whit - er than snow I shall be; Washed in the blood of the Lamb, Who died on Cal - va - ry.

60

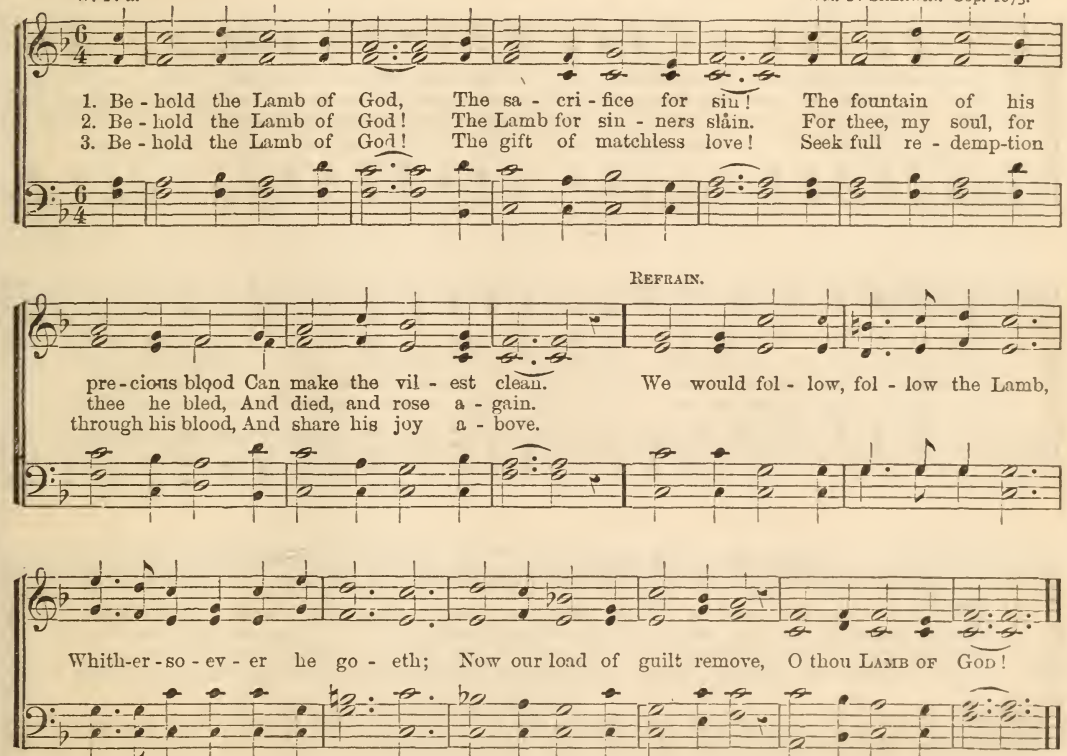
THERE IS LIFE IN A LOOK.

Rev. J. PARKER. S. J. VAIL. Cop. 1874.


1. There is life in a look at the cru - ci-fied One, And joy to the spirit with-in ; There is par-don for
2. There is peace in a look at the cru - ci-fied One, He bore all my burden and shame; I have nothing to
3. There is rest in a look at the cru - ci-fied One, When weary I fly to his care ; He in-vites me to
4. There is hope in a look at the cru - ci-fied One, A hope that a mansion is mine, Where the saints robed in
REFRAIN.
thee, Sinner, come and be free, For his blood giveth cleansing from sin. Oh, trust in his own precious blood, Who
bring, To his mer-cy I cling, I am trusting alone in his name.
come, In his love there is room, And I'm welcome his mercy to share.
white, In the Cit - y of Light, Through faith in the Crucified shine.
gives us acceptance with God; He has pardoned my sin, He renews me within, I love him and trust in his word.

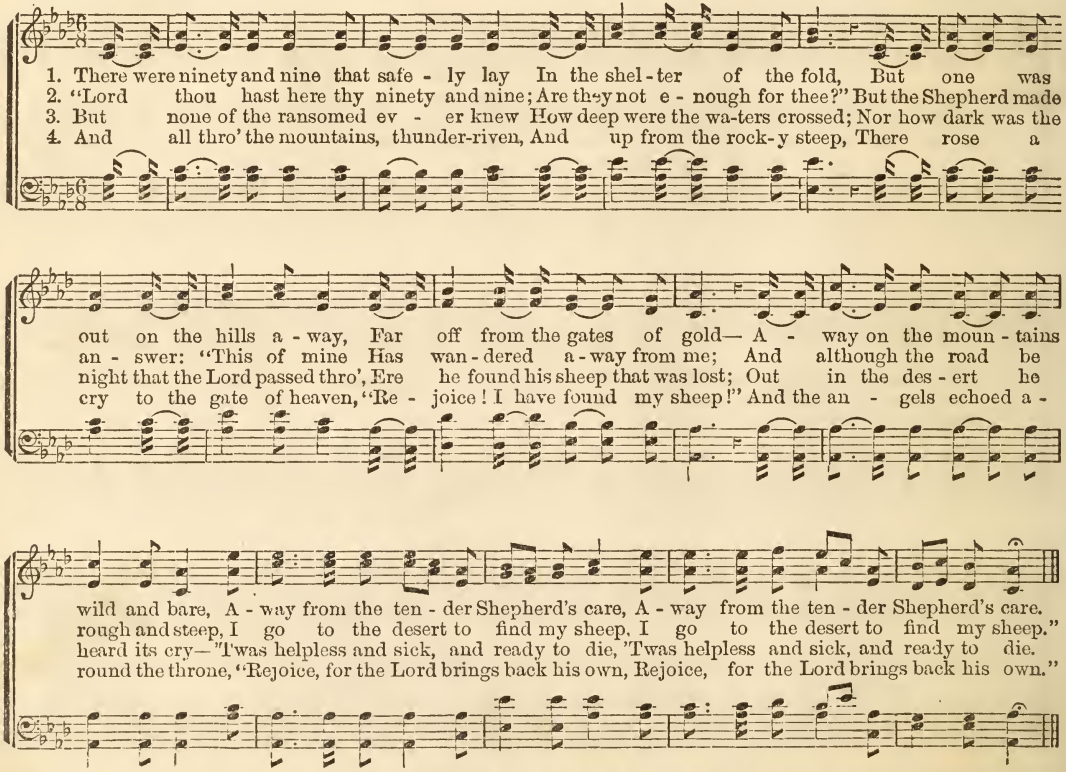
BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD,

W. F. S. Wm. F. Sherwin. Cop. 1875.


1. Be - hold the Lamb of God, The sa - cri - fice for sin! The fountain of his
2. Be - hold the Lamb of God! The Lamb for sin - ners slain. For thee, my soul, for
3. Be - hold the Lamb of God! The gift of matchless love! Seek full re - demp-tion
Refrain.
pre - cious blood Can make the vil - est clean. We would fol - low, fol - low the Lamb,
thee he bled, And died, and rose a - gain.
through his blood, And share his joy a - bove.
Whith-er - so - ev - er he go - eth; Now our load of guilt remove, O thou Lamb of God!

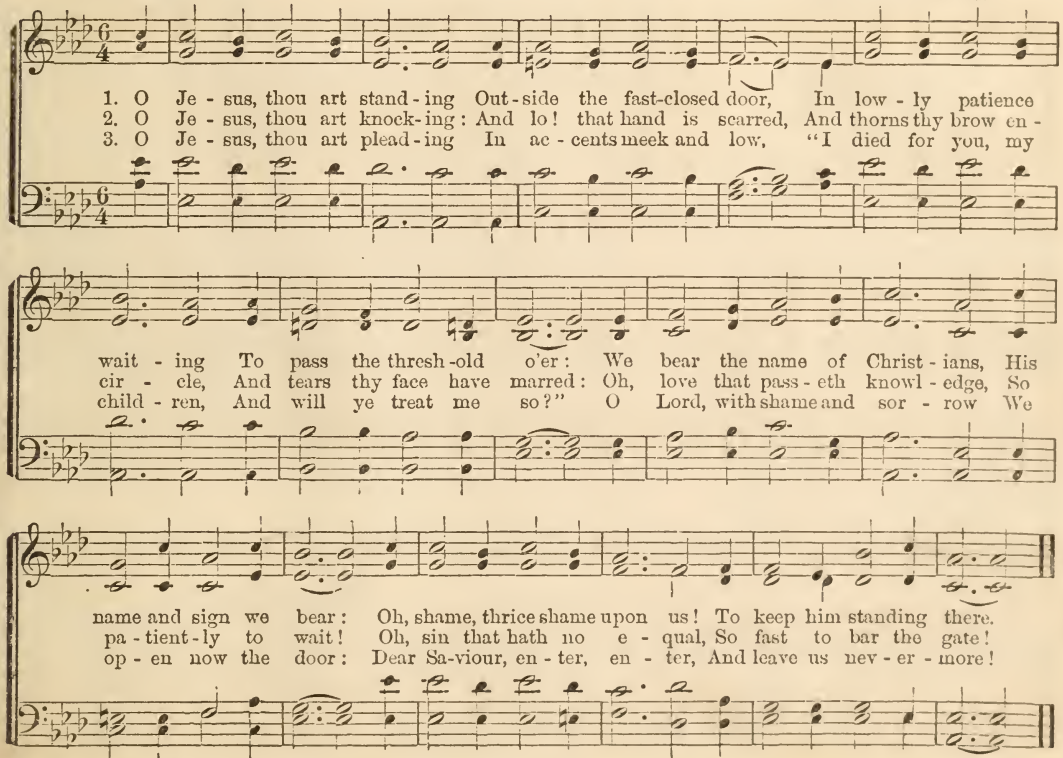
THE NINETY AND NINE.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

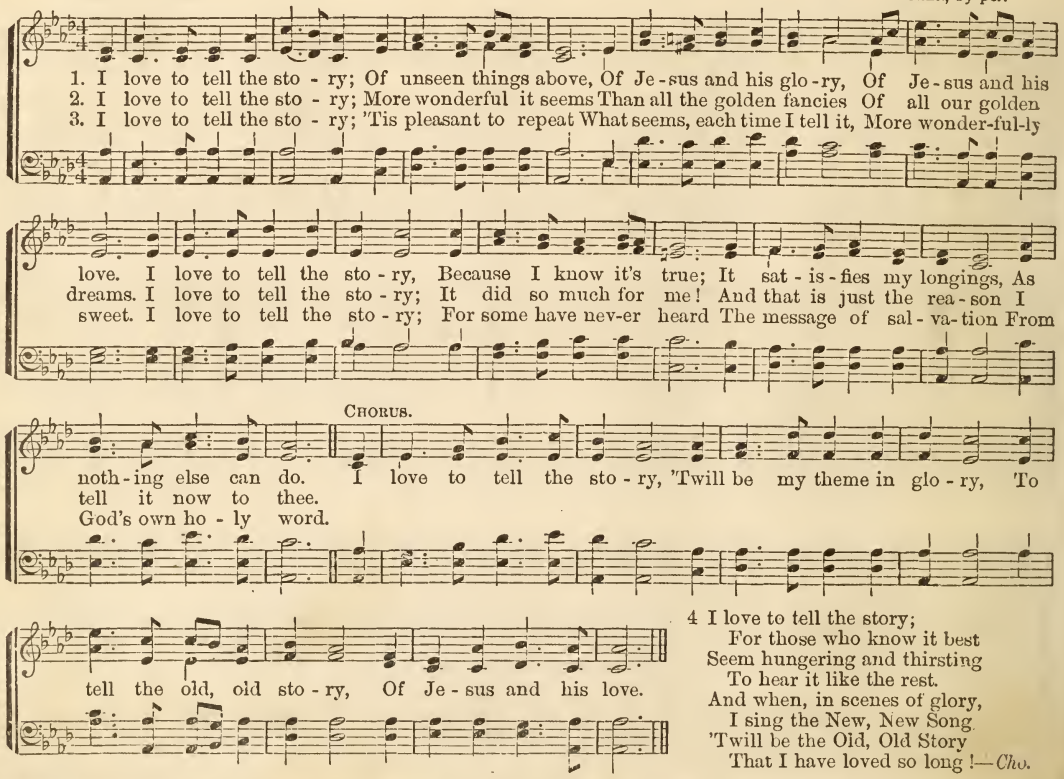

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was
2. "Lord thou hast here thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for thee?" But the Shepherd made
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the wa-ters crossed; Nor how dark was the
4. And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven, And up from the rock-y steep, There rose a
out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold— A - way on the moun - tains
an - swer: "This of mine Has wan - dered a - way from me; And although the road be
night that the Lord passed thro', Ere he found his sheep that was lost; Out in the des - ert he
cry to the gate of heaven, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!" And the an - gels echoed a -
wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.
rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."
heard its cry—"Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die, 'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die.
round the throne, "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own, Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."

O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

W. W. How.

H. KINGSBURY. Cop. 1875.

1. O Je - sus, thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door, In low - ly patience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er: We bear the name of Christ - ians, His name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep him standing there.
2. O Je - sus, thou art knock - ing: And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears thy face have marred: Oh, love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
3. O Je - sus, thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, my child - ren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We op - en now the door: Dear Sa-viour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more!

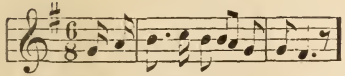
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Miss HANKEY. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry; Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all our golden
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonder-ful-ly
love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my longings, As
dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry; It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I
sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry; For some have nev-er heard The message of sal - va - tion From
CHORUS.
noth - ing else can do. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To
tell it now to thee.
God's own ho - ly word.
tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long!—*Cho.*

FIRST HYMN.

AN OPEN DOOR.



1 The mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my heart are more,
And I scarce can see for weeping;
But I knock at the open door.

CHORUS.

I know I am weak and sinful,
It comes to me more and more;
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me
I'll enter that open door. [come in,

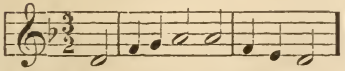
2 I am lowest of those who love him,
I am weakest of those who pray:
But I come, as he has bidden,
And he will not say me nay. *Cho.*

3 My mistakes his free grace will cover,
My sins he will wash away,
And the feet that shrink and falter,
Shall walk thro' the gate of day. *Cho.*

4 The mistakes of my life are many,
And my spirit is sick with sin,
And I scarce can see for weeping,—
But the Saviour will let me in. *Cho.*

SECOND HYMN.

WINDHAM. L. M.



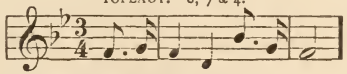
1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

THIRD HYMN.

TOPLADY. 8, 7 & 4.

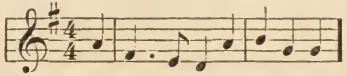


1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

FOURTH HYMN.

HE LEADETH ME.

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

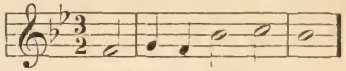
He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me!

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 't is his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 't is my God that leadeth me!

FIFTH HYMN.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

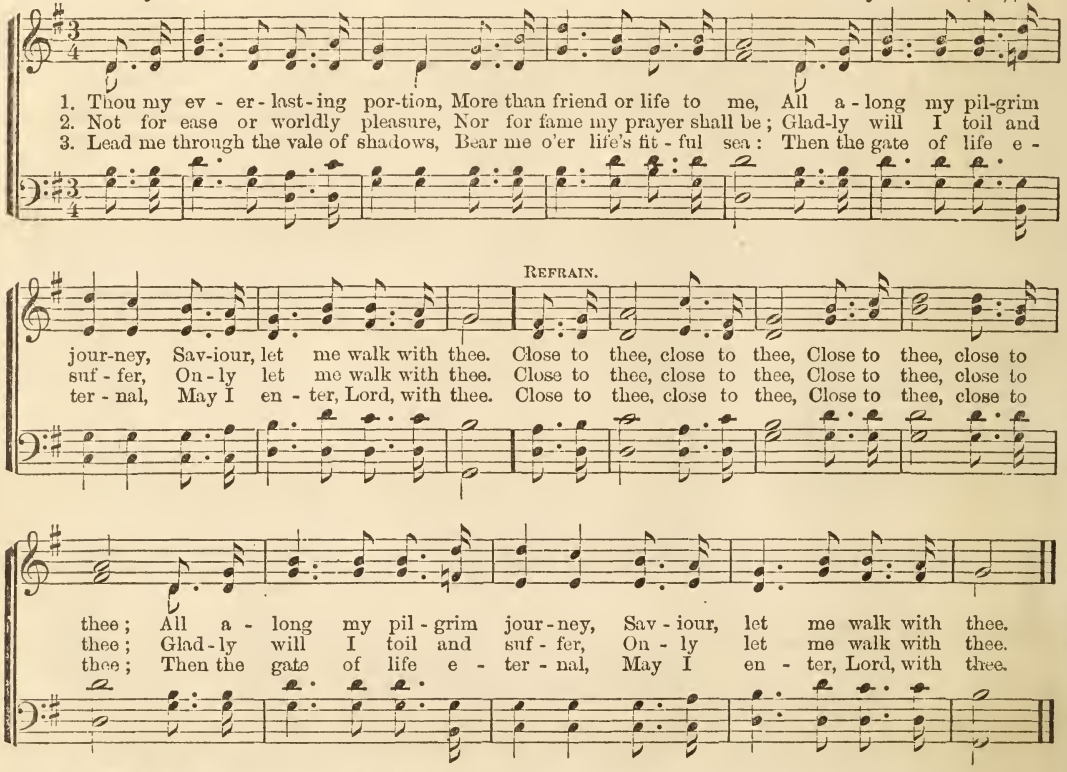


1 I love thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

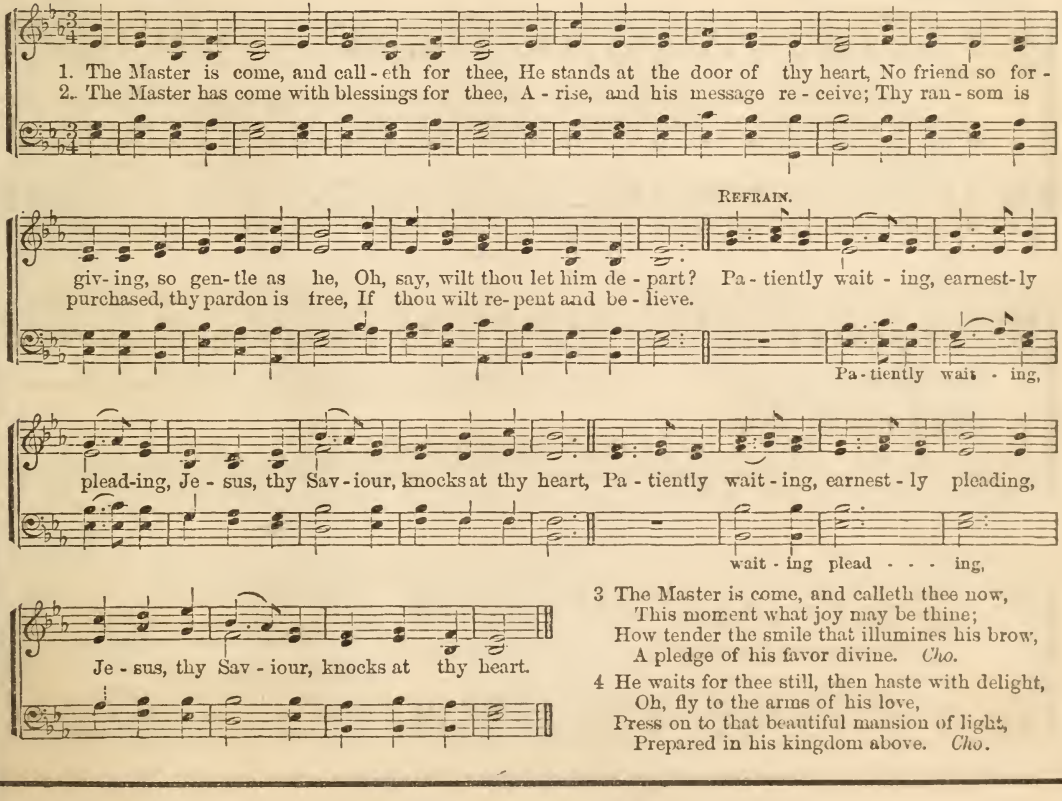
3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

CLOSE TO THEE.

FANNY J. CROSBY. S. J. VAIL. Cop. 1874.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me, All a - long my pil-grim
2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be; Glad-ly will I toil and
3. Lead me through the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea: Then the gate of life e -
REFRAIN.
jour-ney, Sav-iour, let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to
suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to
ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee. Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to
thee; All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with thee.
thee; Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
thee; Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

FANNY CROSBY. WM. F. SHERWIN. Cop. 1869.

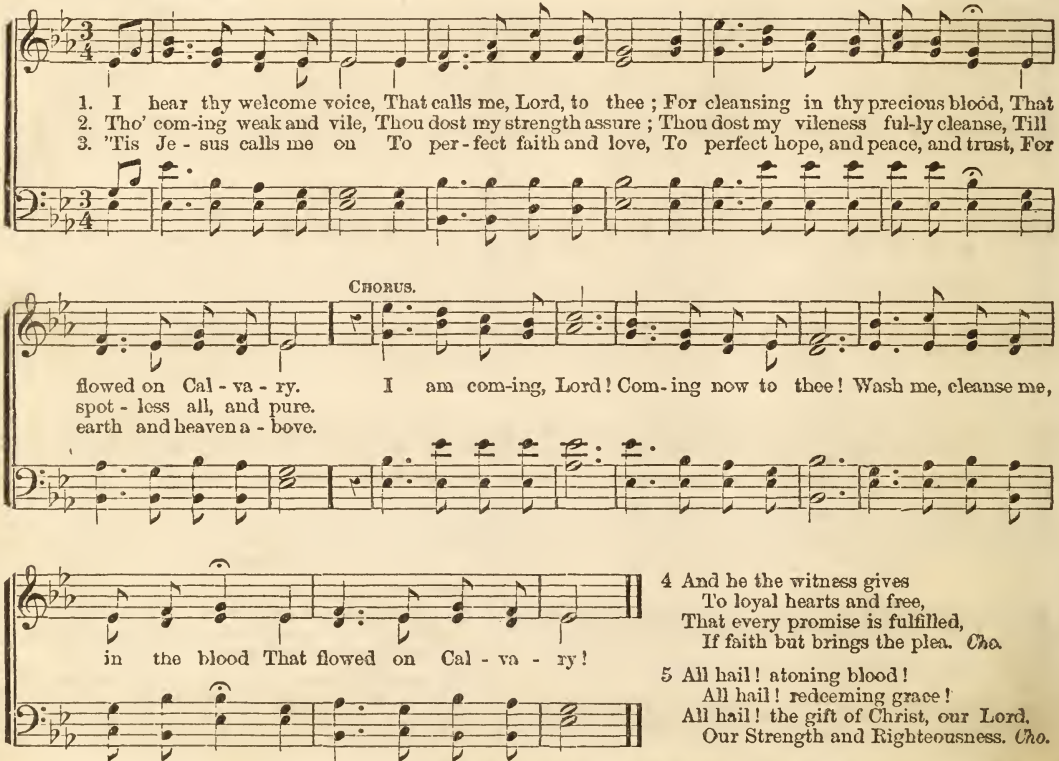

1. The Master is come, and call - eth for thee, He stands at the door of thy heart, No friend so for -
2. The Master has come with blessings for thee, A - rise, and his message re - ceive; Thy ran - som is
REFRAIN.
giv- ing, so gen- tle as he, Oh, say, wilt thou let him de - part? Pa - tiently wait - ing, earnest-ly
purchased, thy pardon is free, If thou wilt re-pent and be - lieve.
Pa - tiently wait - ing,
plead-ing, Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, knocks at thy heart, Pa - tiently wait - ing, earnest - ly pleading,
wait - ing plead - - - ing,
Je - sus, thy Sav - iour, knocks at thy heart.

3 The Master is come, and calleth thee now,
This moment what joy may be thine;
How tender the smile that illumines his brow,
A pledge of his favor divine. *Cho.*

4 He waits for thee still, then haste with delight,
Oh, fly to the arms of his love,
Press on to that beautiful mansion of light,
Prepared in his kingdom above. *Cho.*

I AM COMING, LORD.

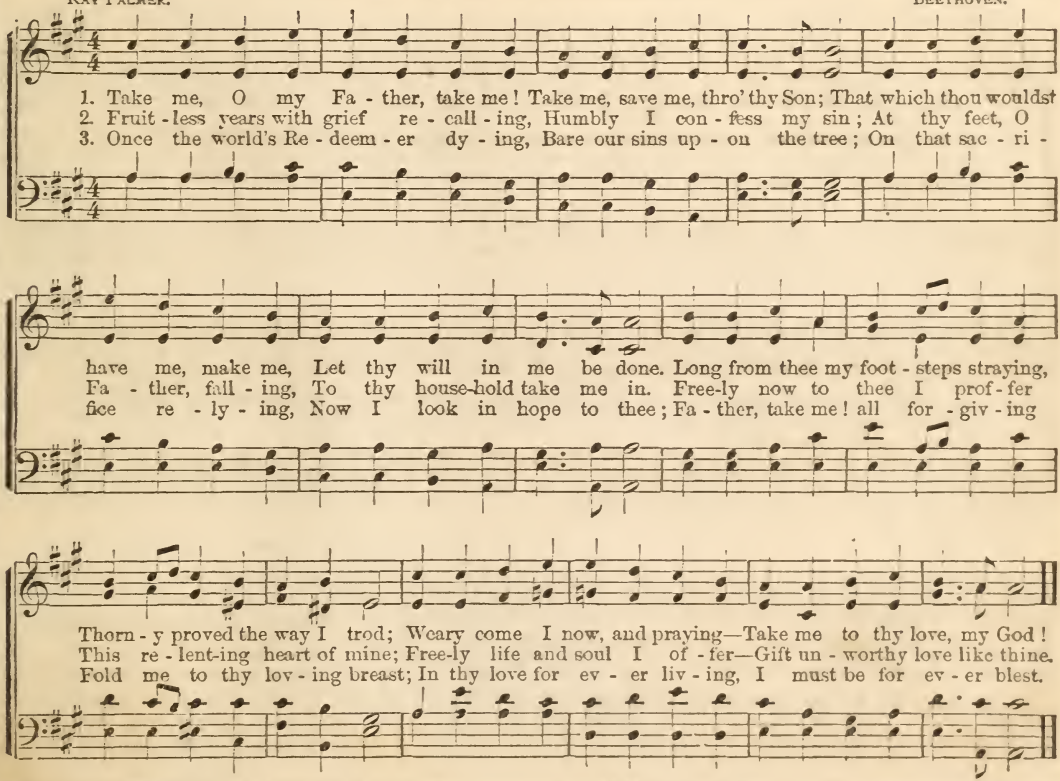
Rev. L. HARTSOUGH. HARTSOUGH, by per.


1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee ; For cleansing in thy precious blood, That
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure ; Thou dost my vileness ful-ly cleanse, Till
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For
CHORUS.
flowed on Cal - va - ry. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me,
spot - less all, and pure.
earth and heaven a - bove.
in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

4 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea. *Cho.*

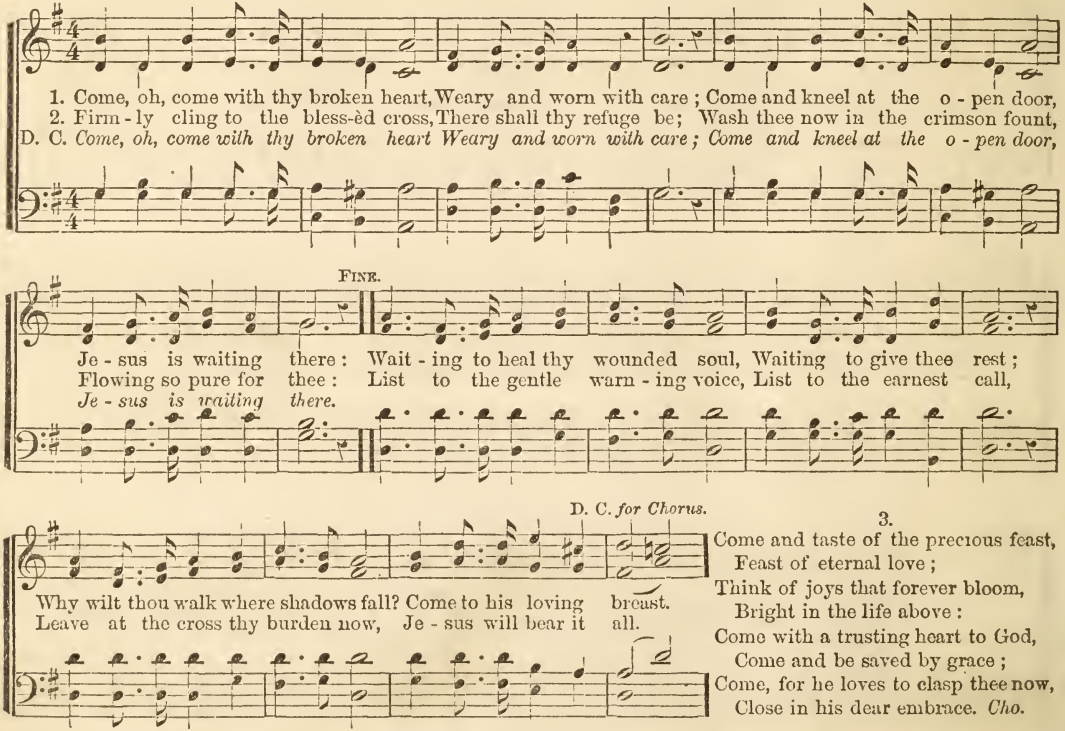
5 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness. *Cho.*

TAKE ME, O MY FATHER!

RAY PALMER. BEETHOVEN.

1. Take me, O my Fa - ther, take me! Take me, save me, thro' thy Son; That which thou wouldst
2. Fruit - less years with grief re - call - ing, Humbly I con - fess my sin; At thy feet, O
3. Once the world's Re - deem - er dy - ing, Bare our sins up - on the tree; On that sac - ri -
have me, make me, Let thy will in me be done. Long from thee my foot - steps straying,
Fa - ther, fall - ing, To thy house-hold take me in. Free-ly now to thee I prof - fer
fice re - ly - ing, Now I look in hope to thee; Fa - ther, take me! all for - giv - ing
Thorn - y proved the way I trod; Weary come I now, and praying—Take me to thy love, my God!
This re - lent-ing heart of mine; Free-ly life and soul I of - fer—Gift un - worthy love like thine.
Fold me to thy lov - ing breast; In thy love for ev - er liv - ing, I must be for ev - er blest.

COME, OH, COME WITH THY BROKEN HEART.

FANNY CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1875.

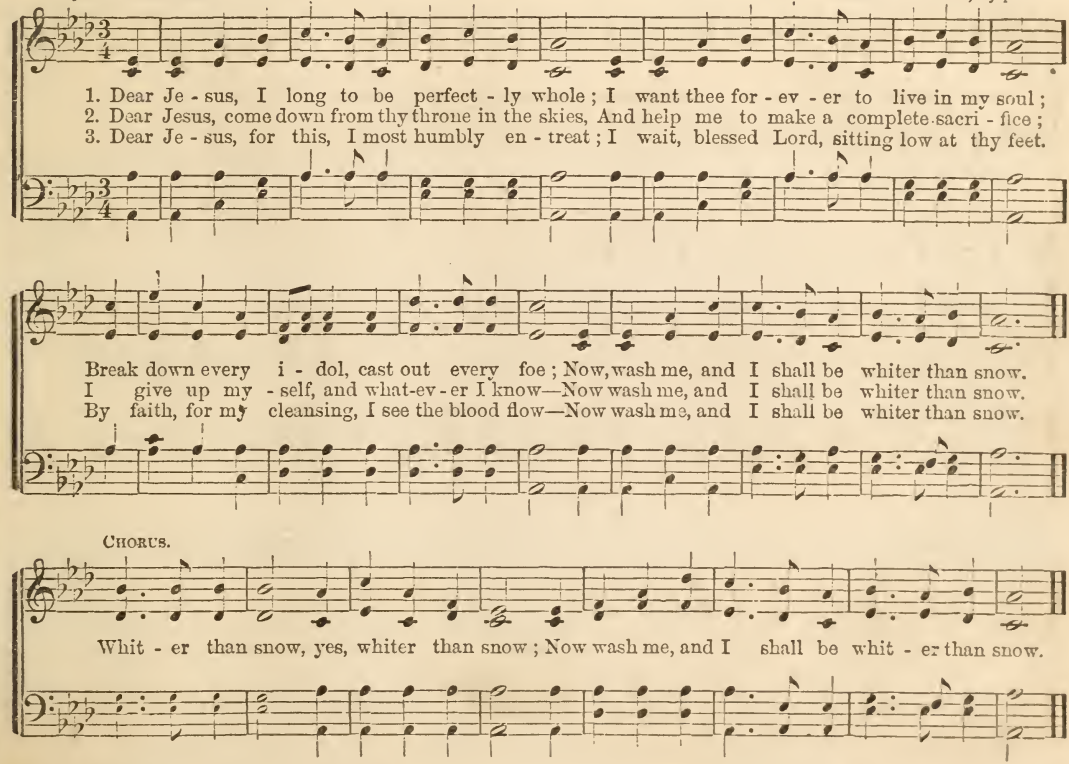

1. Come, oh, come with thy broken heart, Weary and worn with care; Come and kneel at the o - pen door,
2. Firm - ly cling to the bless-èd cross, There shall thy refuge be; Wash thee now in the crimson fount,
D. C. Come, oh, come with thy broken heart Weary and worn with care; Come and kneel at the o - pen door,
FINE.
Je - sus is waiting there: Wait - ing to heal thy wounded soul, Waiting to give thee rest;
Flowing so pure for thee: List to the gentle warn - ing voice, List to the earnest call,
Je - sus is waiting there.
D. C. for Chorus.
Why wilt thou walk where shadows fall? Come to his loving breast.
Leave at the cross thy burden now, Je - sus will bear it all.

3.

Come and taste of the precious feast,
Feast of eternal love;
Think of joys that forever bloom,
Bright in the life above:
Come with a trusting heart to God,
Come and be saved by grace;
Come, for he loves to clasp thee now,
Close in his dear embrace. *Cho.*

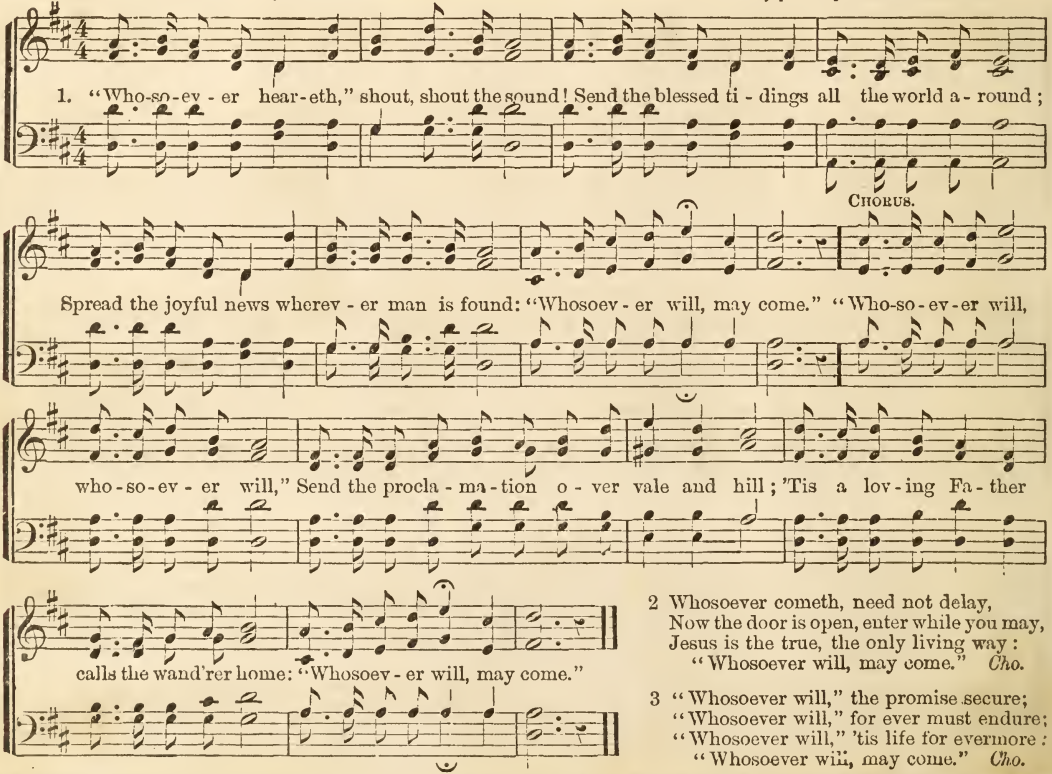
WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER, by per.


1. Dear Je - sus, I long to be perfect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul;
2. Dear Jesus, come down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacri - fice;
3. Dear Je - sus, for this, I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed Lord, sitting low at thy feet.
Break down every i - dol, cast out every foe; Now, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
I give up my - self, and what-ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
By faith, for my cleansing, I see the blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - er than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

72 From "Gospel Songs," by P. P. Bliss.

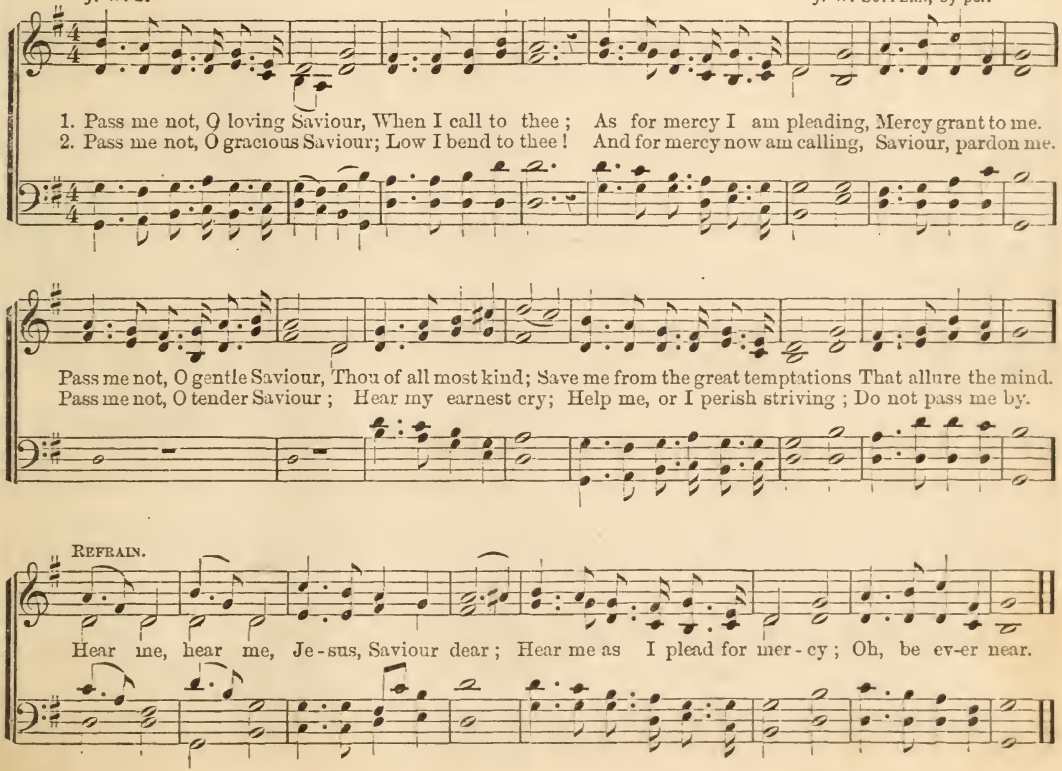
WHOSOEVER WILL.

By per. of John Church & Co.

1. "Who-so-ev - er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed ti - dings all the world a - round;
Chorus.
Spread the joyful news wherev - er man is found: "Whosoev - er will, may come." "Who-so-ev-er will,
who-so-ev - er will," Send the procla - ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther
calls the wand'rer home: "Whosoev - er will, may come."

2 Whosoever cometh, need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while you may,
Jesus is the true, the only living way:
"Whosoever will, may come." *Cho.*

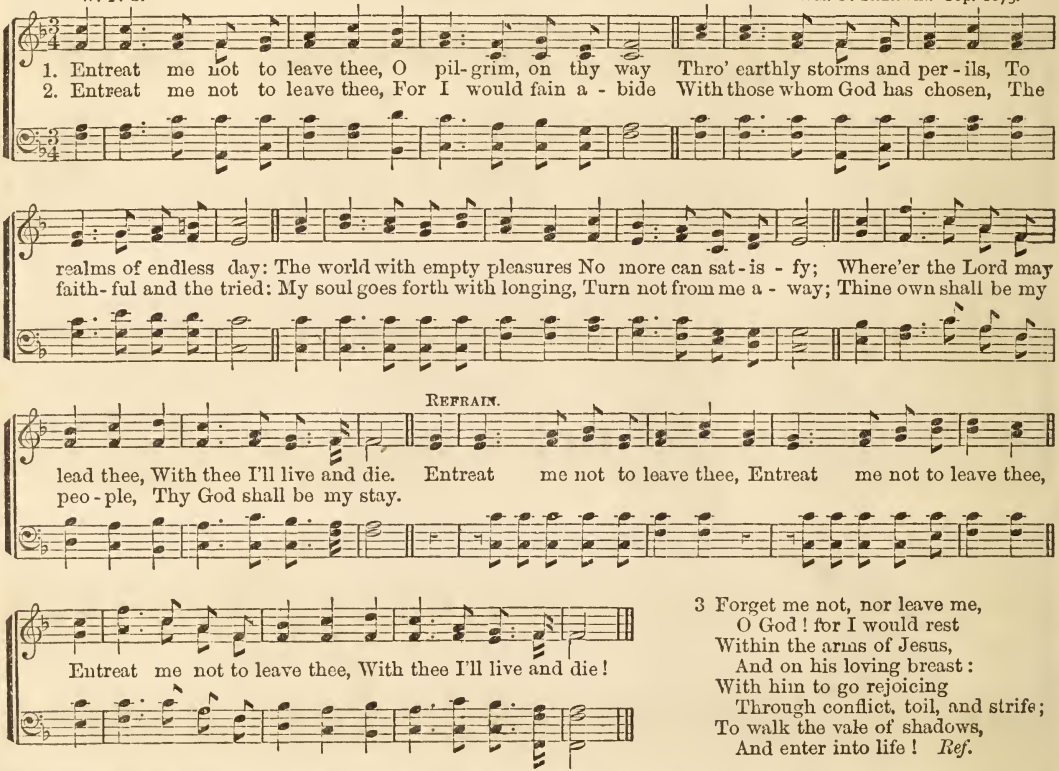
3 "Whosoever will," the promise secure;
"Whosoever will," for ever must endure;
"Whosoever will," 'tis life for evermore:
"Whosoever will, may come." *Cho.*

PASS ME NOT.

J. W. S. J. W. SUFFERN, by per.

1. Pass me not, O loving Saviour, When I call to thee ; As for mercy I am pleading, Mercy grant to me.
2. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour; Low I bend to thee ! And for mercy now am calling, Saviour, pardon me.
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Thou of all most kind; Save me from the great temptations That allure the mind.
Pass me not, O tender Saviour ; Hear my earnest cry; Help me, or I perish striving ; Do not pass me by.
REFRAIN.
Hear me, hear me, Je-sus, Saviour dear ; Hear me as I plead for mer-cy ; Oh, be ev-er near.

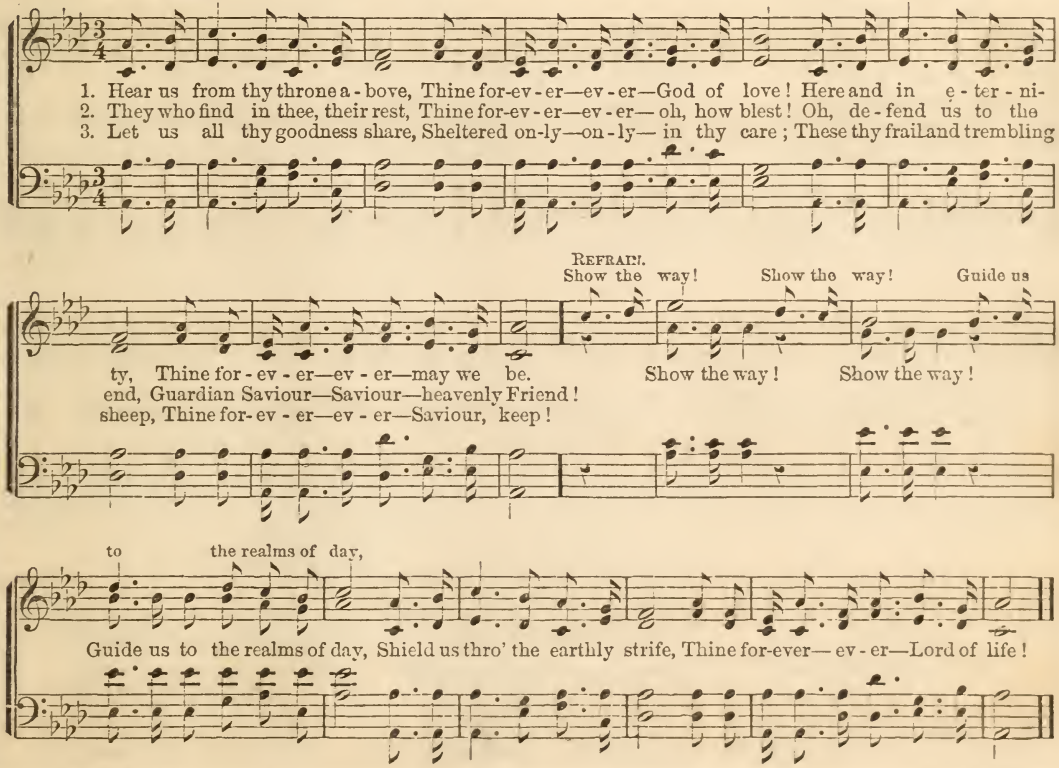
ENTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE.

W. F. S. Wm. F. Sherwin. Cop. 1875.


1. Entreat me not to leave thee, O pil-grim, on thy way Thro' earthly storms and per-ils, To
2. Entreat me not to leave thee, For I would fain a-bide With those whom God has chosen, The
realms of endless day: The world with empty pleasures No more can sat-is-fy; Where'er the Lord may
faith-ful and the tried: My soul goes forth with longing, Turn not from me a-way; Thine own shall be my
Refrain.
lead thee, With thee I'll live and die. Entreat me not to leave thee, Entreat me not to leave thee,
peo-ple, Thy God shall be my stay.
Entreat me not to leave thee, With thee I'll live and die!

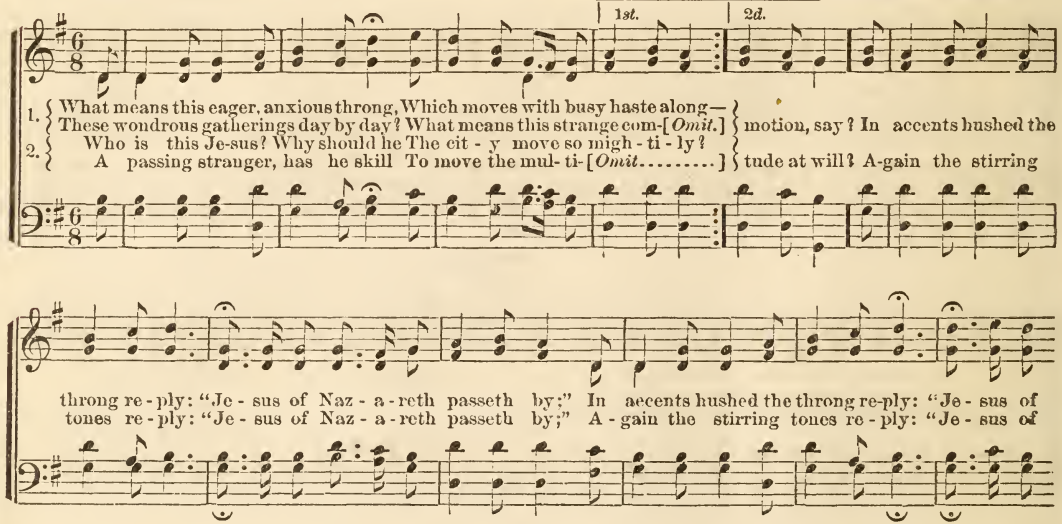
3 Forget me not, nor leave me,
O God! for I would rest
Within the arms of Jesus,
And on his loving breast:
With him to go rejoicing
Through conflict, toil, and strife;
To walk the vale of shadows,
And enter into life! *Ref.*

THINE FOREVER.

M. F. MAUDE. T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1875.

1. Hear us from thy throne a - bove, Thine for-ev - er—ev - er—God of love! Here and in e - ter - ni-
2. They who find in thee, their rest, Thine for-ev - er—ev - er— oh, how blest! Oh, de - fend us to the
3. Let us all thy goodness share, Sheltered on-ly—on - ly— in thy care; These thy frail and trembling
REFRAIN.
Show the way! Show the way! Guide us
ty, Thine for - ev - er—ev - er—may we be.
end, Guardian Saviour—Saviour—heavenly Friend!
sheep, Thine for- ev - er—ev - er—Saviour, keep!
Show the way! Show the way!
to the realms of day,
Guide us to the realms of day, Shield us thro' the earthly strife, Thine for-ever— ev - er—Lord of life!

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

Miss E. Campbell. T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1866.


1st.
2d.
1. What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along— These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange com-[Omit.] motion, say? In accents hushed the throng re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by;" In accents hushed the throng re-ply: "Je - sus of
2. Who is this Je-sus? Why should he The cit - y move so migh - ti - ly? A passing stranger, has he skill To move the mul- ti-[Omit.....] tude at will? A-gain the stirring tones re-ply: "Je - sus of Naz - a - reth passeth by;" A - gain the stirring tones re - ply: "Je - sus of
Rit.
Naz - a - reth pass-eth by." Naz - a - reth pass-eth by."

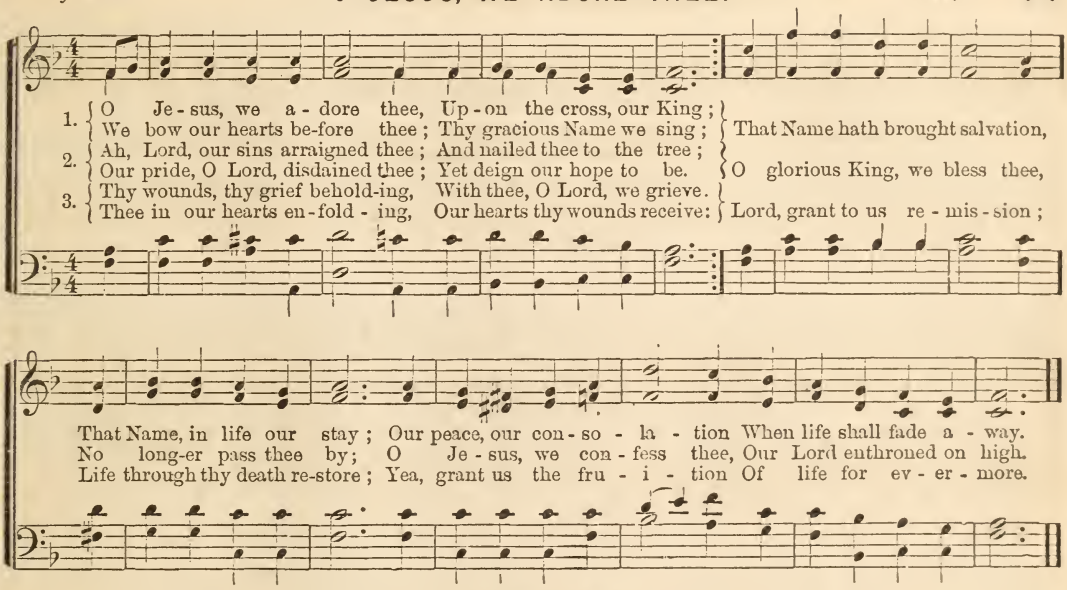
3 Jesus! 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened hearts, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again he comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauses at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace,
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn.
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*"

J. Wesley. **O JESUS, WE ADORE THEE.** Haslam, arr.


1. O Je - sus, we a - dore thee, Up - on the cross, our King; That Name hath brought salvation,
We bow our hearts be-fore thee; Thy gracious Name we sing;
2. Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned thee; And nailed thee to the tree;
Our pride, O Lord, disdained thee; Yet deign our hope to be. O glorious King, we bless thee,
3. Thy wounds, thy grief behold-ing, With thee, O Lord, we grieve.
Thee in our hearts en-fold - ing, Our hearts thy wounds receive: Lord, grant to us re - mis - sion;
That Name, in life our stay; Our peace, our con - so - la - tion When life shall fade a - way.
No long-er pass thee by; O Je - sus, we con - fess thee, Our Lord enthroned on high.
Life through thy death re-store; Yea, grant us the fru - i - tion Of life for ev - er - more.

SECOND HYMN.

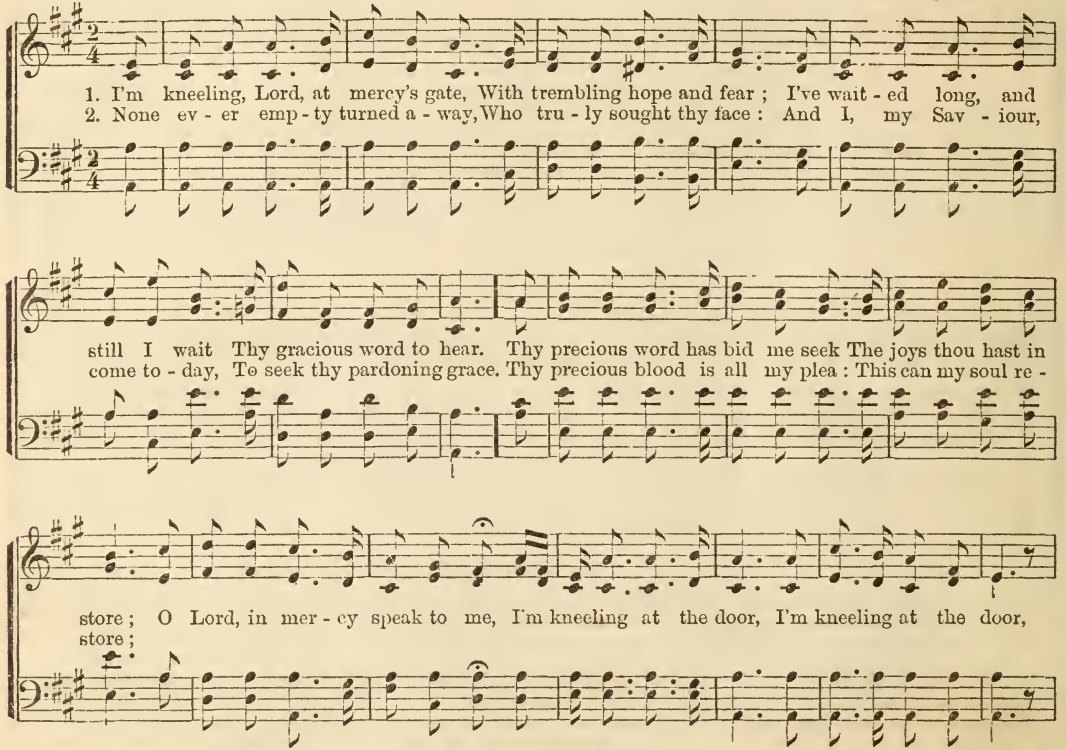
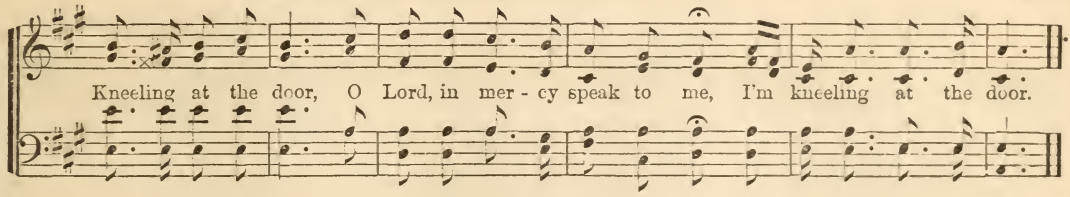
1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed
Now scornfully surrounded [down;
With thorns, thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord! hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo! here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 Be near when I am dying;
Oh, show thy cross to me,
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely, through thy love.

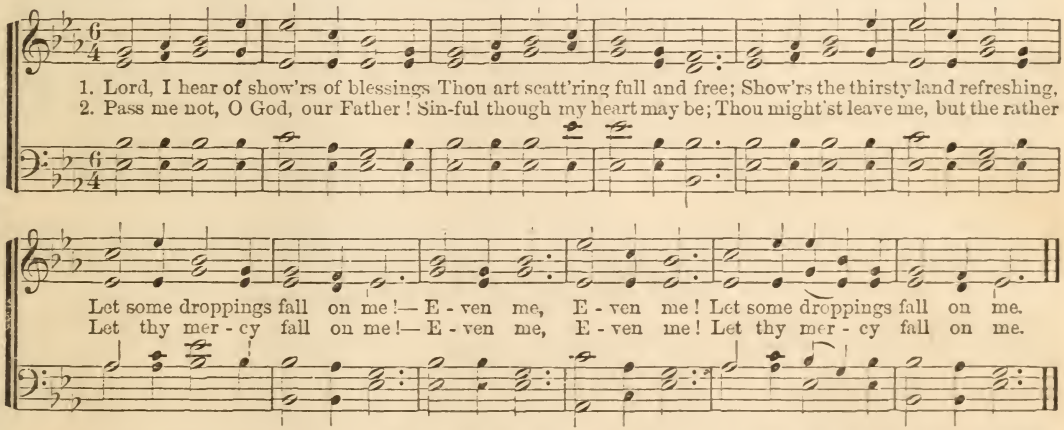
I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

Mrs. Lydia C. Baxter. T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1868.


1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate, With trembling hope and fear ; I've wait - ed long, and
2. None ev - er emp - ty turned a - way, Who tru - ly sought thy face : And I, my Sav - iour,
still I wait Thy gracious word to hear. Thy precious word has bid me seek The joys thou hast in
come to - day, To seek thy pardoning grace. Thy precious blood is all my plea : This can my soul re -
store ; O Lord, in mer - cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door, I'm kneeling at the door,
store ;

CODNER.

EVEN ME.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1868.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing,
2. Pass me not, O God, our Father! Sin-ful though my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let some droppings fall on me!— E - ven me, E - ven me! Let some droppings fall on me.
Let thy mer - cy fall on me!— E - ven me, E - ven me! Let thy mer - cy fall on me.

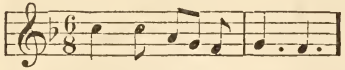
3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee!
For I'm longing for thy favor;
While thou'rt calling, call on me.
Even me, Even me! While thou'rt, &c.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Testify of Jesus' merit!
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me, Even me! Speak some word, &c.

5 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!
Even me, Even me! Magnify, &c.

FIRST HYMN.

I WILL SING.



1 I will sing for Jesus,
With his blood he bought me;
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

CHORUS.

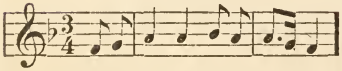
Oh, help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story,
Of him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessèd, blessèd Master?

3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music.
When heart and flesh are failing.

SECOND HYMN.

LITTLE CHILDREN.



1 Little children, come to Jesus;
Hear him saying, "Come to me,"
Blessed Jesus, who to save us,
Shed his blood on Calvary!
Little souls were made to serve him,
All his holy law fulfill,
Little hearts were made to love him,
Little hands to do his will.

CHORUS.

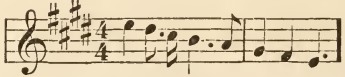
Little children come to Jesus;
Hear him saying, "Come to me,"
Blessed Jesus, who to save us,
Shed his blood on Calvary.

2 Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heaven above;
Little ears to hear the story,
Of the Saviour's wondrous love;
Little tongues to sing his praises,
Little feet to walk his ways;
Little bodies to be temples,
Where the Holy Spirit stays. *Cho.*

3 There are little crowns in heaven,
There are little harps of gold;
There are little shining dresses,
There are gems and joys untold;
Jesus gave his blood to buy them;
He has bought enough for all,
Little children, come to Jesus,
He has love for great and small. *Cho.*

THIRD HYMN.

ANTIOCH. C. M.



1 Joy to the world,—the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

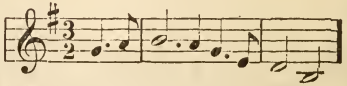
2 Joy to the earth,—the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground,
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

FOURTH HYMN.

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. D.



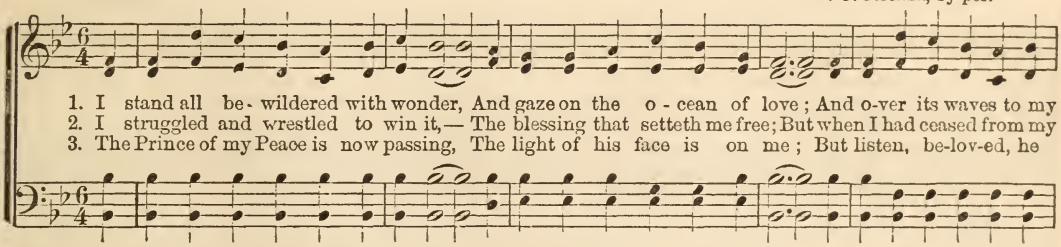
1 Saviour, King, in hallowed union,
At thy sacred feet we bow;
Heart with heart, in blest communion,
Join to crave thy favor now!
Though celestial choirs adore thee,
Let our prayers as incense rise;
And our praise be set before thee,
Sweet as evening sacrifice.

2 Heavenly Fount, thy streams of blessing,
Oft have cheered us on our way;
By thy power and grace unceasing,
We continue to this day.
Raise we then with glad emotion,
Thankful lays: and while we sing,
Vow a pure, a full devotion
To thy work, O Saviour King!

3 When we tell the wondrous story
Of thy rich, exhaustless love,
Send thy Spirit, Lord of glory,
On the youthful heart to move!
Oh, that he, the ever-living,
May descend as fruitful rain;
Till the wilderness reviving,
Blossoms as the rose again.

THE PRINCE OF MY PEACE.

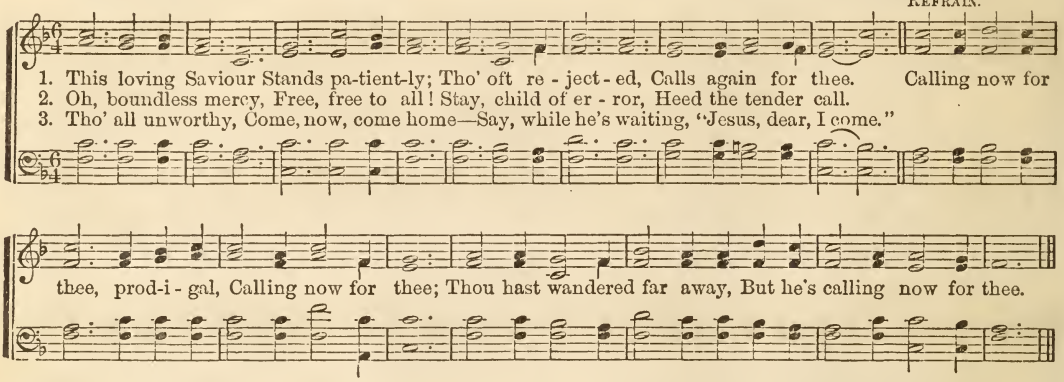
CALLENE FISK. W. G. FISCHER, by per.


1. I stand all be- wildered with wonder, And gaze on the o - cean of love; And o-ver its waves to my
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it,— The blessing that setteth me free; But when I had ceased from my
3. The Prince of my Peace is now passing, The light of his face is on me; But listen, be-lov-ed, he
CHORUS.
spir-it, Comes peace like a heav-en-ly dove. The cross now covers my sins; The past is un-der the
struggles, His peace Jesus gave un-to me.
speaketh:—"My peace I will give unto thee."
blood; I am trusting in Je - sus in all, My will is the will of my God.

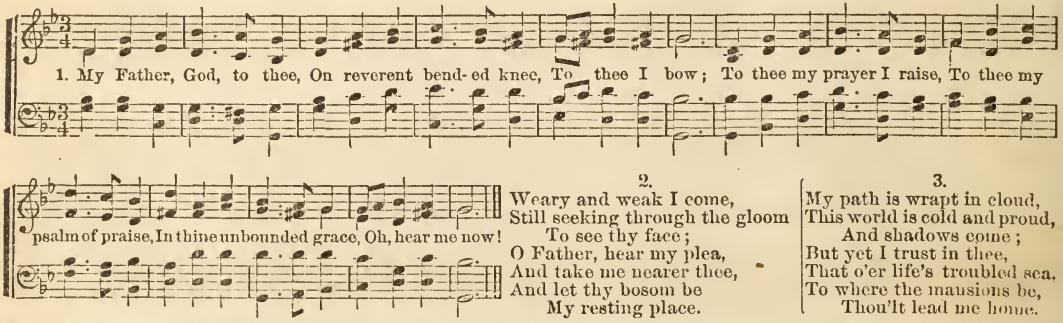
CALLING NOW.

From "Gospel Songs," by P. P. Bliss.

By per. of John Church & Co.


Refrain.
1. This loving Saviour Stands pa-tient-ly; Tho' oft re - ject - ed, Calls again for thee. Calling now for
2. Oh, boundless mercy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of er - ror, Heed the tender call.
3. Tho' all unworthy, Come, now, come home—Say, while he's waiting, "Jesus, dear, I come."
thee, prod-i - gal, Calling now for thee; Thou hast wandered far away, But he's calling now for thee.

MY FATHER, GOD, TO THEE.

T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1860.

1. My Father, God, to thee, On reverent bend-ed knee, To thee I bow; To thee my prayer I raise, To thee my
psalm of praise, In thine unbounded grace, Oh, hear me now!

2.

Weary and weak I come,
Still seeking through the gloom
To see thy face;
O Father, hear my plea,
And take me nearer thee,
And let thy bosom be
My resting place.

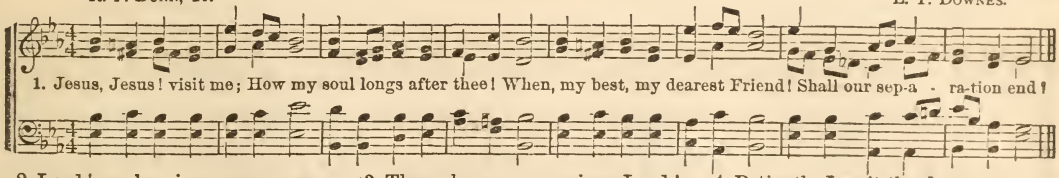
3.

My path is wrapt in cloud,
This world is cold and proud,
And shadows come;
But yet I trust in thee,
That o'er life's troubled sea,
To where the mansions be,
Thou'lt lead me home.

JESUS, VISIT ME!

R. P. Dunn, Tr.

L. T. Downes.



2 Lord! my longings never cease;
Without thee I find no peace;
'Tis my constant cry to thee,
Jesus, Jesus! visit me.

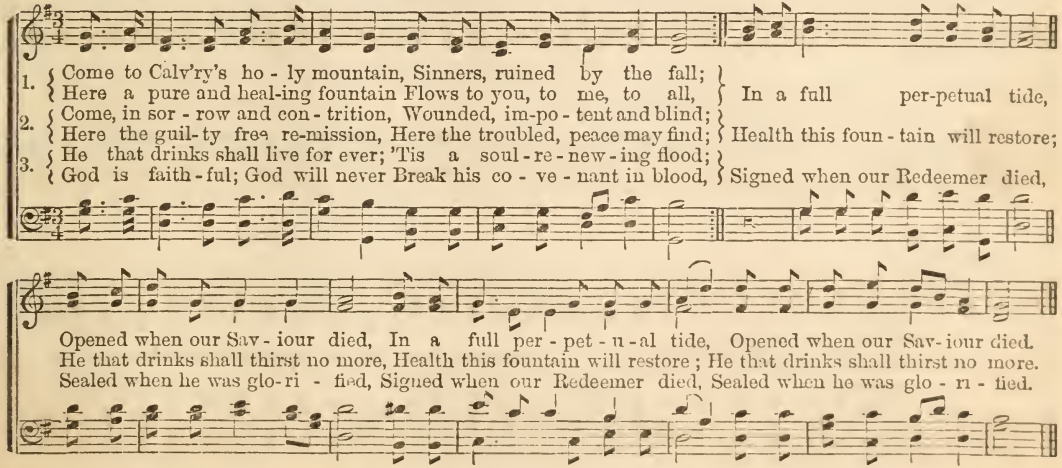
3 Thou alone, my gracious Lord!
Art my shield and great reward;
All my hope, my Saviour thou,—
To thy sovereign will I bow.

4 Patiently I wait the day;
For this gift alone I pray,
That, when death shall visit me,
Thou my Light and Life wilt be.

CALVARY'S HOLY MOUNTAIN.

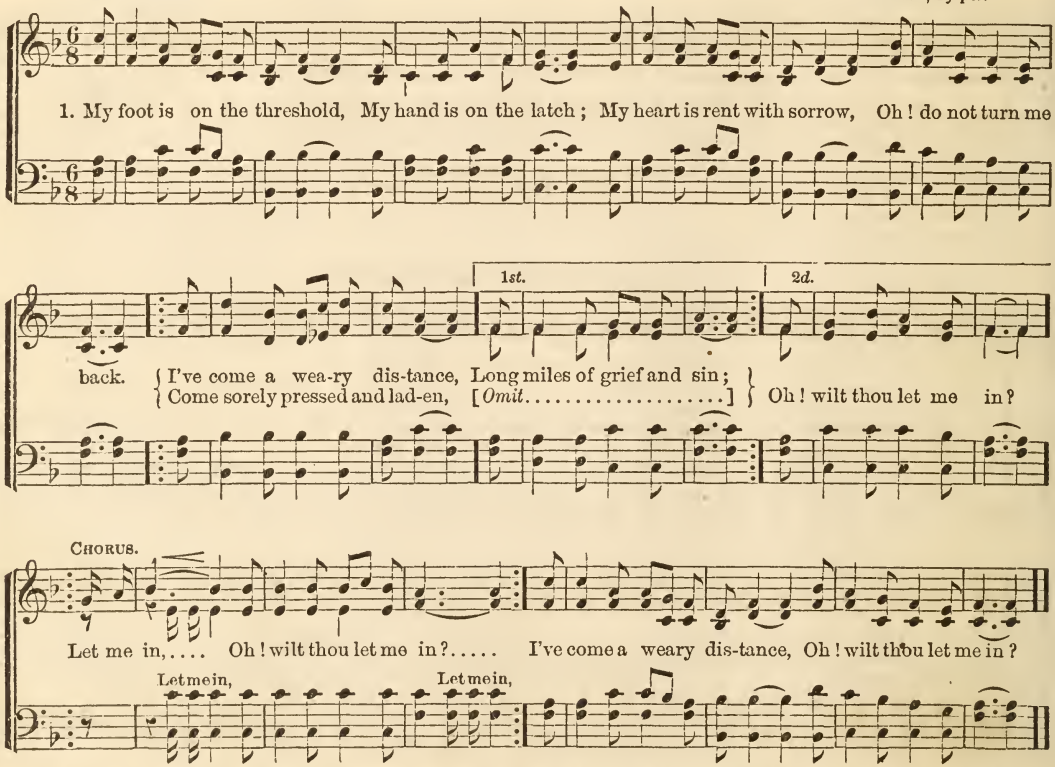
Montgomery.

W. B. Bradbury, by per.


1. Come to Calv'ry's ho - ly mountain, Sinners, ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and heal-ing fountain Flows to you, to me, to all, In a full per-petual tide,
2. Come, in sor - row and con - trition, Wounded, im-po - tent and blind;
Here the guil-ty free re-mission, Here the troubled, peace may find; Health this foun - tain will restore;
3. He that drinks shall live for ever; 'Tis a soul - re - new - ing flood;
God is faith - ful; God will never Break his co - ve - nant in blood, Signed when our Redeemer died,
Opened when our Sav - iour died, In a full per - pet - u - al tide, Opened when our Sav - iour died.
He that drinks shall thirst no more, Health this fountain will restore; He that drinks shall thirst no more.
Sealed when he was glo-ri - fied, Signed when our Redeemer died, Sealed when he was glo - ri - fied.

THE PENITENT.

R. A. SEARLES. ASA HULL, by per.

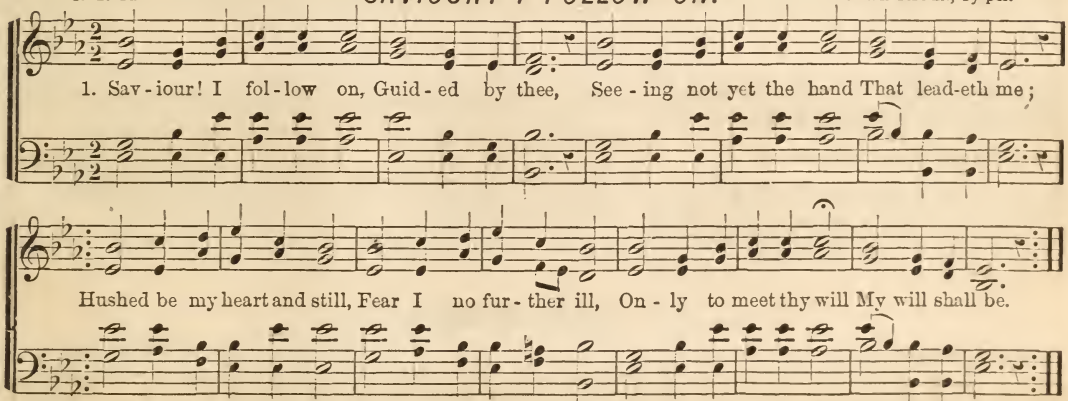

1. My foot is on the threshold, My hand is on the latch; My heart is rent with sorrow, Oh! do not turn me
1st.
2d.
back. { I've come a wea-ry dis-tance, Long miles of grief and sin; } Oh! wilt thou let me in?
{ Come sorely pressed and lad-en, [Omit.....] }
CHORUS.
Let me in,.... Oh! wilt thou let me in?..... I've come a weary dis-tance, Oh! wilt thou let me in?
Let me in, Let me in,

2 My hands hang limp and nerveless,
My burden to remove ;
My feeble knees are shaking,—
Open, and show thy love.
My eyes are dim with watching
To catch a glimpse within ;
My heavy ear is aching
To hear thee say, "Come in."

3 Oh, haste ! unlatch, I pray thee !
I trust thy gracious word,
"To him that knocks I'll open !"
Thou true and faithful Lord.
The latch turns on the promise,
The door on hinge of gold ;
Oh, wondrous grace and glory !
The half had not been told.

SAVIOUR! I FOLLOW ON.

C. S. R. KARL REDEN, by per.

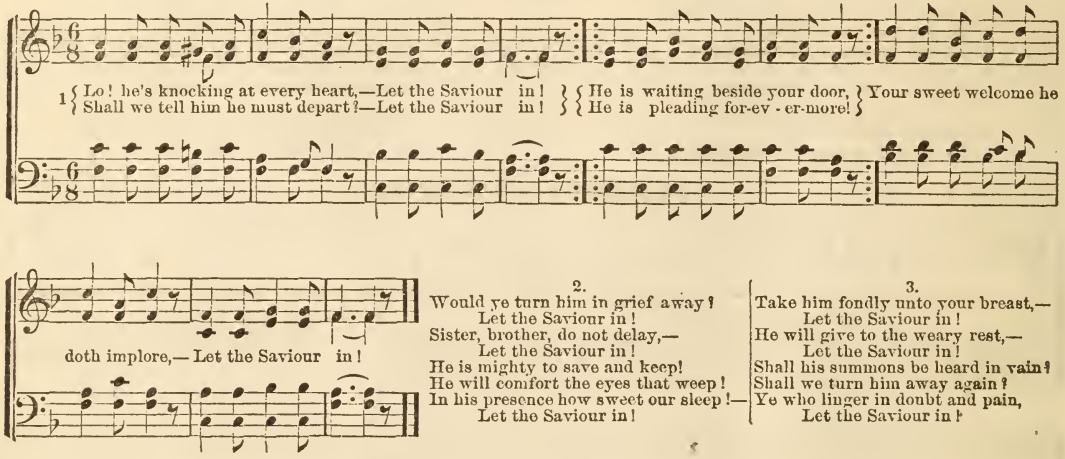

1. Sav - iour! I fol - low on, Guid - ed by thee, See - ing not yet the hand That lead-eth me;
Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no fur - ther ill, On - ly to meet thy will My will shall be.

2 Riven the rock for me
Thirst to relieve,
Manna from heaven falls
Fresh every eve ;
||: Never a want severe
Causeth my eye a tear,
But thou dost whisper near,
"Only believe !" :||

3 Often to Marah's brink
Have I been brought ;
Shrinking the cup to drink,
Help I have sought ;
||: And with the prayer's ascent,
Jesus the branch hath rent,
Quickly relief hath sent,
Sweetening the draught. :||

4 Saviour ! I long to walk
Closer with thee ;
Led by thy guiding hand,
Ever to be ;
||: Constantly near thy side,
Quickened and purified,
Living for him who died
Freely for me ! :||

LET THE SAVIOUR IN.

H. Millard, by per.

1 { Lo! he's knocking at every heart,—Let the Saviour in! } { He is waiting beside your door, } Your sweet welcome he
{ Shall we tell him he must depart?—Let the Saviour in! } { He is pleading for-ev - er-more! }
doth implore,—Let the Saviour in!

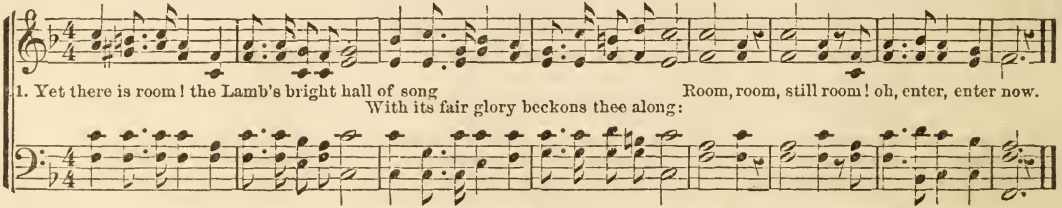
2.
Would ye turn him in grief away?
Let the Saviour in!
Sister, brother, do not delay,—
Let the Saviour in!
He is mighty to save and keep!
He will comfort the eyes that weep!
In his presence how sweet our sleep!—
Let the Saviour in!

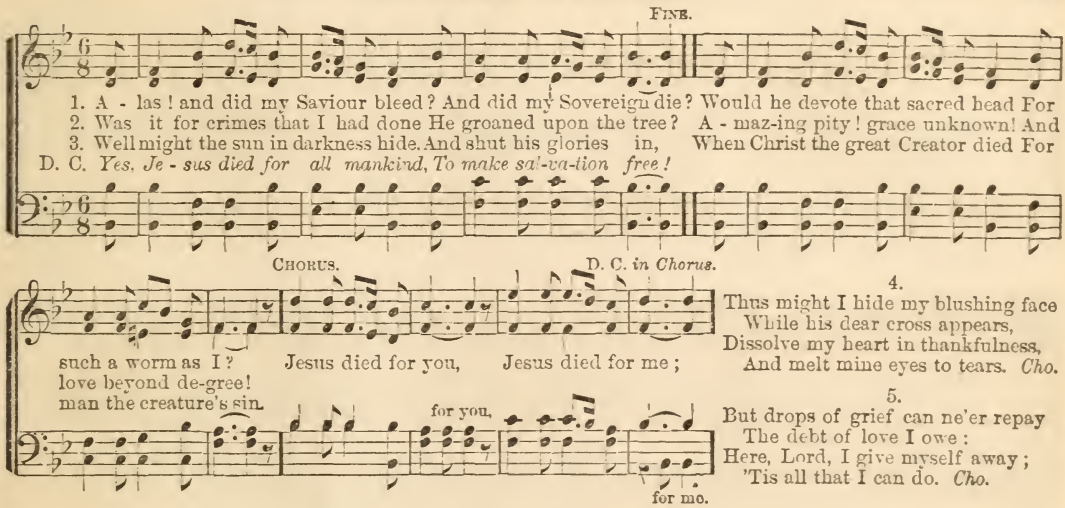
3.
Take him fondly unto your breast,—
Let the Saviour in!
He will give to the weary rest,—
Let the Saviour in!
Shall his summons be heard in vain?
Shall we turn him away again?
Ye who linger in doubt and pain,
Let the Saviour in!

YET THERE IS ROOM.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D.

Ira D. Sankey, by per.


1. Yet there is room! the Lamb's bright hall of song
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now.
With its fair glory beckons thee along:


FINE.
1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree? A - maz-ing pity! grace unknown! And
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide. And shut his glories in, When Christ the great Creator died For
D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, To make sal-va-tion free!
CHORUS.
D. C. in Chorus.
such a worm as I? Jesus died for you, Jesus died for me;
love beyond de-gree!
man the creature's sin.
for you,
for me.

4.
Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears. *Cho.*

5.
But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do. *Cho.*

YET THERE IS ROOM. *Concluded.*

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

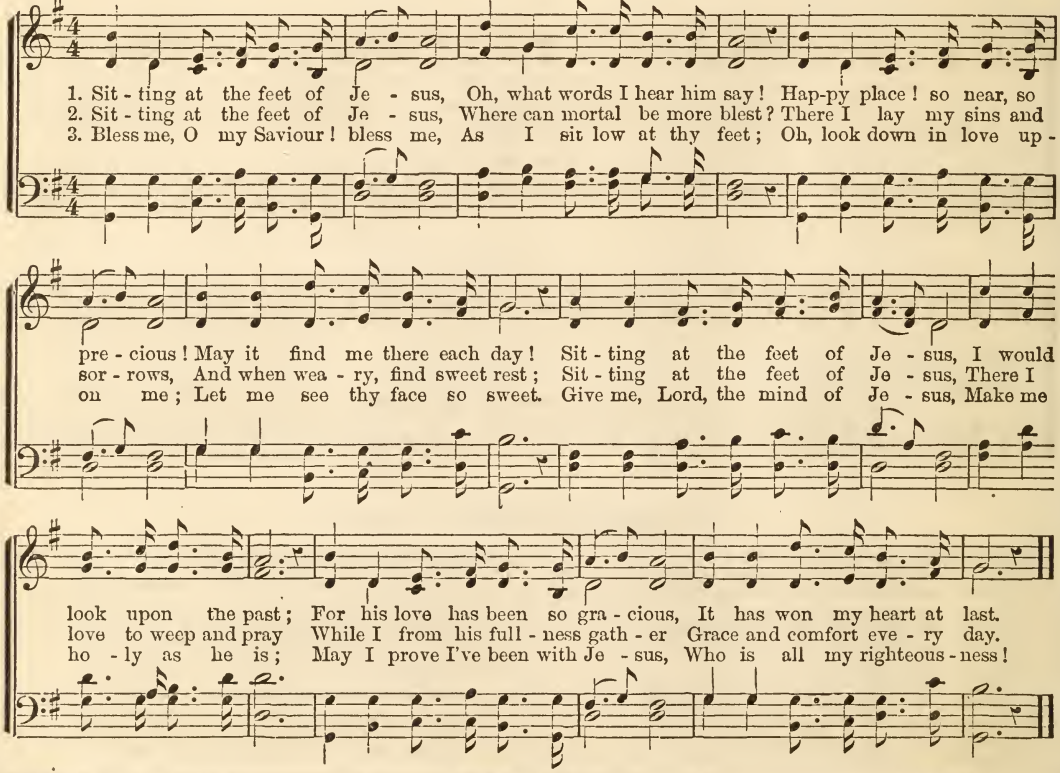
6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call;
Come, lingerer, come; enter the festal hall:
Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!

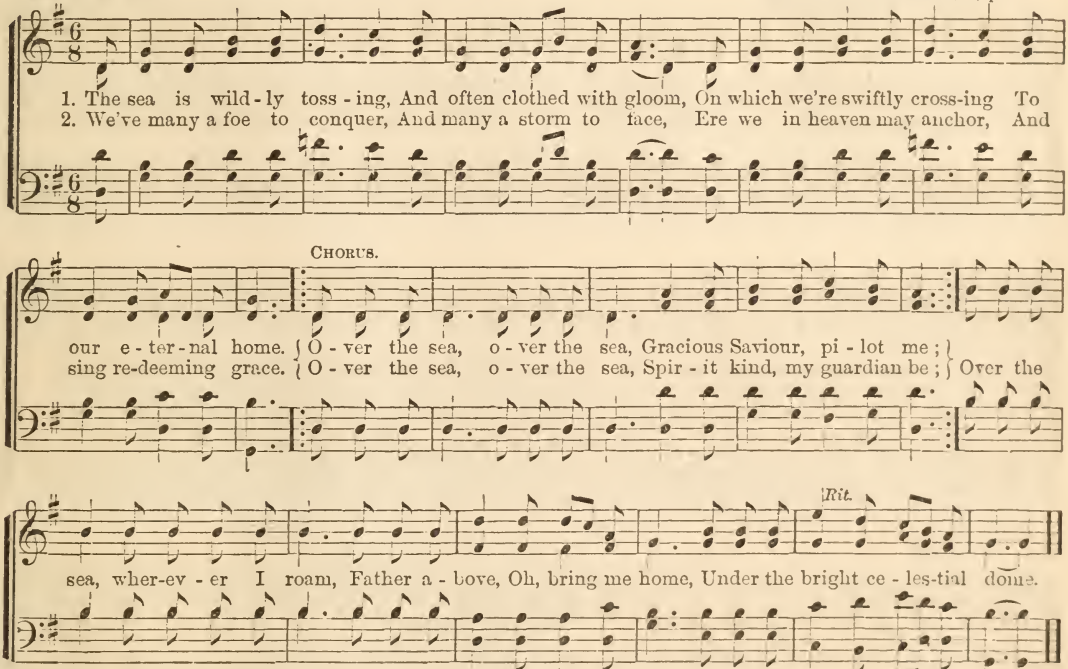
9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom,
Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"
No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

SITTING AT JESUS' FEET.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1875.

1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Oh, what words I hear him say! Hap-py place! so near, so
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mortal be more blest? There I lay my sins and
3. Bless me, O my Saviour! bless me, As I sit low at thy feet; Oh, look down in love up -
pre - cious! May it find me there each day! Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would
sor - rows, And when wea - ry, find sweet rest; Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I
on me; Let me see thy face so sweet. Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me
look upon the past; For his love has been so gra - cious, It has won my heart at last.
love to weep and pray While I from his full - ness gath - er Grace and comfort eve - ry day.
ho - ly as he is; May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my righteous - ness!

OVER THE SEA.

Rev. W. W. RAND. Arr. Rev. H. KINGSBURY, by per.

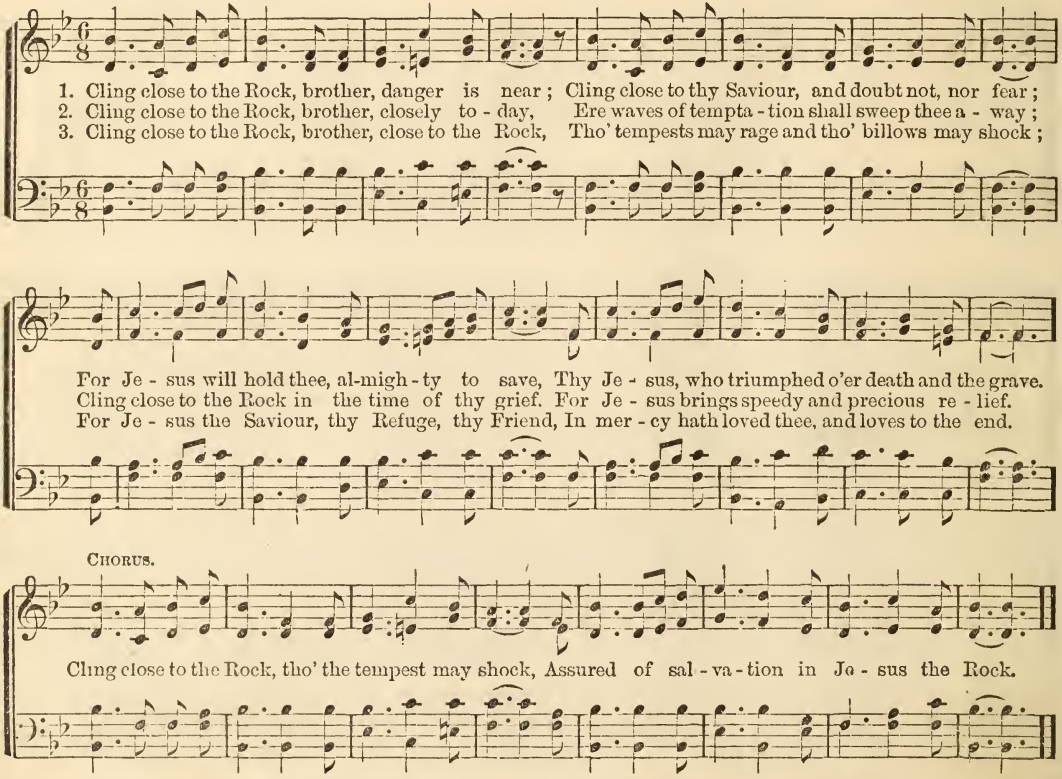

1. The sea is wild - ly toss - ing, And often clothed with gloom, On which we're swiftly cross-ing To
2. We've many a foe to conquer, And many a storm to face, Ere we in heaven may anchor, And
CHORUS.
our e - ter - nal home. { O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Gracious Saviour, pi - lot me ;
sing re-deeming grace. { O - ver the sea, o - ver the sea, Spir - it kind, my guardian be ; } Over the
Rit.
sea, wher-ev - er I roam, Father a - bove, Oh, bring me home, Under the bright ce - les-tial dome.

3 Though nature in commotion
Defy our power and skill,
Our Jesus rules the ocean,
And bids the winds be still. *Cho.*

4 Sail on then, comrades, boldly,
And make God's word your chart;
Do every duty nobly,
With joyful, trusting heart. *Cho.*

5 We'll float the gospel banner,
And guard it with our life,
And shout at last, "Hosanna,"
Victorious in the strife. *Cho.*

CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

Rev. Alfred Taylor. T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1870.

1. Cling close to the Rock, brother, danger is near; Cling close to thy Saviour, and doubt not, nor fear;
2. Cling close to the Rock, brother, closely to-day, Ere waves of tempta-tion shall sweep thee a-way;
3. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close to the Rock, Tho' tempests may rage and tho' billows may shock;
For Je-sus will hold thee, al-migh-ty to save, Thy Je-sus, who triumphed o'er death and the grave.
Cling close to the Rock in the time of thy grief. For Je-sus brings speedy and precious re-lief.
For Je-sus the Saviour, thy Refuge, thy Friend, In mer-cy hath loved thee, and loves to the end.
Chorus.
Cling close to the Rock, tho' the tempest may shock, Assured of sal-va-tion in Je-sus the Rock.

TAKE THY CROSS.

J. POLLARD. KARL REDEN, by per.

1. Broth-er, take thy cross and bear it, Dark and heav-y though it be; Je - sus his com-
2. Broth-er, take thy cross of sor-row; Bear the heav-y weight of pain; Je - sus bent 'neath
3. Broth-er, take thy cross and fol-low Je - sus through the sha-dows dim; Thou wilt find thy
4. Broth-er, take thy cross; for Je - sus Gives thee strength its weight to bear; Trust him in the

mand has giv - en, Take thy cross, and fol - low me. Take thy cross, Take thy cross,
such a bur - den, Why should such as thou com - plain.
bur - den ea - sy, If thou wilt de - pend on him.
time of sor - row, He will hear and an - swer prayer.

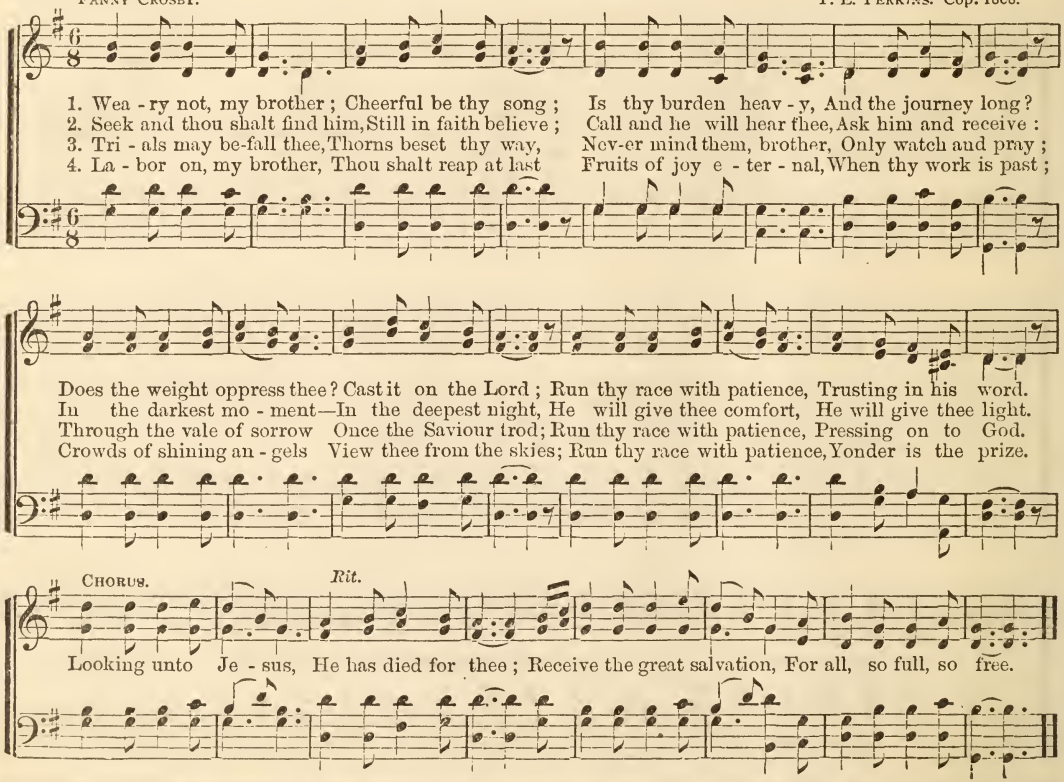
CHORUS.

Take thy cross whate'er it be; Take thy cross, Take thy cross, Learn to bear it cheer-ful - ly.

92

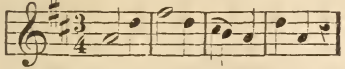
WEARY NOT, MY BROTHER.

FANNY CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1868.


1. Wea - ry not, my brother; Cheerful be thy song; Is thy burden heav - y, And the journey long?
2. Seek and thou shalt find him, Still in faith believe; Call and he will hear thee, Ask him and receive:
3. Tri - als may be-fall thee, Thorns beset thy way, Nev-er mind them, brother, Only watch and pray;
4. La - bor on, my brother, Thou shalt reap at last Fruits of joy e - ter - nal, When thy work is past;
Does the weight oppress thee? Cast it on the Lord; Run thy race with patience, Trusting in his word.
In the darkest mo - ment—In the deepest night, He will give thee comfort, He will give thee light.
Through the vale of sorrow Once the Saviour trod; Run thy race with patience, Pressing on to God.
Crowds of shining an - gels View thee from the skies; Run thy race with patience, Yonder is the prize.
CHORUS.
Rit.
Looking unto Je - sus, He has died for thee; Receive the great salvation, For all, so full, so free.

FIRST HYMN.

RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.



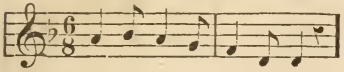
1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

SECOND HYMN.

NEAR THE CROSS.



1 Jesus, keep me near the Cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHORUS.

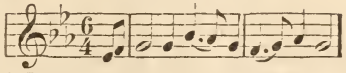
In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me:
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me. *Cho.*

3 Near the Cross, O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me. *Cho.*

THIRD HYMN.

WOODWORTH. L. M.



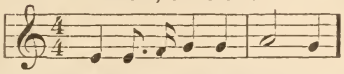
1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am—thy love unknown,
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

FOURTH HYMN.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.



1 Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

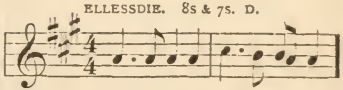
REF.—Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon. *Ref.*

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me. *Ref.*

FIFTH HYMN.

ELLESSDIE. 8s & 7s. D.



1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be!
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

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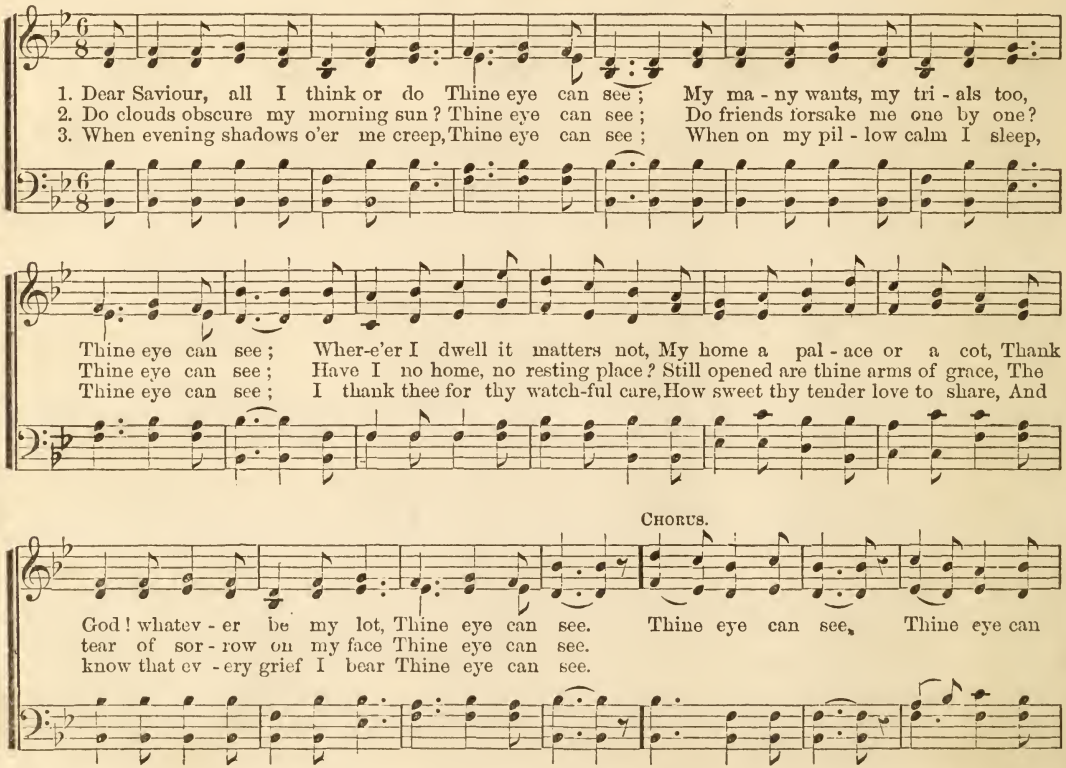
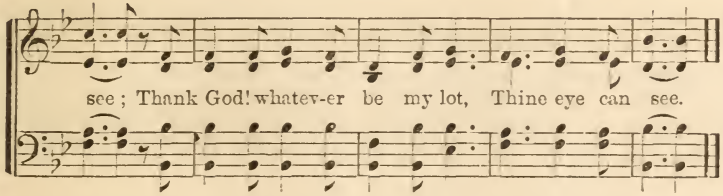
THINE EYE CAN SEE

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1868.

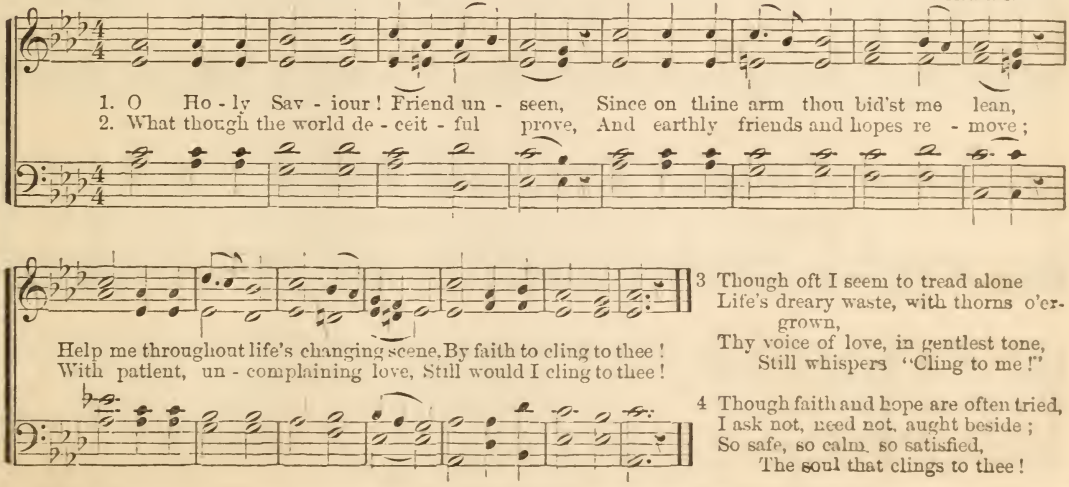

1. Dear Saviour, all I think or do Thine eye can see; My ma - ny wants, my tri - als too,
2. Do clouds obscure my morning sun? Thine eye can see; Do friends forsake me one by one?
3. When evening shadows o'er me creep, Thine eye can see; When on my pil - low calm I sleep,
Thine eye can see; Wher-e'er I dwell it matters not, My home a pal - ace or a cot, Thank
Thine eye can see; Have I no home, no resting place? Still opened are thine arms of grace, The
Thine eye can see; I thank thee for thy watch-ful care, How sweet thy tender love to share, And
Chorus.
God! whatev - er be my lot, Thine eye can see. Thine eye can see, Thine eye can
tear of sor - row on my face Thine eye can see.
know that ev - ery grief I bear Thine eye can see.



4 If I will serve thee day by day,
Thine eye can see ;
If from thy pleasant paths I stray,
Thine eye can see ;
Oh, take my heart, my will subdue,
And may I ever keep in view,
That all I think and all I do
Thine eye can see.

I CLING TO THEE.

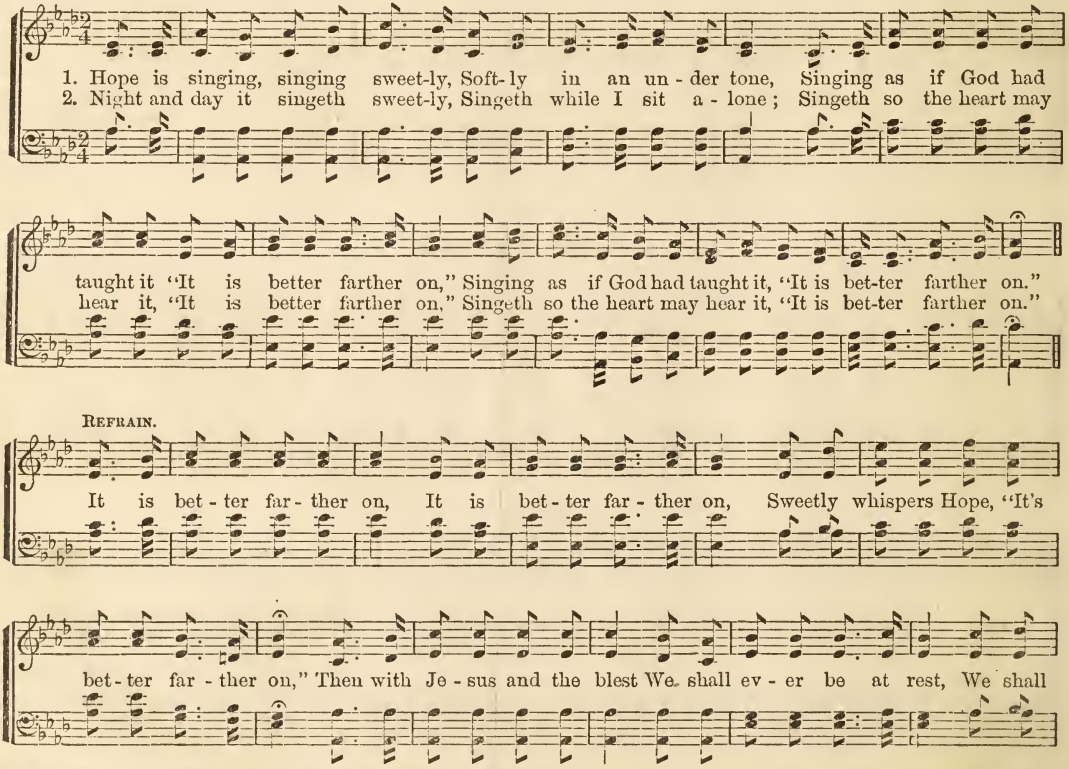
C. ELLIOTT. FLEMMING.


1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour ! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
2. What though the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earthly friends and hopes re - move ;
Help me throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee !
With patient, un - complaining love, Still would I cling to thee !

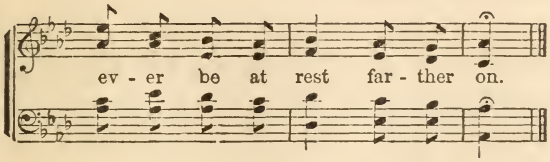
3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers "Cling to me !"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside ;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee !

IT IS BETTER FARTHER ON.

Wm. W. Bentley, by per.

1. Hope is singing, singing sweet-ly, Soft-ly in an un-der tone, Singing as if God had
2. Night and day it singeth sweet-ly, Singeth while I sit a-lone; Singeth so the heart may
taught it "It is better farther on," Singing as if God had taught it, "It is bet-ter farther on."
hear it, "It is better farther on," Singeth so the heart may hear it, "It is bet-ter farther on."
Refrain.
It is bet-ter far-ther on, It is bet-ter far-ther on, Sweetly whispers Hope, "It's
bet-ter far-ther on," Then with Je-sus and the blest We shall ev-er be at rest, We shall

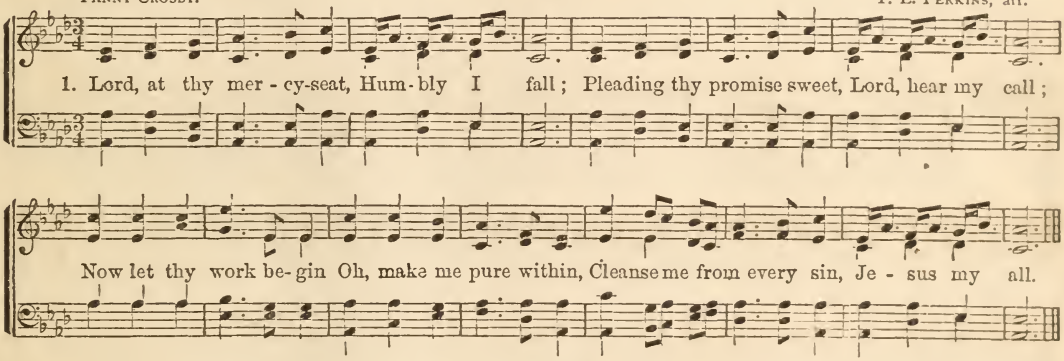
IT IS BETTER FARTHER ON. *Concluded.*



3 Farther on, oh, how much farther?
Count the mile-stones one by one?
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better farther on,"
No! no counting, only trusting,
"It is better farther on." *Ref.*

JESUS, MY ALL.

FANNY CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS, arr.

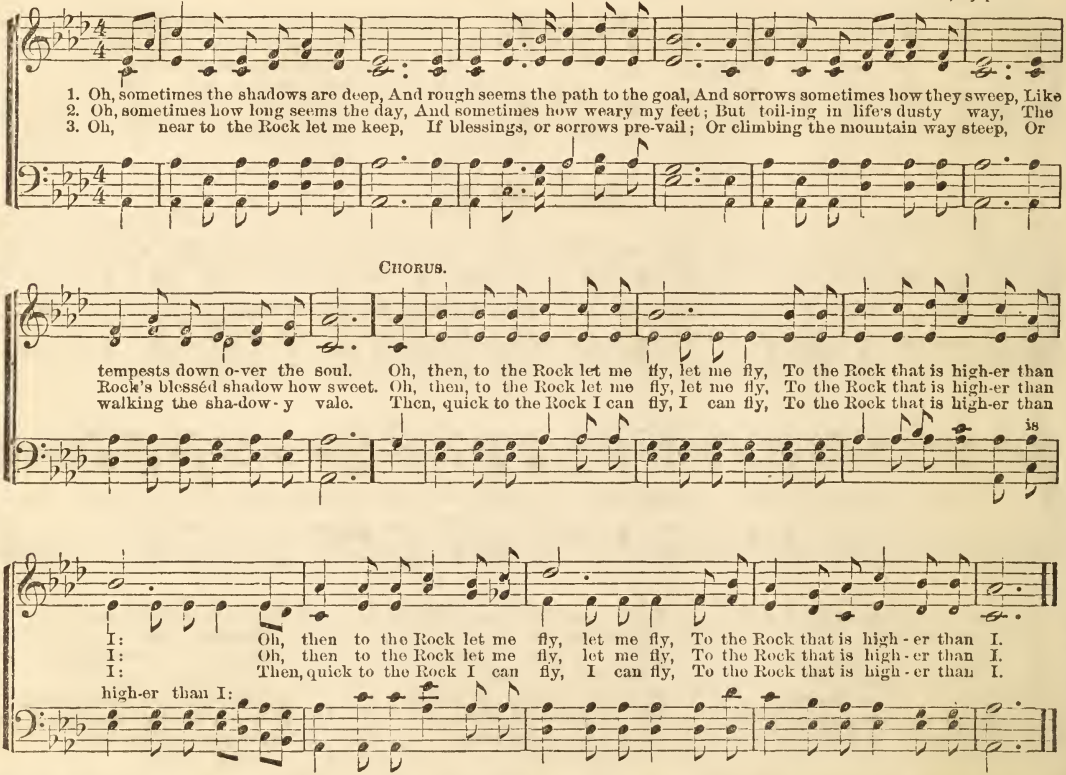

1. Lord, at thy mer - cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; Pleading thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call;
Now let thy work be-gin Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from every sin, Je - sus my all.

2 Tears of repentant grief
Silently fall;
Hear thou my unbelief,
Hear thou my call;
Oh, how I pine for thee!
'Tis all my hope, my plea:
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Ere to the realms above,
Heard is my call;
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

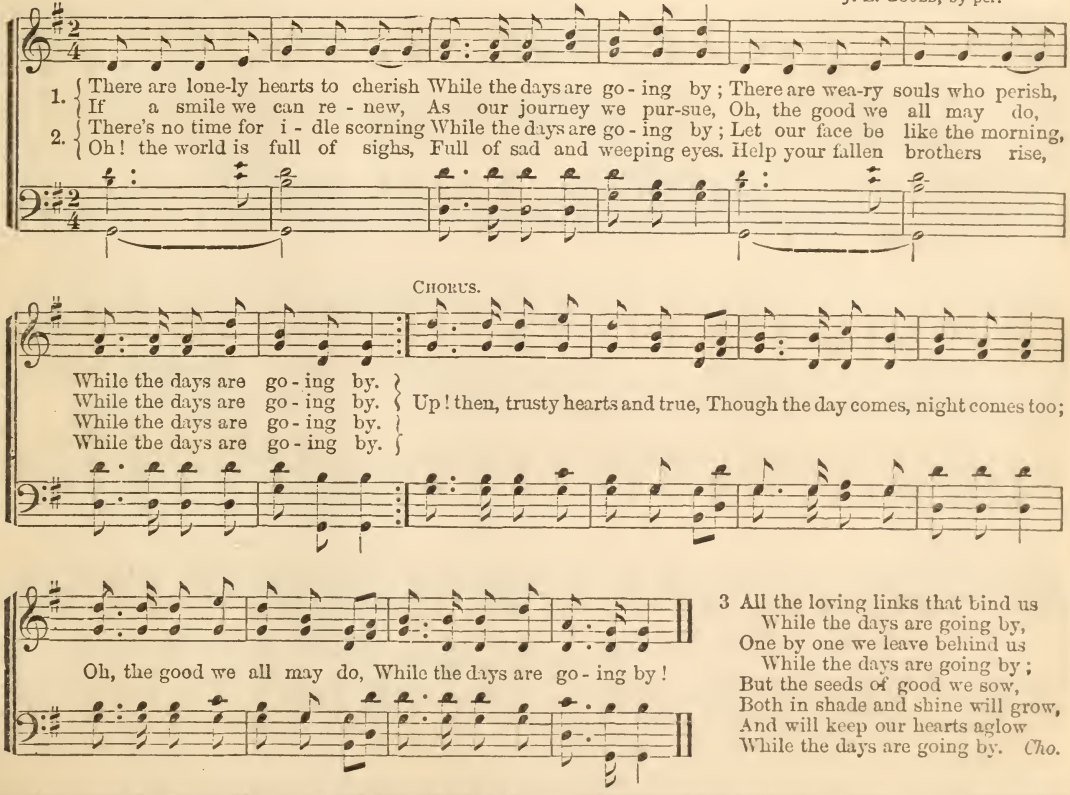
4 Still at thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call;
Faith wings my soul to thee,
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

E. JOHNSON. W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And sorrows sometimes how they sweep, Like
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet; But toil-ing in life's dusty way, The
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, If blessings, or sorrows pre-vail; Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or
CHORUS.
tempests down o-ver the soul. Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than
Rock's blessèd shadow how sweet. Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than
walking the sha-dow-y vale. Then, quick to the Rock I can fly, I can fly, To the Rock that is high-er than
I: Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
I: Oh, then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
I: Then, quick to the Rock I can fly, I can fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I.
high-er than I:

WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

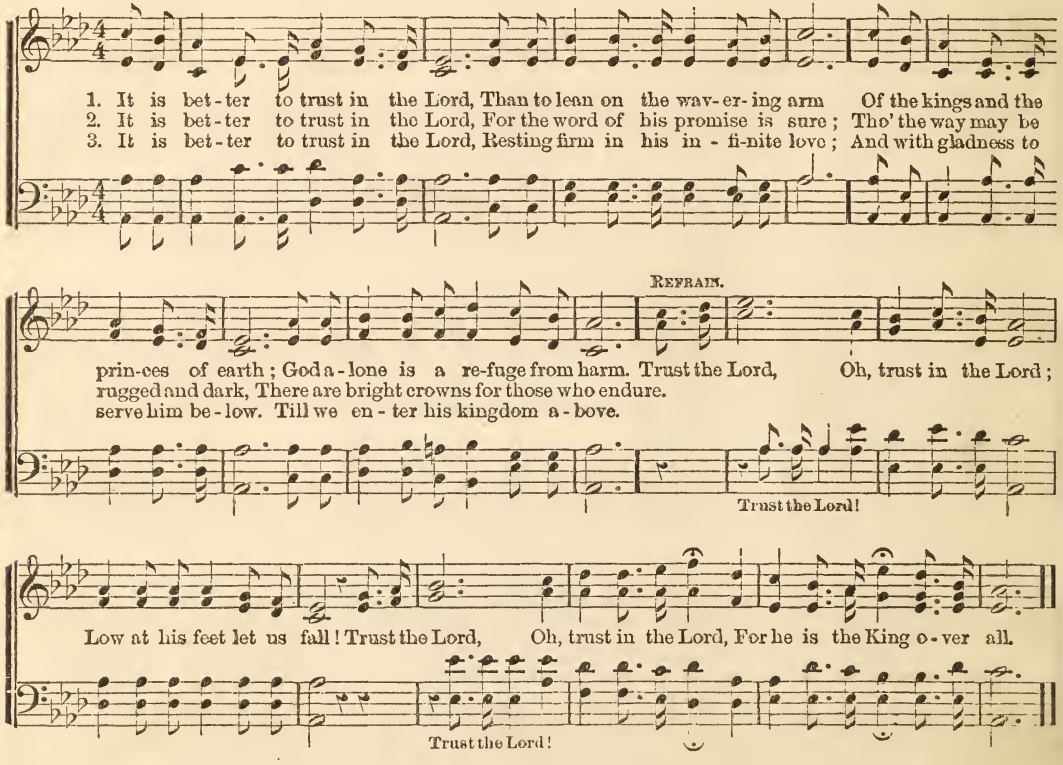
J. E. GOULD, by per.


1. There are lone-ly hearts to cherish While the days are go - ing by; There are wea-ry souls who perish,
If a smile we can re - new, As our journey we pur-sue, Oh, the good we all may do,
2. There's no time for i - dle scorning While the days are go - ing by; Let our face be like the morning,
Oh! the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes. Help your fallen brothers rise,
CHORUS.
While the days are go - ing by.
While the days are go - ing by.
While the days are go - ing by.
While the days are go - ing by.
Up! then, trusty hearts and true, Though the day comes, night comes too;
Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by!

3 All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by. *Cho.*

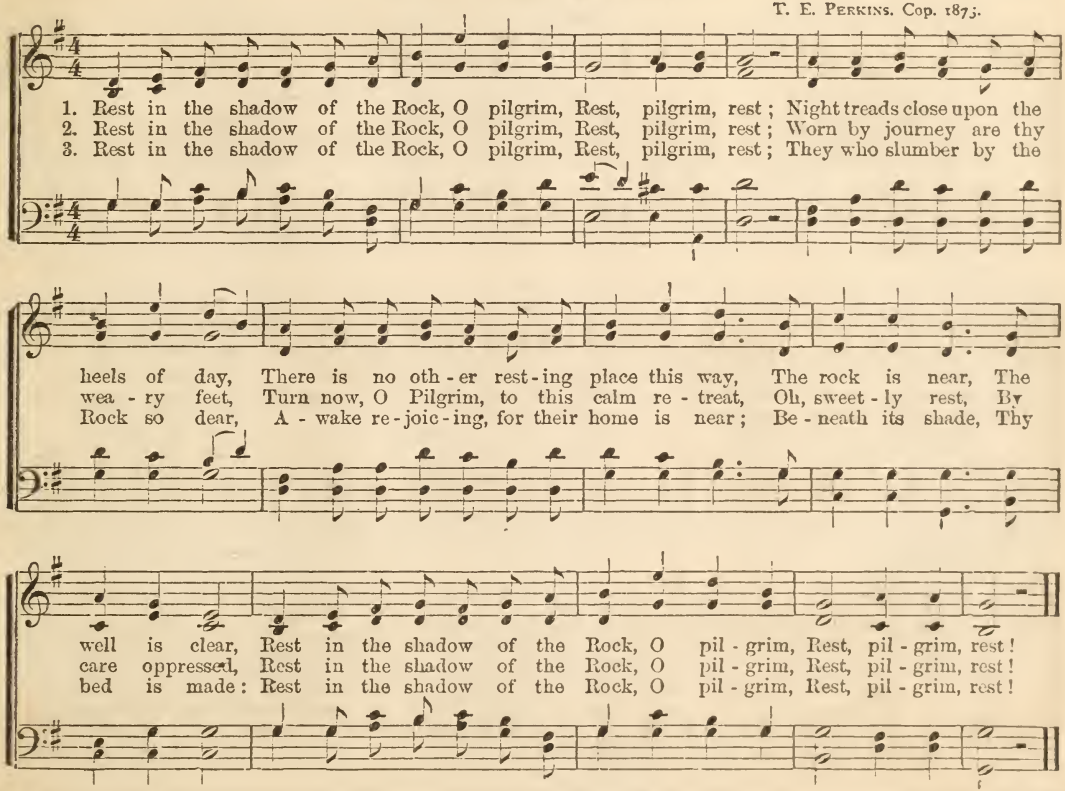
TRUST IN THE LORD.

W. F. S.

Wm. F. Sherwin. Cop. 1875.

1. It is bet-ter to trust in the Lord, Than to lean on the wav-er-ing arm Of the kings and the
2. It is bet-ter to trust in the Lord, For the word of his promise is sure; Tho' the way may be
3. It is bet-ter to trust in the Lord, Resting firm in his in-fi-nite love; And with gladness to
prin-ces of earth; God a-lone is a re-fuge from harm. Trust the Lord, Oh, trust in the Lord;
rugged and dark, There are bright crowns for those who endure.
serve him be-low. Till we en-ter his kingdom a-bove.
Refrain.
Trust the Lord!
Low at his feet let us fall! Trust the Lord, Oh, trust in the Lord, For he is the King o-ver all.
Trust the Lord!

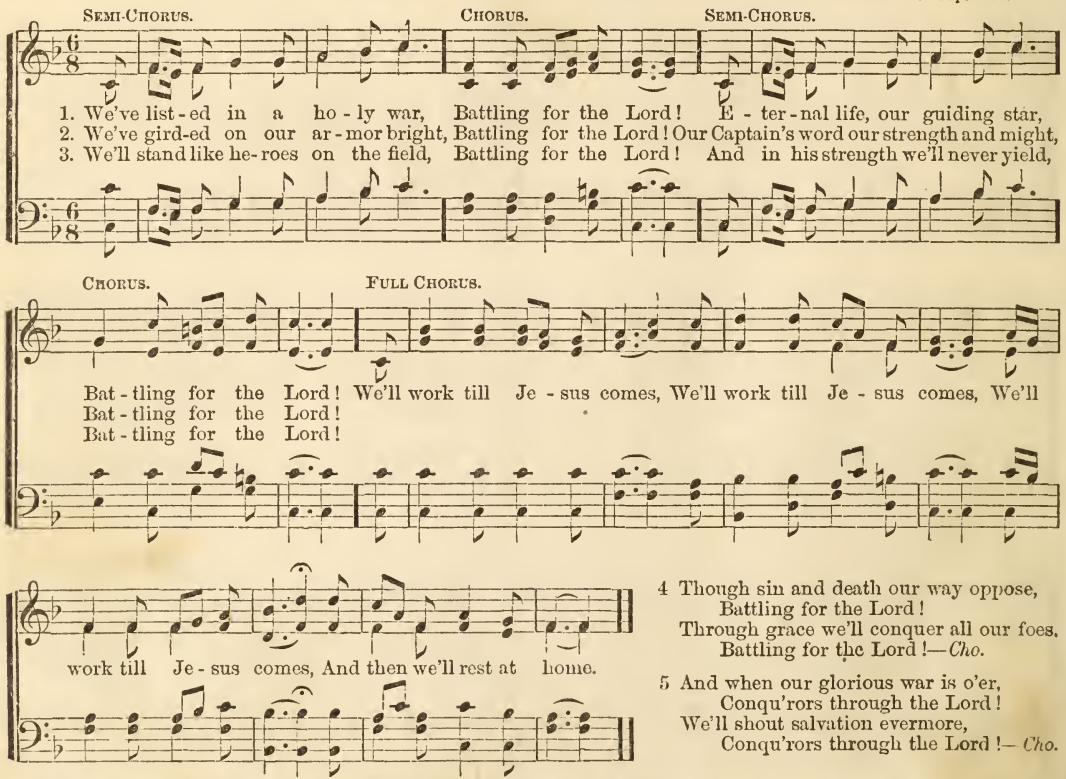
REST, PILGRIM, REST.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1875.


1. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest; Night treads close upon the
2. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest; Worn by journey are thy
3. Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pilgrim, Rest, pilgrim, rest; They who slumber by the
heels of day, There is no oth-er rest-ing place this way, The rock is near, The
wea-ry feet, Turn now, O Pilgrim, to this calm re-treat, Oh, sweet-ly rest, By
Rock so dear, A-wake re-joic-ing, for their home is near; Be-neath its shade, Thy
well is clear, Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pil-grim, Rest, pil-grim, rest!
care oppressed, Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pil-grim, Rest, pil-grim, rest!
bed is made: Rest in the shadow of the Rock, O pil-grim, Rest, pil-grim, rest!

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1868.

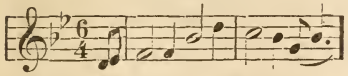

Semi-Chorus.
Chorus.
Semi-Chorus.
1. We've list-ed in a ho-ly war, Battling for the Lord! E-ter-nal life, our guiding star,
2. We've gird-ed on our ar-mor bright, Battling for the Lord! Our Captain's word our strength and might,
3. We'll stand like he-roes on the field, Battling for the Lord! And in his strength we'll never yield,
Chorus.
Full Chorus.
Bat-tling for the Lord! We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll
Bat-tling for the Lord!
Bat-tling for the Lord!
work till Je-sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

4 Though sin and death our way oppose,
Battling for the Lord!
Through grace we'll conquer all our foes,
Battling for the Lord!—*Cho.*

5 And when our glorious war is o'er,
Conqu'rors through the Lord!
We'll shout salvation evermore,
Conqu'rors through the Lord!—*Cho.*

FIRST HYMN.

CROSS. C. M.



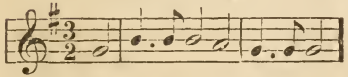
1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

SECOND HYMN.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Shall I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

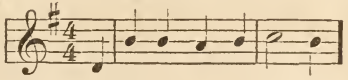
4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

THIRD HYMN.

SWEET REST.



1 There is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal nevermore.

CHORUS.

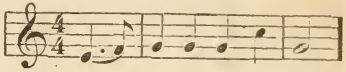
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait.
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!

FOURTH HYMN.

LABAN. S. M.



1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown.

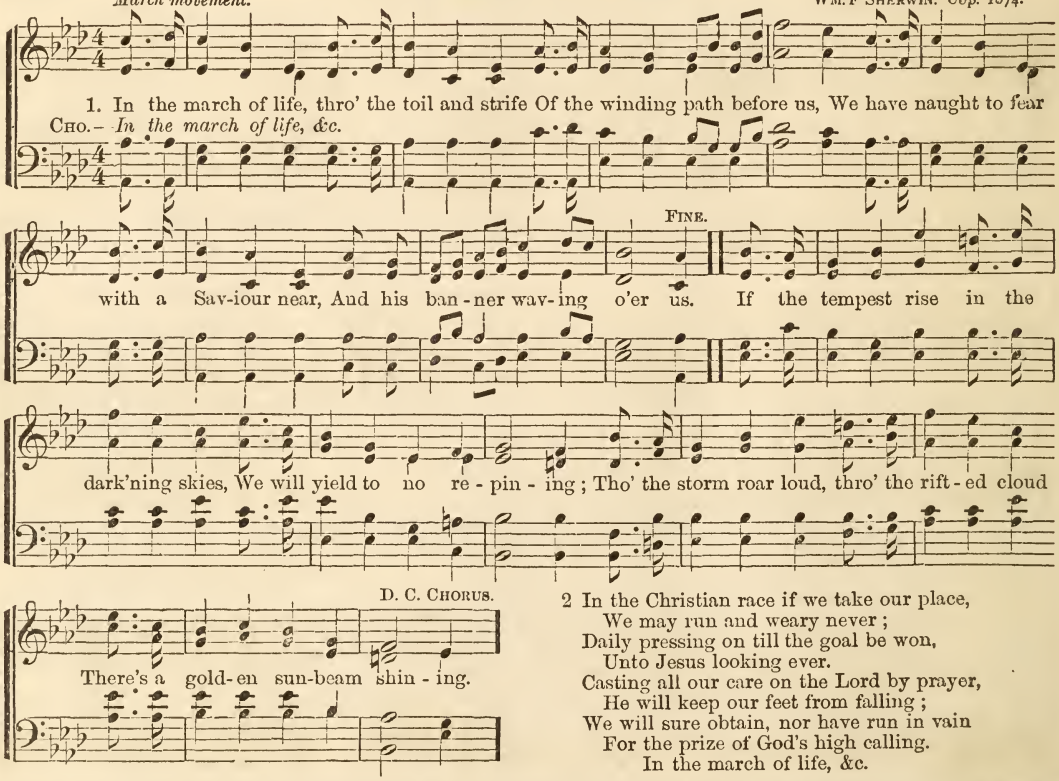
4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

104 W. F. S.

THE MARCH OF LIFE.

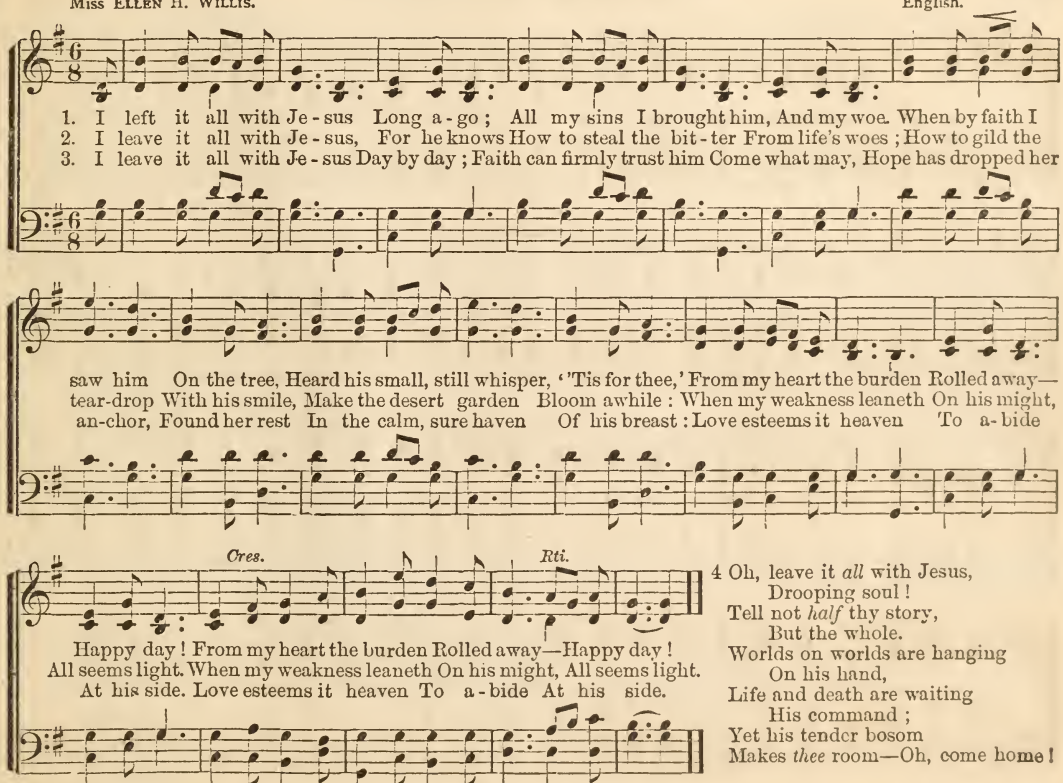
March movement.

Wm. F Sherwin. Cop. 1874.


1. In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife Of the winding path before us, We have naught to fear
Cho.– In the march of life, &c.
Fine.
with a Sav-iour near, And his ban-ner wav-ing o'er us. If the tempest rise in the
dark'ning skies, We will yield to no re-pin-ing; Tho' the storm roar loud, thro' the rift-ed cloud
D. C. Chorus.
There's a gold-en sun-beam shin-ing.

2 In the Christian race if we take our place,
We may run and weary never;
Daily pressing on till the goal be won,
Unto Jesus looking ever.
Casting all our care on the Lord by prayer,
He will keep our feet from falling;
We will sure obtain, nor have run in vain
For the prize of God's high calling.
In the march of life, &c.

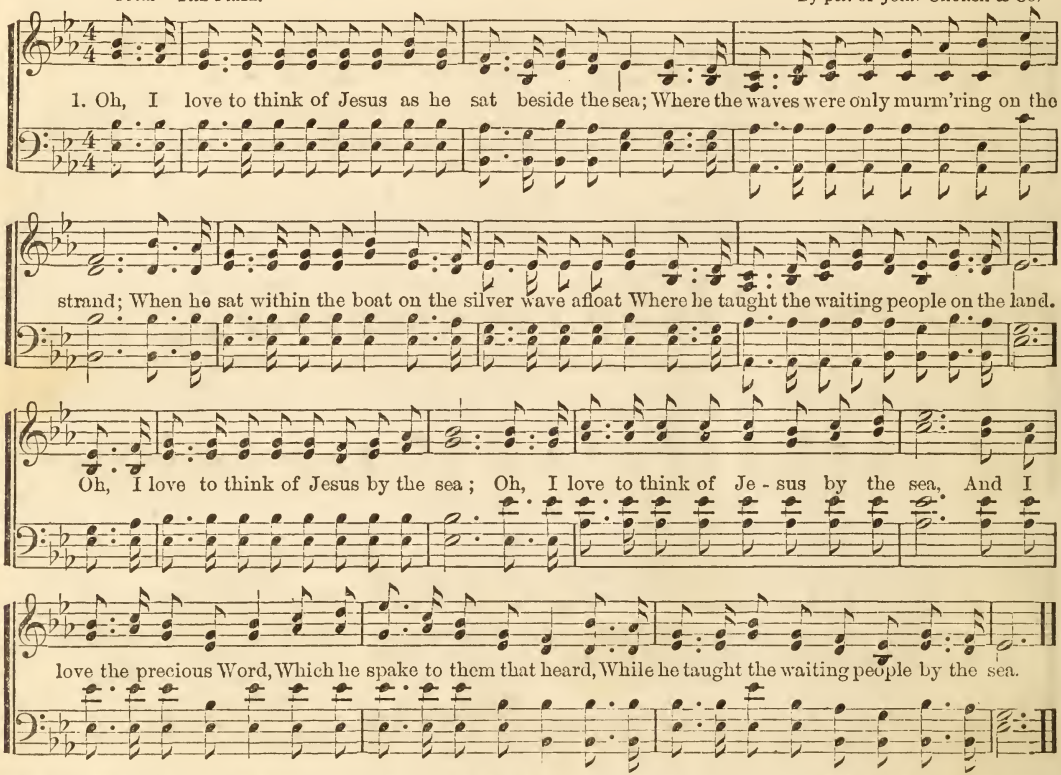
I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

Miss Ellen H. Willis. English.

1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go ; All my sins I brought him, And my woe. When by faith I
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For he knows How to steal the bit - ter From life's woes ; How to gild the
3. I leave it all with Je - sus Day by day ; Faith can firmly trust him Come what may, Hope has dropped her
saw him On the tree, Heard his small, still whisper, 'Tis for thee,' From my heart the burden Rolled away—
tear-drop With his smile, Make the desert garden Bloom awhile : When my weakness leaneth On his might,
an-chor, Found her rest In the calm, sure haven Of his breast : Love esteems it heaven To a - bide
Cres.
Rit.
Happy day ! From my heart the burden Rolled away—Happy day !
All seems light. When my weakness leaneth On his might, All seems light.
At his side. Love esteems it heaven To a - bide At his side.

4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul !
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On his hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command ;
Yet his tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home !

JESUS BY THE SEA.

From "THE PRIZE."

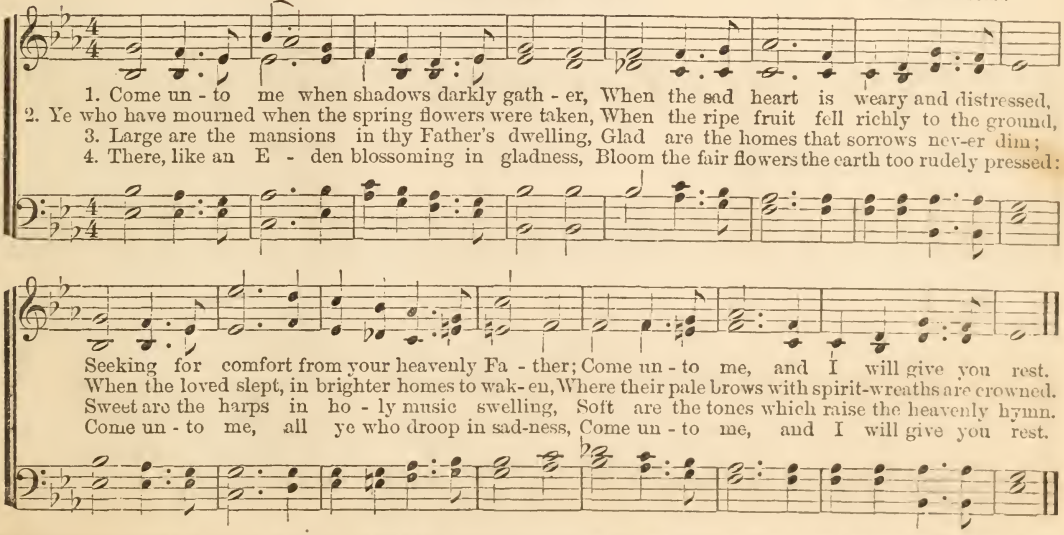
By per. of JOHN CHURCH & Co.

1. Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he sat beside the sea; Where the waves were only murm'ring on the
strand; When he sat within the boat on the silver wave afloat Where he taught the waiting people on the land.
Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea; Oh, I love to think of Je - sus by the sea, And I
love the precious Word, Which he spake to them that heard, While he taught the waiting people by the sea.

2 Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he walked upon the sea;
When the waves were rolling fearfully and grand;
How the winds and waves were still, at the bidding of his will,
While he brought his loved disciples safe to land.
Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
How he walked upon the wave,
His belovéd ones to save,
While he brought them safely o'er the stormy sea.

3 Oh, I love to think of Jesus as he walked beside the sea;
Where the fishers spread their nets upon the shore;
How he bade them follow him and forsake the paths of sin,
And to be his true disciples evermore.
Oh, I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
And I long to leave my all,
At my dear Redeemer's call,
And his true disciple evermore to be.

COME UNTO ME.

MENDELSSOHN.


1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
2. Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken, When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
3. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that sorrows nev-er dim;
4. There, like an E - den blossoming in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Fa - ther; Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to wak-en, Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.
Sweet are the harps in ho - ly music swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad-ness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

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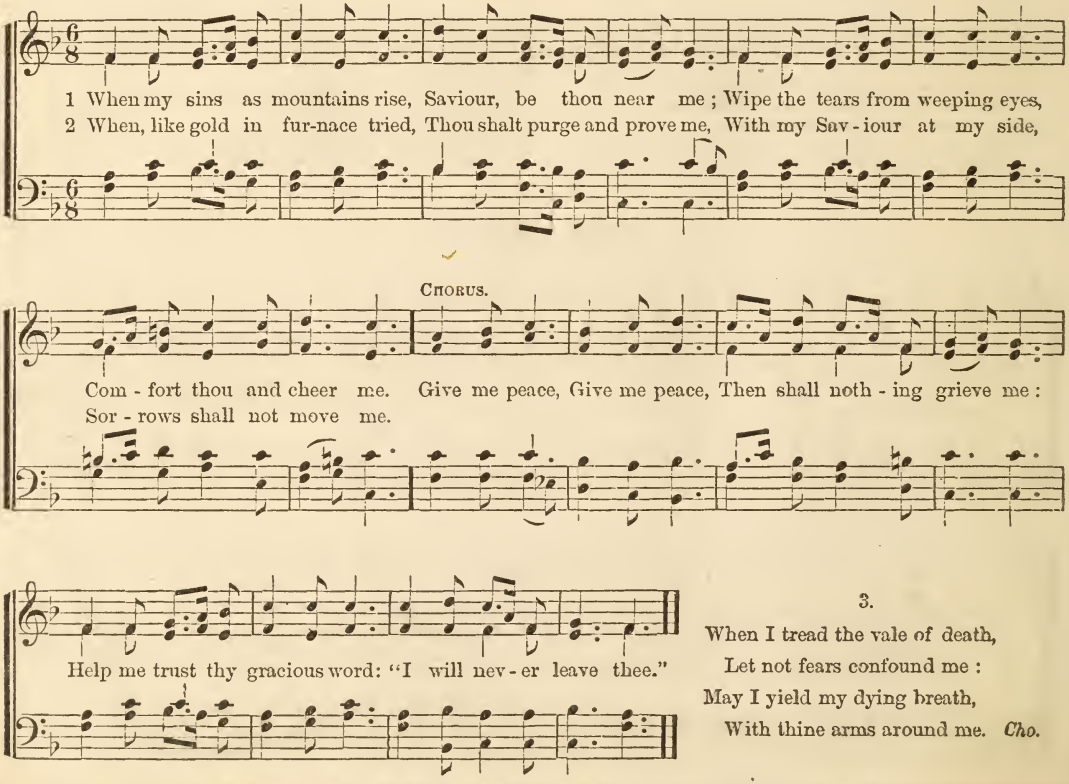
I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D.

T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1875.

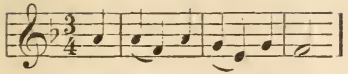

1 When my sins as mountains rise, Saviour, be thou near me; Wipe the tears from weeping eyes,
2 When, like gold in fur-nace tried, Thou shalt purge and prove me, With my Sav-iour at my side,
Chorus.
Com-fort thou and cheer me. Give me peace, Give me peace, Then shall noth-ing grieve me:
Sor-rows shall not move me.
Help me trust thy gracious word: "I will nev-er leave thee."

3.

When I tread the vale of death,
Let not fears confound me:
May I yield my dying breath,
With thine arms around me. *Cho.*

FIRST HYMN.

DENNIS. S. M.



1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

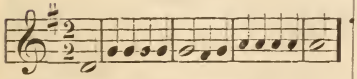
2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day.
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

SECOND HYMN.

COURAGE.



1 Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend!
Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend!
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.

CHORUS.

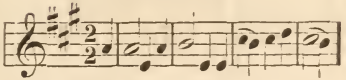
I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win;
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And he has vanquished sin. *Cho.*

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand;
You shall sing his praise for ever,
You shall sing his praise for ever,
In Canaan's happy land. *Cho.*

THIRD HYMN.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! [word!
Is laid for your faith in his excellent
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,— [fled?
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have

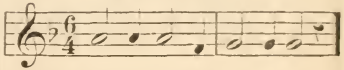
2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed, [aid;
For I am thy God, I will still give thee
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, [hand.
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose.
I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

FOURTH HYMN.

MARTYN. 7s. D.

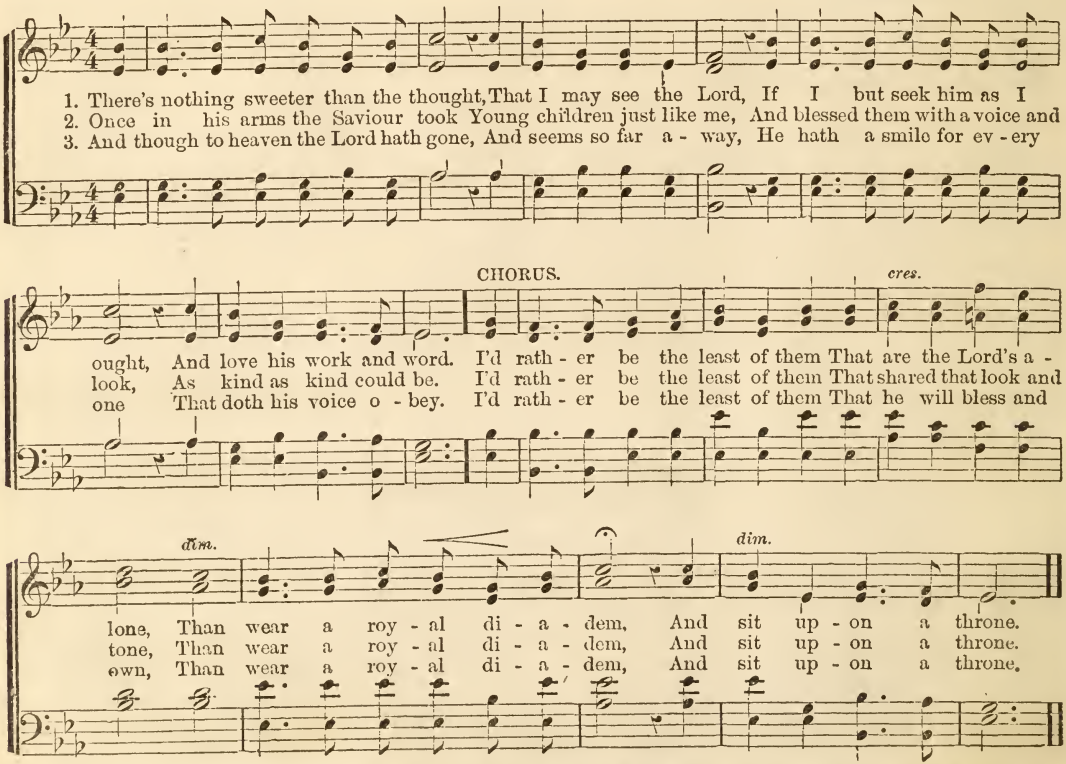


1 Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

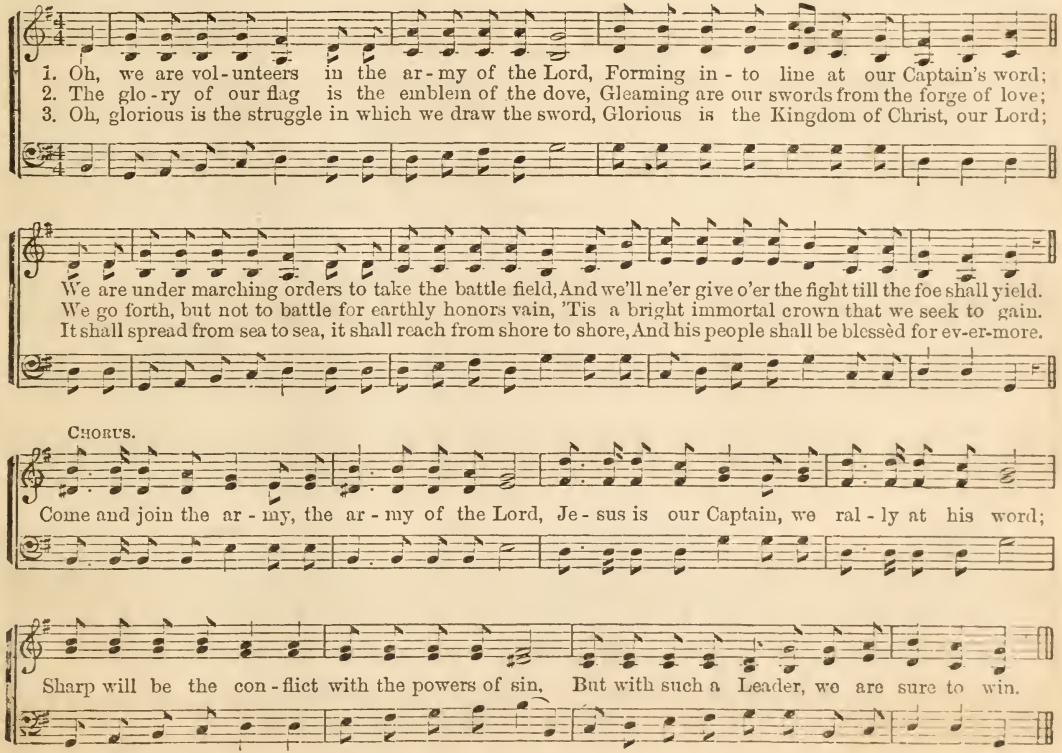
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

BETTER THAN THRONES.

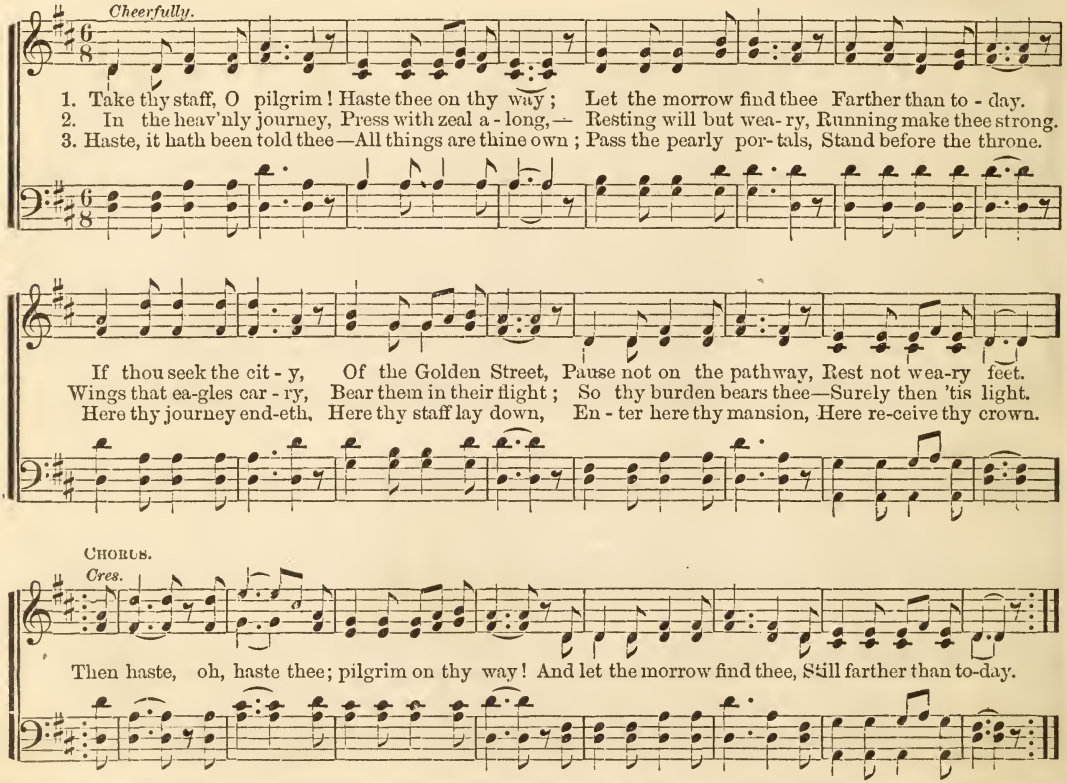
KARL REDEN, by per.


1. There's nothing sweeter than the thought, That I may see the Lord, If I but seek him as I
2. Once in his arms the Saviour took Young children just like me, And blessed them with a voice and
3. And though to heaven the Lord hath gone, And seems so far a - way, He hath a smile for ev - ery
CHORUS.
cres.
ought, And love his work and word. I'd rath - er be the least of them That are the Lord's a -
look, As kind as kind could be. I'd rath - er be the least of them That shared that look and
one That doth his voice o - bey. I'd rath - er be the least of them That he will bless and
dim.
dim.
lone, Than wear a roy - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on a throne.
tone, Than wear a roy - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on a throne.
own, Than wear a roy - al di - a - dem, And sit up - on a throne.

OH, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

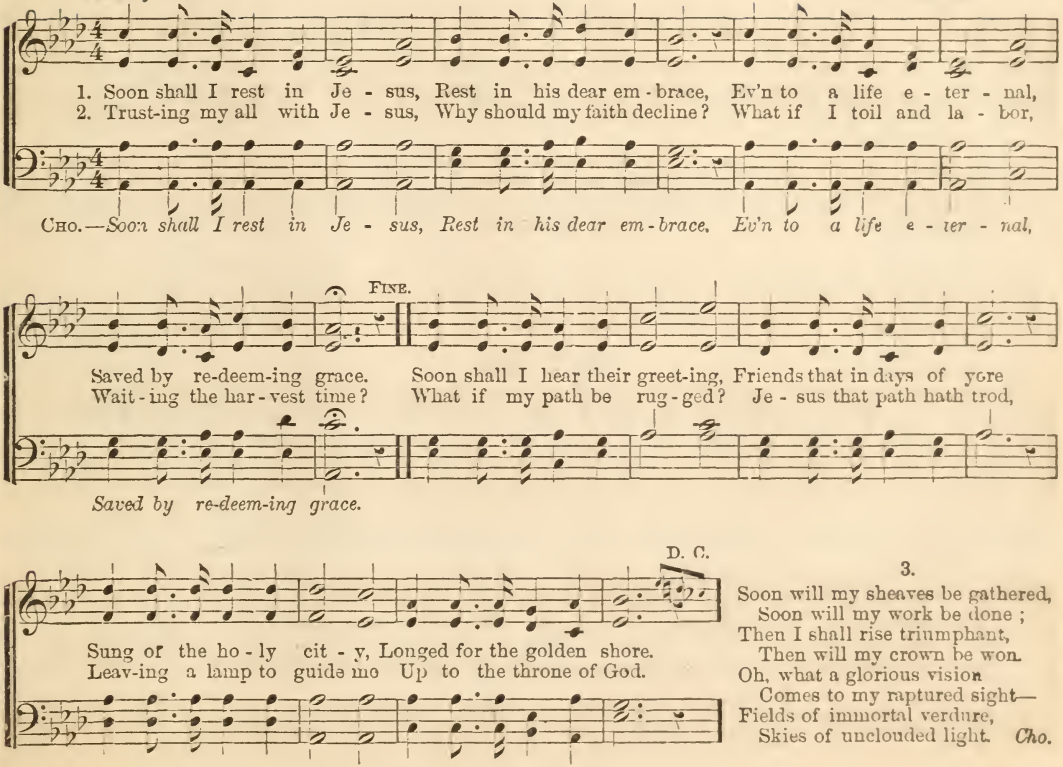
From "Silver Chime." Geo. F. Root. Cop. 1862.

1. Oh, we are vol-unteers in the ar-my of the Lord, Forming in-to line at our Captain's word;
2. The glo-ry of our flag is the emblem of the dove, Gleaming are our swords from the forge of love;
3. Oh, glorious is the struggle in which we draw the sword, Glorious is the Kingdom of Christ, our Lord;
We are under marching orders to take the battle field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.
We go forth, but not to battle for earthly honors vain, 'Tis a bright immortal crown that we seek to gain.
It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall reach from shore to shore, And his people shall be blessèd for ev-er-more.
Chorus.
Come and join the ar-my, the ar-my of the Lord, Je-sus is our Captain, we ral-ly at his word;
Sharp will be the con-flict with the powers of sin, But with such a Leader, we are sure to win.

TAKE THY STAFF, O PILGRIM.

KARL REDEN, by per.

Cheerfully.
1. Take thy staff, O pilgrim! Haste thee on thy way; Let the morrow find thee Farther than to - day.
2. In the heav'nly journey, Press with zeal a - long,— Resting will but wea - ry, Running make thee strong.
3. Haste, it hath been told thee—All things are thine own; Pass the pearly por - tals, Stand before the throne.
If thou seek the cit - y, Of the Golden Street, Pause not on the pathway, Rest not wea-ry feet.
Wings that ea-gles car - ry, Bear them in their flight; So thy burden bears thee—Surely then 'tis light.
Here thy journey end-eth, Here thy staff lay down, En - ter here thy mansion, Here re-ceive thy crown.
CHORUS.
Cres.
Then haste, oh, haste thee; pilgrim on thy way! And let the morrow find thee, Still farther than to-day.

RESTING IN JESUS.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. W. BENTLEY.

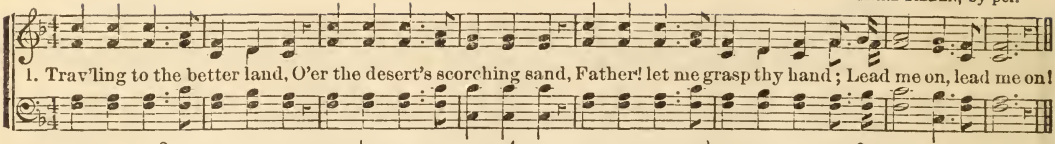

1. Soon shall I rest in Je - sus, Rest in his dear em - brace, Ev'n to a life e - ter - nal,
2. Trust-ing my all with Je - sus, Why should my faith decline? What if I toil and la - bor,
CHO.—Soon shall I rest in Je - sus, Rest in his dear em - brace, Ev'n to a life e - ter - nal,
FINE.
Saved by re-deem-ing grace. Soon shall I hear their greet-ing, Friends that in days of yore
Wait-ing the har-vest time? What if my path be rug-ged? Je - sus that path hath trod,
Saved by re-deem-ing grace.
D. C.
Sung or the ho - ly cit - y, Longed for the golden shore.
Leav-ing a lamp to guide me Up to the throne of God.

3.

Soon will my sheaves be gathered,
Soon will my work be done;
Then I shall rise triumphant,
Then will my crown be won.
Oh, what a glorious vision
Comes to my raptured sight—
Fields of immortal verdure,
Skies of unclouded light. *Cho.*

LEAD ME ON.

KARL REDEN, by per.



2.
When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter waters sweet;
Lead me on!

3.
When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-grove near,
And her wells, as crystal clear:
Lead me on!

4.
Through the water, through the fire,
Never let me fall or tire,
Every step brings Canaan nigher:
Lead me on!

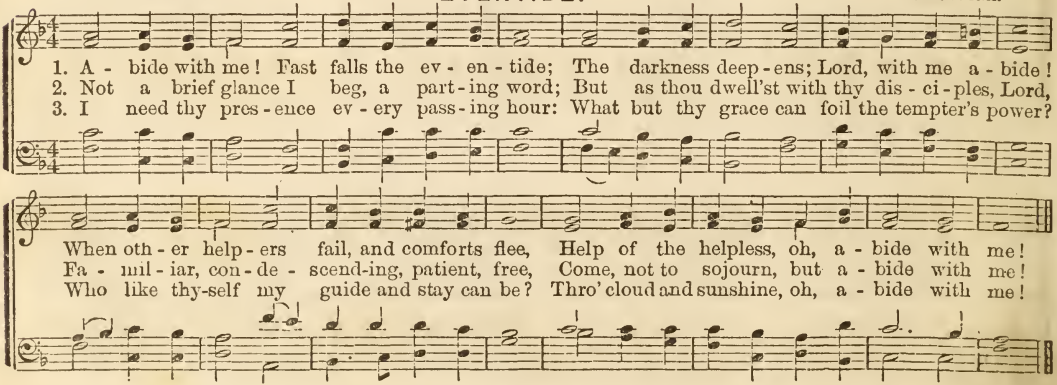
5.
Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
Gaze upon the land of light,
Then transported with the sight,
Lead me on!

6.
When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Never let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink:
Lead me on!

7.
When the victory is won,
And eternal life begun,
Up to glory lead me on!
Lead me on, lead me on!

EVENTIDE.

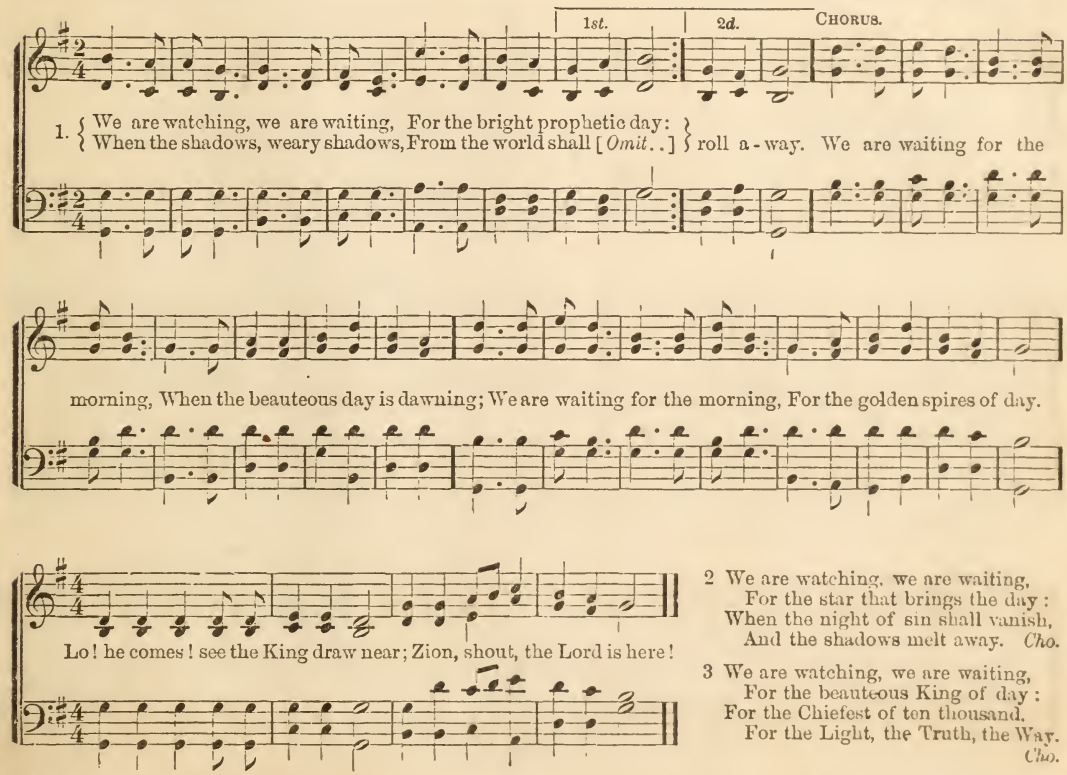
Rev. HENRY F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Not a brief glance I beg, a part - ing word; But as thou dwell'st with thy dis - ci - ples, Lord,
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour: What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
Fa - mil - iar, con - de - scend-ing, patient, free, Come, not to sojourn, but a - bide with me!
Who like thy-self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!

THE BEAUTEOUS DAY.

From "The Charm."

By per. of JOHN CHURCH & Co.

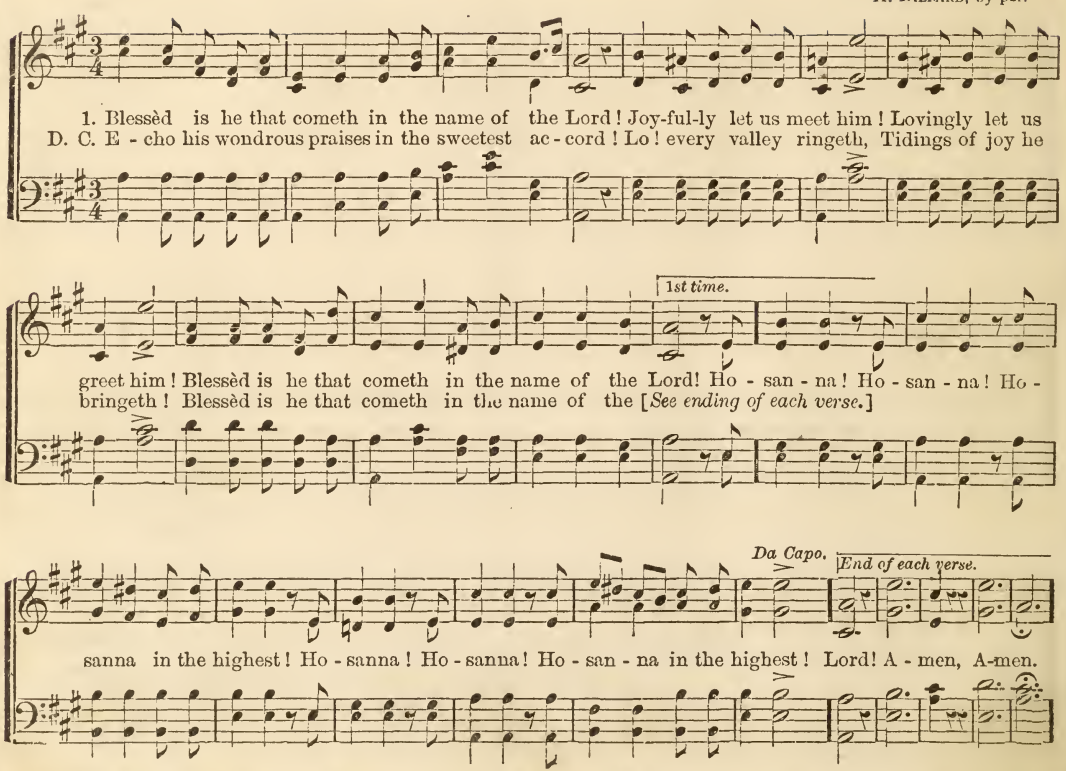

1st.
2d.
CHORUS.
1. We are watching, we are waiting, For the bright prophetic day:
When the shadows, weary shadows, From the world shall [Omit..] roll a-way. We are waiting for the
morning, When the beauteous day is dawning; We are waiting for the morning, For the golden spires of day.
Lo! he comes! see the King draw near; Zion, shout, the Lord is here!

2 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the star that brings the day:
When the night of sin shall vanish,
And the shadows melt away. *Cho.*

3 We are watching, we are waiting,
For the beauteous King of day:
For the Chiefest of ten thousand,
For the Light, the Truth, the Way.
Cho.

BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH.

H. MILLARD, by per.


1. Blessèd is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Joy-ful-ly let us meet him! Lovingly let us
D. C. E - cho his wondrous praises in the sweetest ac - cord! Lo! every valley ringeth, Tidings of joy he
1st time.
greet him! Blessèd is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho -
bringeth! Blessèd is he that cometh in the name of the [See ending of each verse.]
Da Capo.
End of each verse.
sanna in the highest! Ho - sanna! Ho - sanna! Ho - san - na in the highest! Lord! A - men, A-men.

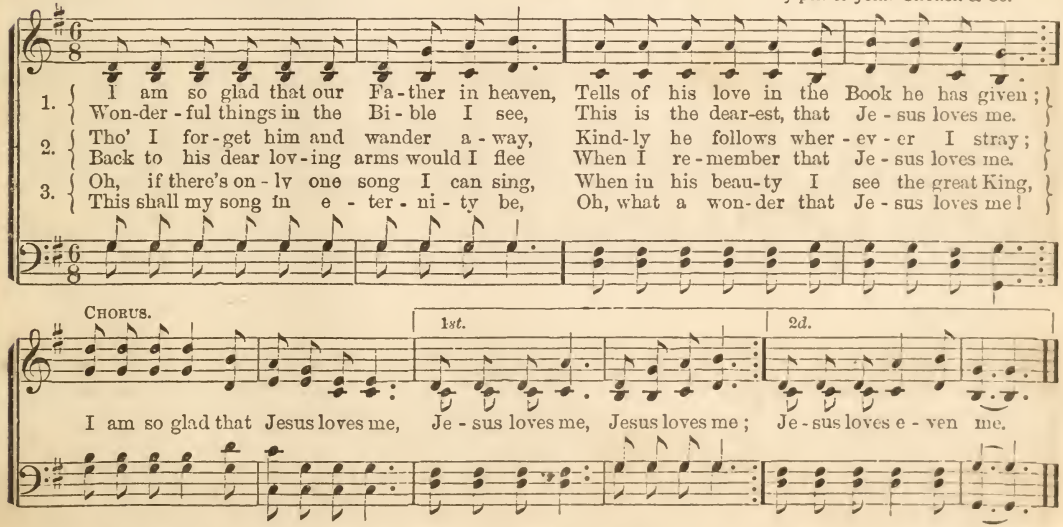
BLESSED IS HE. *Concluded.*

2 Blessèd is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Bear we the palms before him!
Let every heart adore him!
Blessèd is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
‖: Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest! :‖
Rest to the weary-hearted he hath kindly restored;
Welcome him in your sadness!
Welcome the King of gladness!
Blessèd is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Amen! Amen!

3 Blessèd is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Honor to him forever!
Thanks unto God the Giver!
Blessèd is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
‖: Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest! :‖
Sin he hath proudly conquered by the might of his Word!
Little ones round him bending,
Greet him with praise unending!—
Blessèd is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!
Amen! Amen!

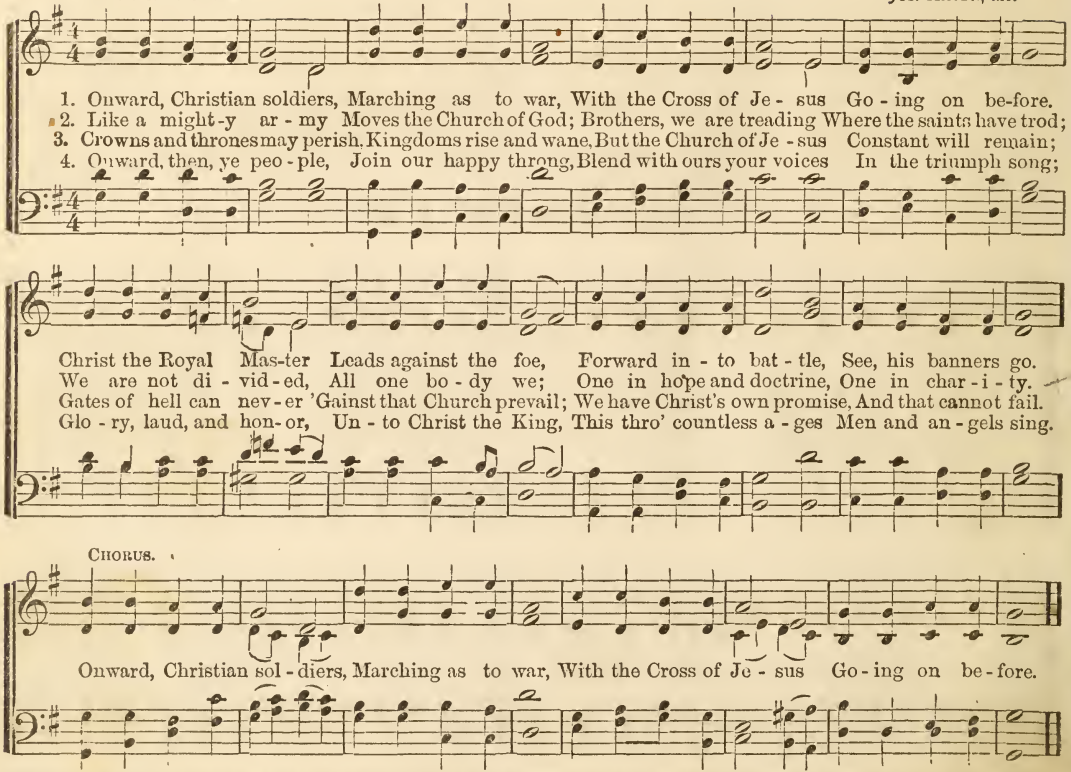
JESUS LOVES EVEN ME.

From "Gospel Songs," by P. P. Bliss. By per. of John Church & Co.


1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heaven, Tells of his love in the Book he has given;
Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see, This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
2. Tho' I for-get him and wander a-way, Kind-ly he follows wher-ev-er I stray;
Back to his dear lov-ing arms would I flee When I re-member that Je-sus loves me.
3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in his beau-ty I see the great King,
This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be, Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me!
Chorus.
1st.
2d.
I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Jesus loves me; Je-sus loves e-ven me.

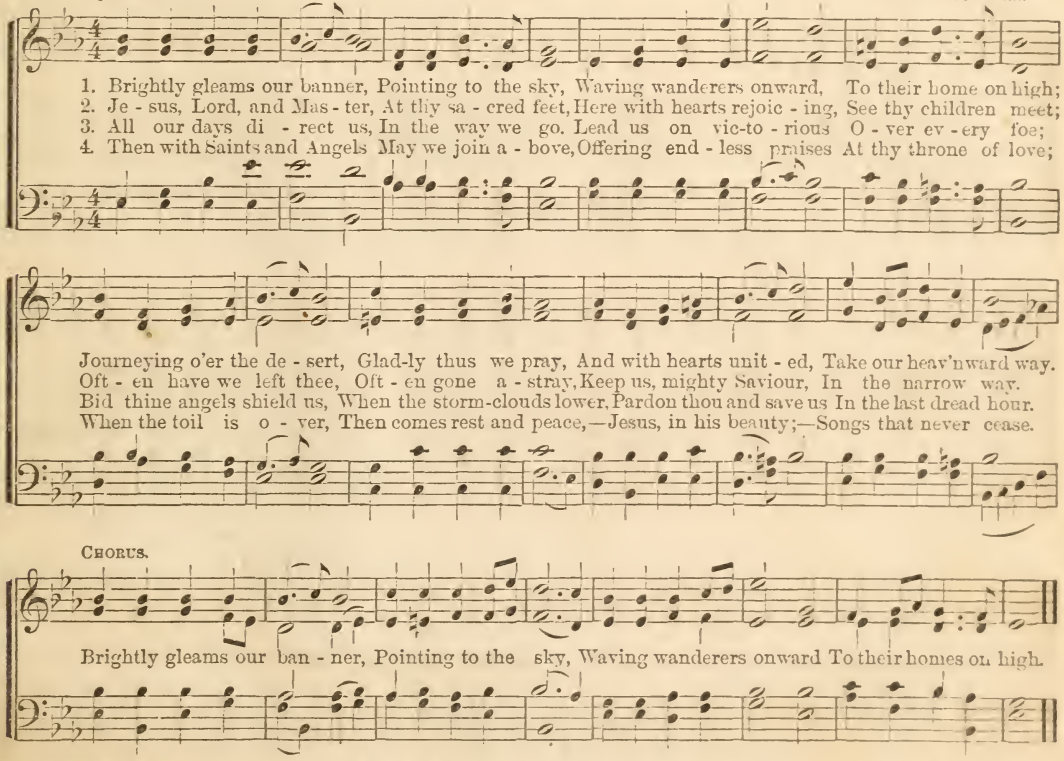
ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Rev. S. B. Gould. Jos. Haydn, arr.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be-fore.
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod;
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Constant will remain;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ the Royal Mas-ter Leads against the foe, Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go.
We are not di - vid-ed, All one bo - dy we; One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Glo - ry, laud, and hon-or, Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.
Chorus.
Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

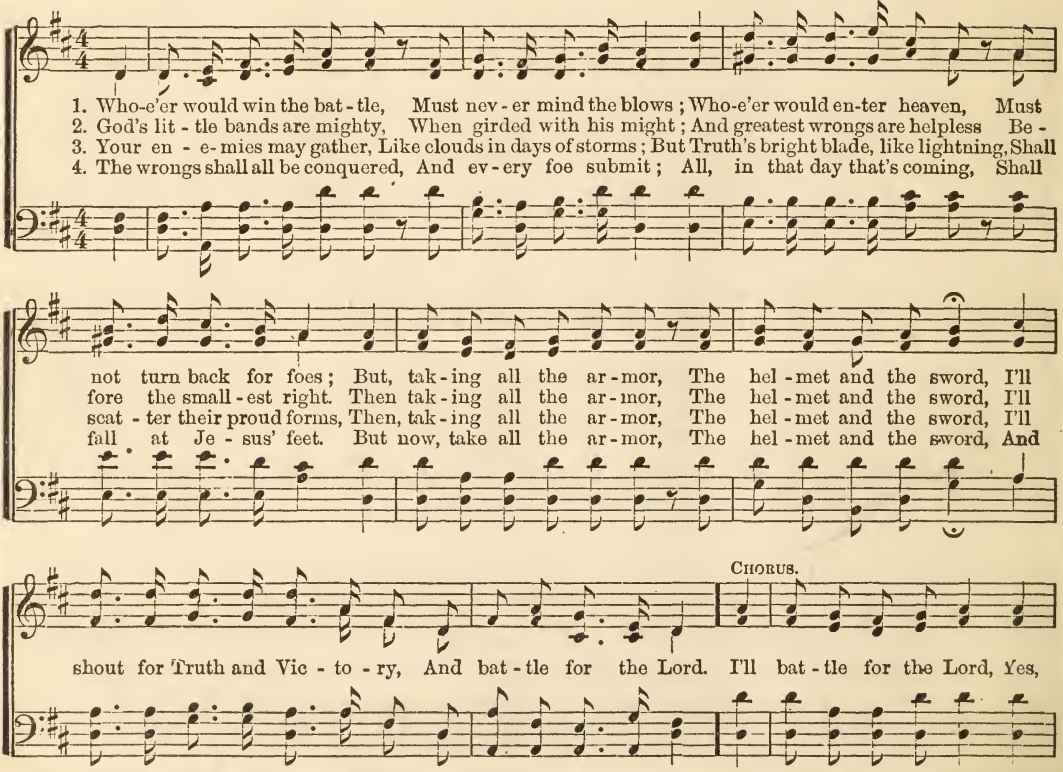
BRIGHTLY GLEAMS OUR BANNER.

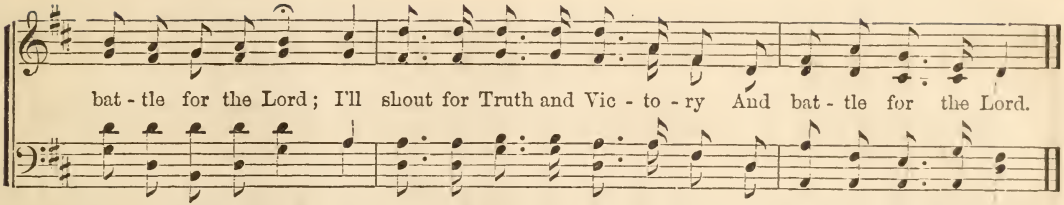
T. J. POTTER. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.


1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers onward, To their home on high;
2. Je - sus, Lord, and Mas - ter, At thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts rejoic - ing, See thy children meet;
3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go. Lead us on vic-to - rious O - ver ev - ery foe;
4. Then with Saints and Angels May we join a - bove, Offering end - less praises At thy throne of love;
Journeying o'er the de - sert, Glad-ly thus we pray, And with hearts unit - ed, Take our heav'nward way.
Oft - en have we left thee, Oft - en gone a - stray, Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the narrow way.
Bid thine angels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower. Pardon thou and save us In the last dread hour.
When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—Jesus, in his beauty;—Songs that never cease.
CHORUS.
Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers onward To their homes on high.

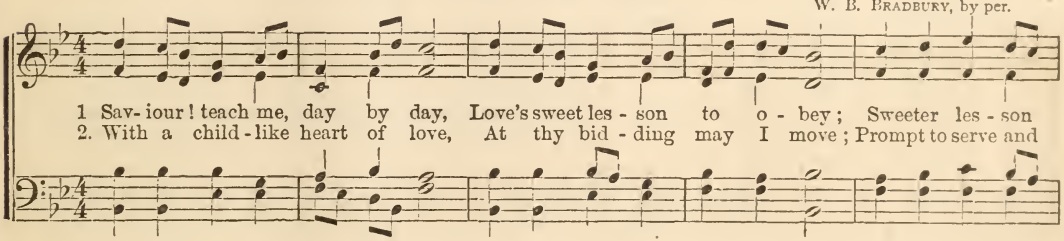
BATTLE FOR THE LORD.

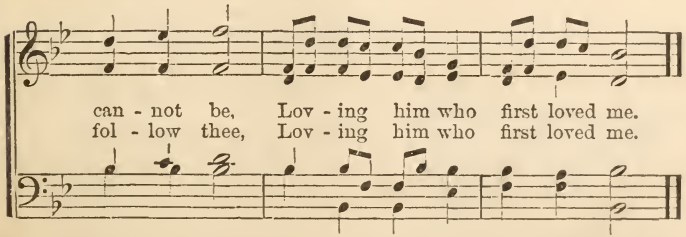
Rev. M. S. Savage. Karl Reden, by per.


1. Who-e'er would win the bat-tle, Must nev-er mind the blows; Who-e'er would en-ter heaven, Must not turn back for foes; But, tak-ing all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, I'll
2. God's lit-tle bands are mighty, When girded with his might; And greatest wrongs are helpless be-fore the small-est right. Then tak-ing all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, I'll
3. Your en-e-mies may gather, Like clouds in days of storms; But Truth's bright blade, like lightning, Shall scat-ter their proud forms, Then, tak-ing all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, I'll
4. The wrongs shall all be conquered, And ev-ery foe submit; All, in that day that's coming, Shall fall at Je-sus' feet. But now, take all the ar-mor, The hel-met and the sword, And
Chorus.
shout for Truth and Vic-to-ry, And bat-tle for the Lord. I'll bat-tle for the Lord, Yes,



SAVIOUR! TEACH ME DAY BY DAY.

W. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1 Sav - iour! teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey; Sweeter les - son
2. With a child - like heart of love, At thy bid - ding may I move; Prompt to serve and

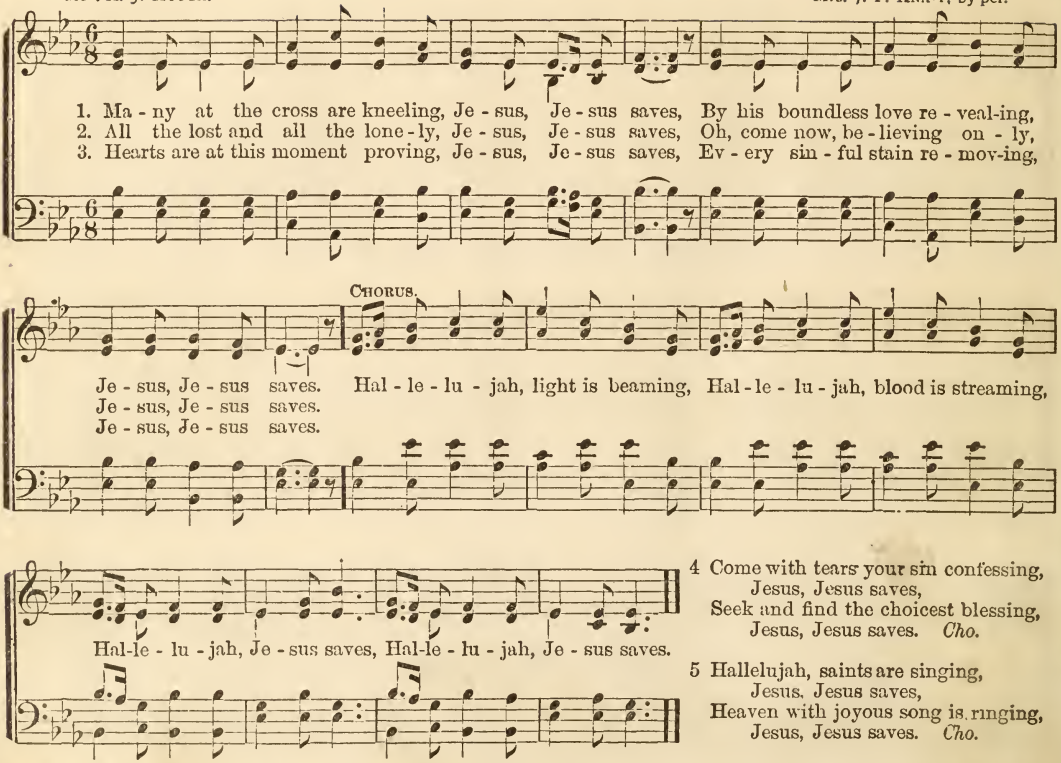


3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

JESUS SAVES.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

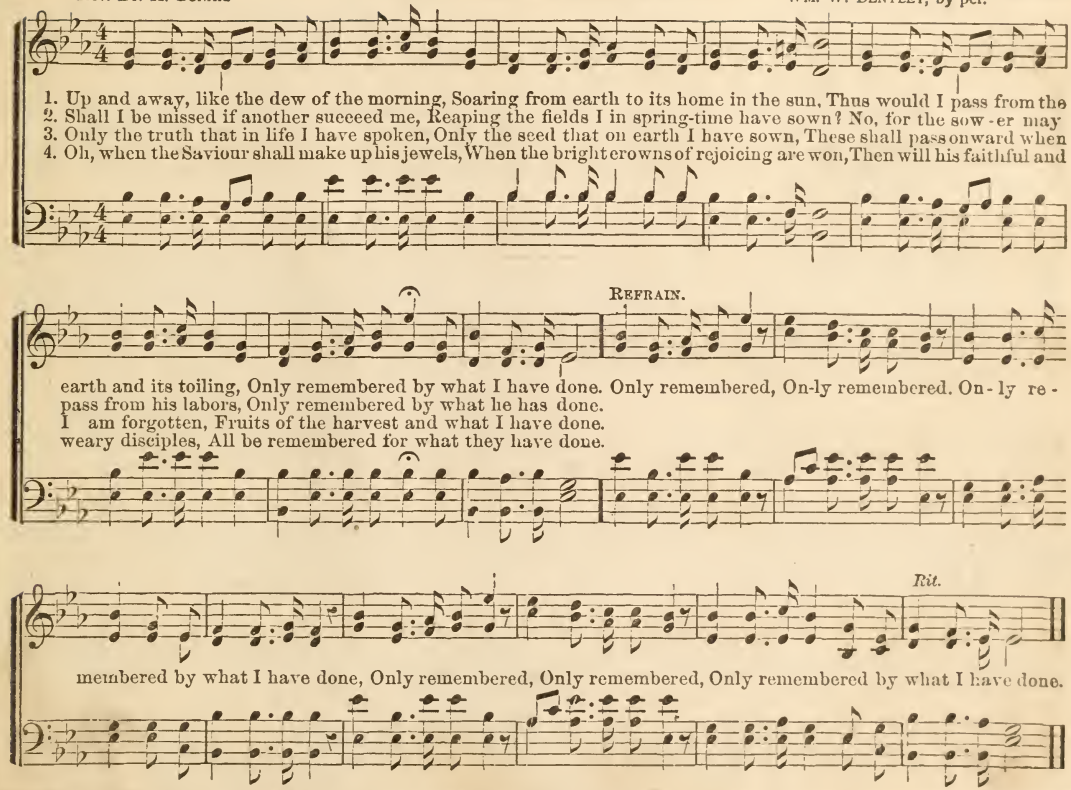

1. Ma - ny at the cross are kneeling, Je - sus, Je - sus saves, By his boundless love re - veal-ing,
2. All the lost and all the lone - ly, Je - sus, Je - sus saves, Oh, come now, be - lieving on - ly,
3. Hearts are at this moment proving, Je - sus, Je - sus saves, Ev - ery sin - ful stain re - mov-ing,
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je - sus saves.
Je - sus, Je - sus saves.
Je - sus, Je - sus saves.
Hal - le - lu - jah, light is beaming, Hal - le - lu - jah, blood is streaming,
Hal-le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves, Hal-le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves.

4 Come with tears your sin confessing,
Jesus, Jesus saves,
Seek and find the choicest blessing,
Jesus, Jesus saves. *Cho.*

5 Hallelujah, saints are singing,
Jesus. Jesus saves,
Heaven with joyous song is ringing,
Jesus, Jesus saves. *Cho.*

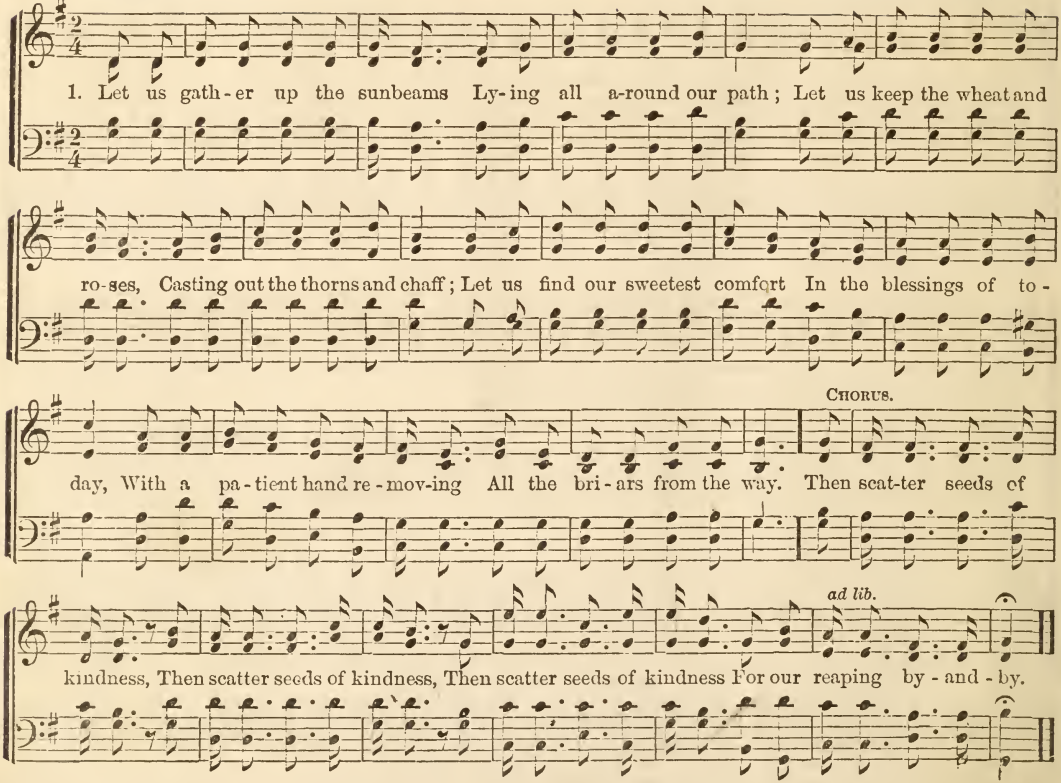
ONLY REMEMBERED.

Rev. Dr. H. BONAR. WM. W. BENTLEY, by per.


1. Up and away, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its home in the sun, Thus would I pass from the
2. Shall I be missed if another succeed me, Reaping the fields I in spring-time have sown? No, for the sow-er may
3. Only the truth that in life I have spoken, Only the seed that on earth I have sown, These shall pass onward when
4. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won, Then will his faithful and
REFRAIN.
earth and its toiling, Only remembered by what I have done. Only remembered, On-ly remembered. On-ly re-
pass from his labors, Only remembered by what he has done.
I am forgotten, Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.
weary disciples, All be remembered for what they have done.
Rit.
membered by what I have done, Only remembered, Only remembered, Only remembered by what I have done.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. E. H. Gates.

S. J. Vail, Cop. 1870.

1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us keep the wheat and
ro-ses, Casting out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest comfort In the blessings of to-
Chorus.
day, With a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ars from the way. Then scat-ter seeds of
ad lib.
kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness For our reaping by-and-by.

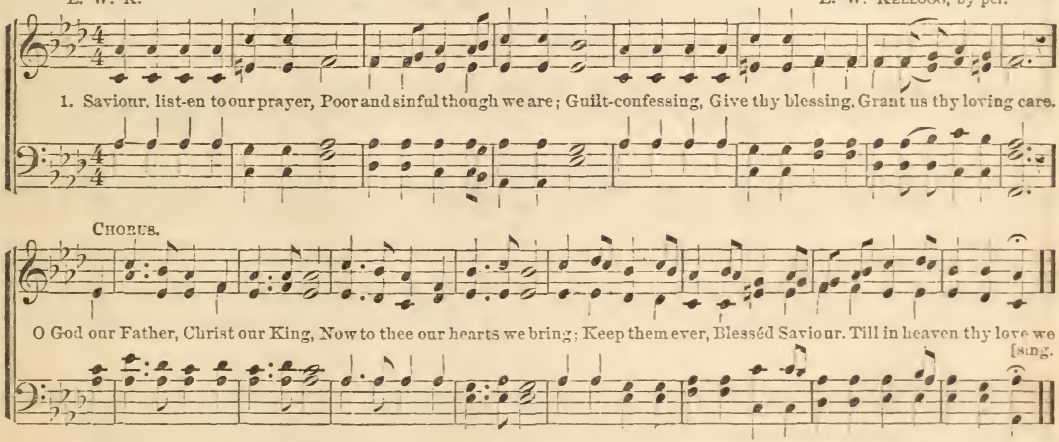
2 Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air. *Cho.*

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow!
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now! *Cho.*

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by! *Cho.*

SAVIOUR, LISTEN TO OUR PRAYER.

E. W. K. E. W. KELLOGG, by per.

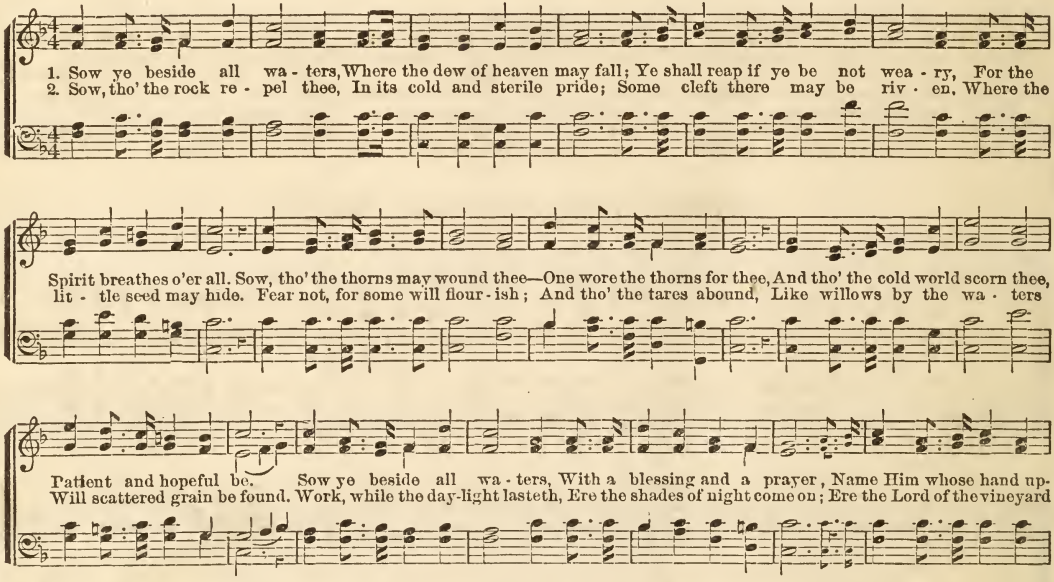

1. Saviour, list-en to our prayer, Poor and sinful though we are; Guilt-confessing, Give thy blessing, Grant us thy loving care.
CHORUS.
O God our Father, Christ our King, Now to thee our hearts we bring; Keep them ever, Blessèd Saviour, Till in heaven thy love we sing.

2 Strength is thine; we often stray
From thy pure and holy way;
Wilt thou guide us, Walk beside us,
Nearer every day? *Cho.*

3 Then may we, when life is o'er,
Stand with thee on yonder shore:
Freed from sinning, Heaven winning,
Praising evermore. *Cho.*

THE DAY-LABORER.

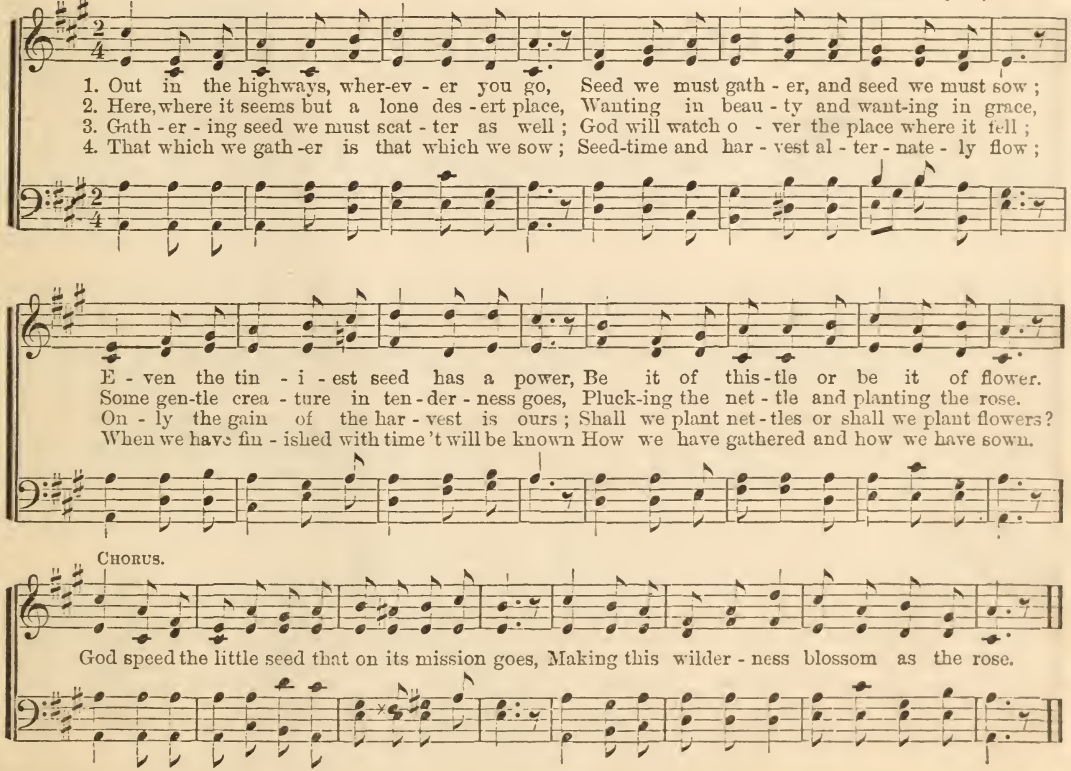
Rev. H. KINGSBURY. Cop. 1875.


1. Sow ye beside all wa - ters, Where the dew of heaven may fall; Ye shall reap if ye be not wea - ry, For the
2. Sow, tho' the rock re - pel thee, In its cold and sterile pride; Some cleft there may be riv - en, Where the
Spirit breathes o'er all. Sow, tho' the thorns may wound thee—One wore the thorns for thee, And tho' the cold world scorn thee,
lit - tle seed may hide. Fear not, for some will flour - ish; And tho' the tares abound, Like willows by the wa - ters
Patient and hopeful be. Sow ye beside all wa - ters, With a blessing and a prayer, Name Him whose hand up-
Will scattered grain be found. Work, while the day-light lasteth, Ere the shades of night come on; Ere the Lord of the vineyard
holds us. And sow thou everywhere.
cometh, And the laborer's work is done.

3 Watch not the clouds above thee;
Let the whirlwind round thee sweep;
God may the seed-time give thee,
But another's hand may reap.
Have faith, tho' ne'er beholding
The seed burst from its tomb;
Thou know'st not which may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.
Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripened grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest coming,
In the harvest-sheaves may bind

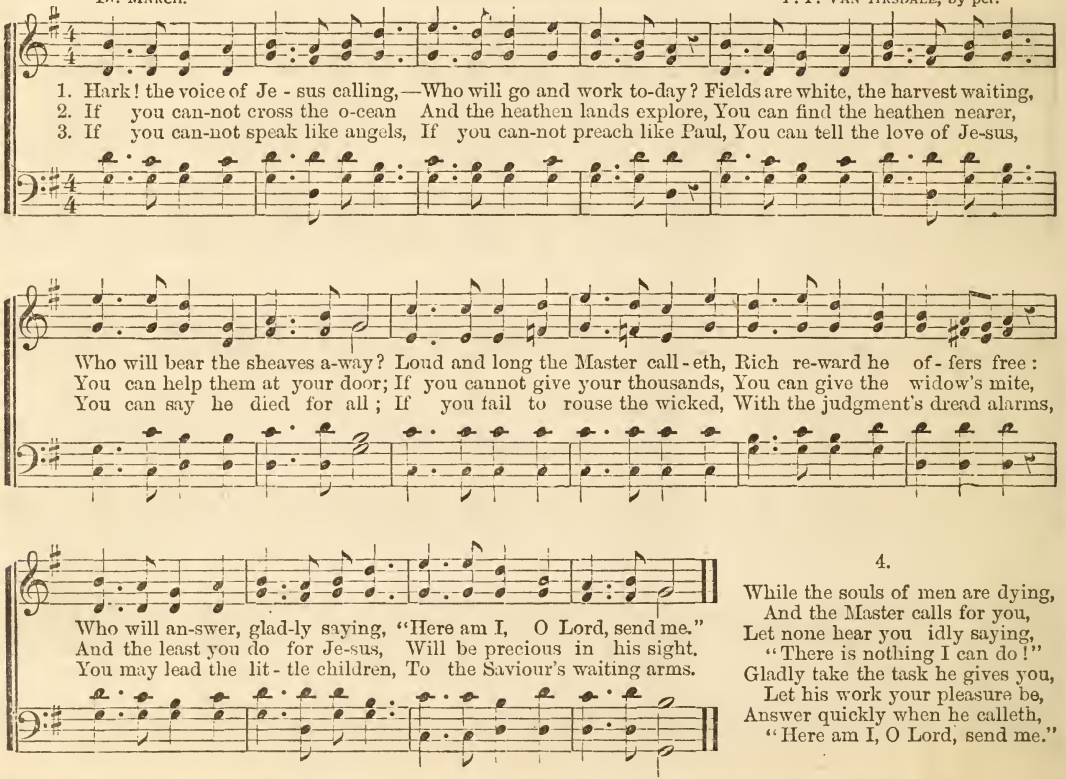
GATHERING SEED.

T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1872.


1. Out in the highways, wher-ev - er you go, Seed we must gath - er, and seed we must sow ;
2. Here, where it seems but a lone des - ert place, Wanting in beau - ty and want-ing in grace,
3. Gath - er - ing seed we must scat - ter as well ; God will watch o - ver the place where it fell ;
4. That which we gath - er is that which we sow ; Seed-time and har - vest al - ter - nate - ly flow ;
E - ven the tin - i - est seed has a power, Be it of this - tle or be it of flower.
Some gen-tle crea - ture in ten - der - ness goes, Pluck-ing the net - tle and planting the rose.
On - ly the gain of the har - vest is ours ; Shall we plant net - tles or shall we plant flowers ?
When we have fin - ished with time 't will be known How we have gathered and how we have sown.
Chorus.
God speed the little seed that on its mission goes, Making this wilder - ness blossom as the rose.

HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS.

Dr. MARCH. P. P. VAN ARSDALE, by per.

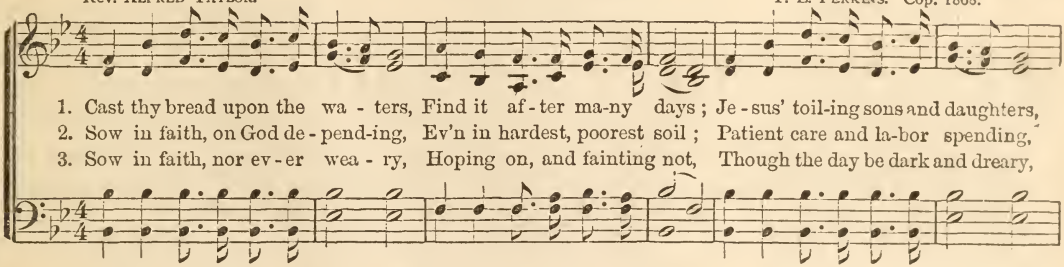

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus calling,—Who will go and work to-day? Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
2. If you can-not cross the o-cean And the heathen lands explore, You can find the heathen nearer,
3. If you can-not speak like angels, If you can-not preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Je-sus,
Who will bear the sheaves a-way? Loud and long the Master call - eth, Rich re-ward he of - fers free :
You can help them at your door; If you cannot give your thousands, You can give the widow's mite,
You can say he died for all ; If you fail to rouse the wicked, With the judgment's dread alarms,
Who will an-swer, glad-ly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."
And the least you do for Je-sus, Will be precious in his sight.
You may lead the lit - tle children, To the Saviour's waiting arms.

4.

While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be,
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

HARVEST HOME.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR. T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1868.

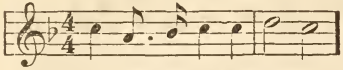

1. Cast thy bread upon the wa - ters, Find it af - ter ma-ny days; Je - sus' toil-ing sons and daughters,
2. Sow in faith, on God de - pend-ing, Ev'n in hardest, poorest soil; Patient care and la-bor spending,
3. Sow in faith, nor ev - er wea - ry, Hoping on, and fainting not, Though the day be dark and dreary,
CHORUS.
Loud shall sing their harvest praise. God's own children gladly sing-ing, Singing songs of harvest home;
God will re-com-pense the toil.
Reap-ing soon shall be thy lot.
Golden sheaves in triumph bringing, Je-sus bids us welcome home.

4 Soon shall cease the time of sowing,
Soon the waiting days be o'er,
Plenteous harvest richly growing,
For God's glory, evermore.

5 Golden sheaves in triumph bringing,
Jesus' reapers hasten home!
Harvest welcome gladly singing,
Jesus meets them as they come.

FIRST HYMN.

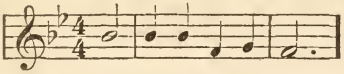
WORK. 7s & 6s.



1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

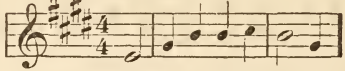
SECOND HYMN.

LENOX. H. M.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow—
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim.
The year of jubilee, etc.

THIRD HYMN.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.



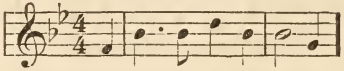
1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

FOURTH HYMN.

WEBB. 7s & 6s.

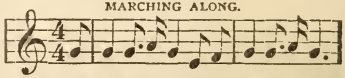


1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

FIFTH HYMN.

MARCHING ALONG.



1 The children are gathering from near and from far,
The trumpet is sounding the call for the war;
The conflict is raging, 'twill be fearful and long,
We'll gird on the armor, and be marching along.

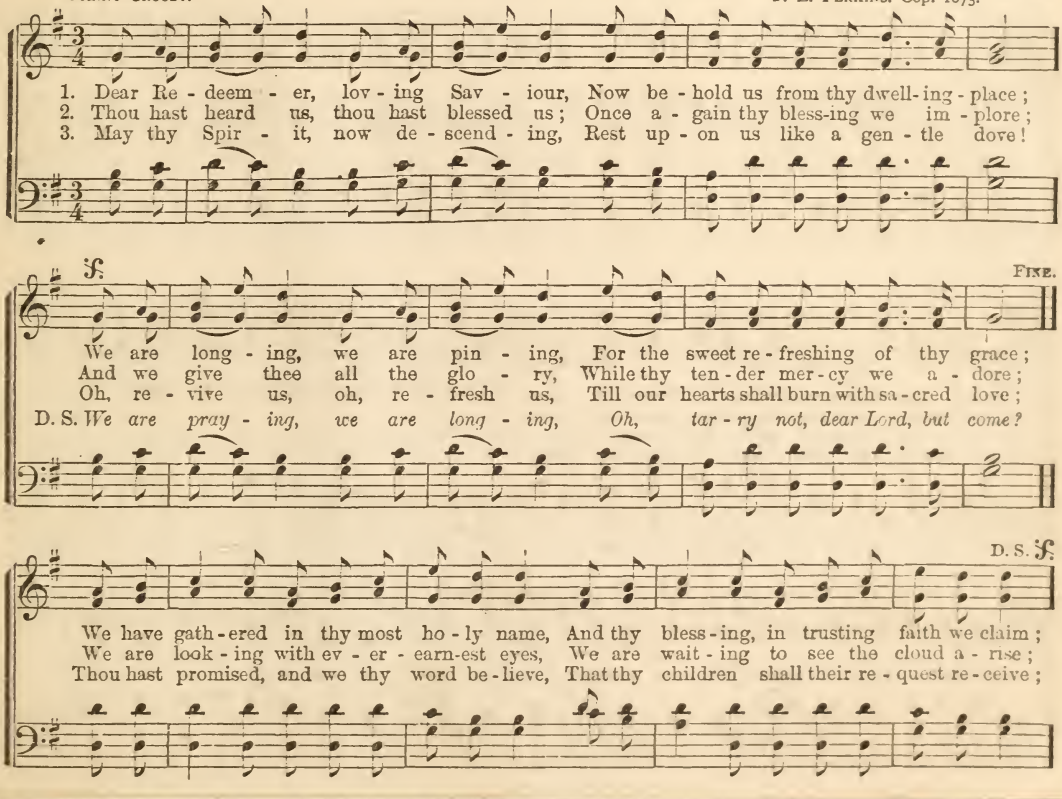
CHORUS.

Marching along, we are marching along,
Gird on the armor and be marching along;
Our leader is Jesus, he bids us be strong,
Then gird on your armor and be marching along.

2 The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver nor turn from the way,
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along. *Cho.*

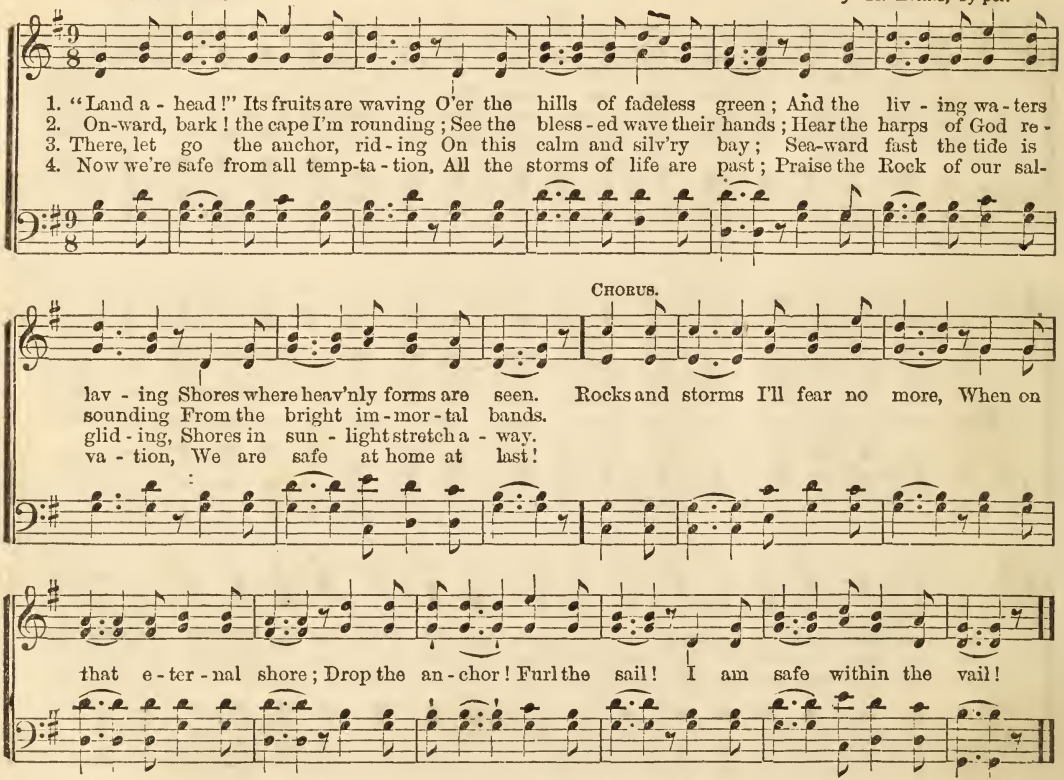
OH, TARRY NOT, DEAR LORD.

FANNY CROSBY. T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1875.

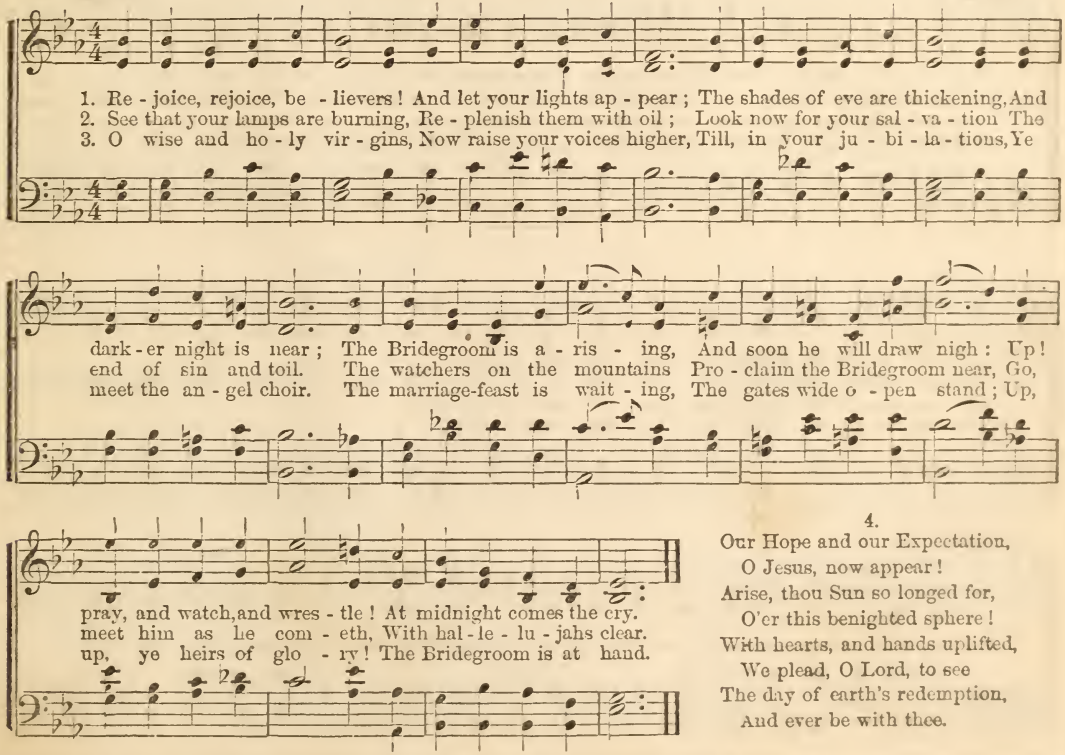

1. Dear Re - deem - er, lov - ing Sav - iour, Now be - hold us from thy dwell-ing - place;
2. Thou hast heard us, thou hast blessed us; Once a - gain thy bless-ing we im - plore;
3. May thy Spir - it, now de - scend - ing, Rest up - on us like a gen - tle dove!
f.
FINE.
We are long - ing, we are pin - ing, For the sweet re - freshing of thy grace;
And we give thee all the glo - ry, While thy ten - der mer - cy we a - dore;
Oh, re - vive us, oh, re - fresh us, Till our hearts shall burn with sa - cred love;
D. S. We are pray - ing, we are long - ing, Oh, tar - ry not, dear Lord, but come?
D. S. f.
We have gath - ered in thy most ho - ly name, And thy bless - ing, in trusting faith we claim;
We are look - ing with ev - er - earn-est eyes, We are wait - ing to see the cloud a - rise;
Thou hast promised, and we thy word be - lieve, That thy children shall their re - quest re - ceive;

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

Rev. E. Adams. J. M. Evans, by per.


1. "Land a - head!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green; And the liv - ing wa - ters
2. On-ward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the bless - ed wave their hands; Hear the harps of God re -
3. There, let go the anchor, rid - ing On this calm and silv'ry bay; Sea-ward fast the tide is
4. Now we're safe from all temp-ta - tion, All the storms of life are past; Praise the Rock of our sal-
Chorus.
lav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on
sounding From the bright im - mor - tal bands.
glid - ing, Shores in sun - light stretch a - way.
va - tion, We are safe at home at last!
that e - ter - nal shore; Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

REJOICE, REJOICE, BELIEVERS.

BORTHWICK. H. SMART.

1. Re - joice, rejoice, be - lievers! And let your lights ap - pear; The shades of eve are thickening, And
dark - er night is near; The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon he will draw nigh: Up!
2. See that your lamps are burning, Re - plenish them with oil; Look now for your sal - va - tion The
end of sin and toil. The watchers on the mountains Pro - claim the Bridegroom near, Go,
3. O wise and ho - ly vir - gins, Now raise your voices higher, Till, in your ju - bi - la - tions, Ye
meet the an - gel choir. The marriage-feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand; Up,
pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At midnight comes the cry.
meet him as he com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear.
up, ye heirs of glo - ry! The Bridegroom is at hand.

4.

Our Hope and our Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear!
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts, and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with thee.

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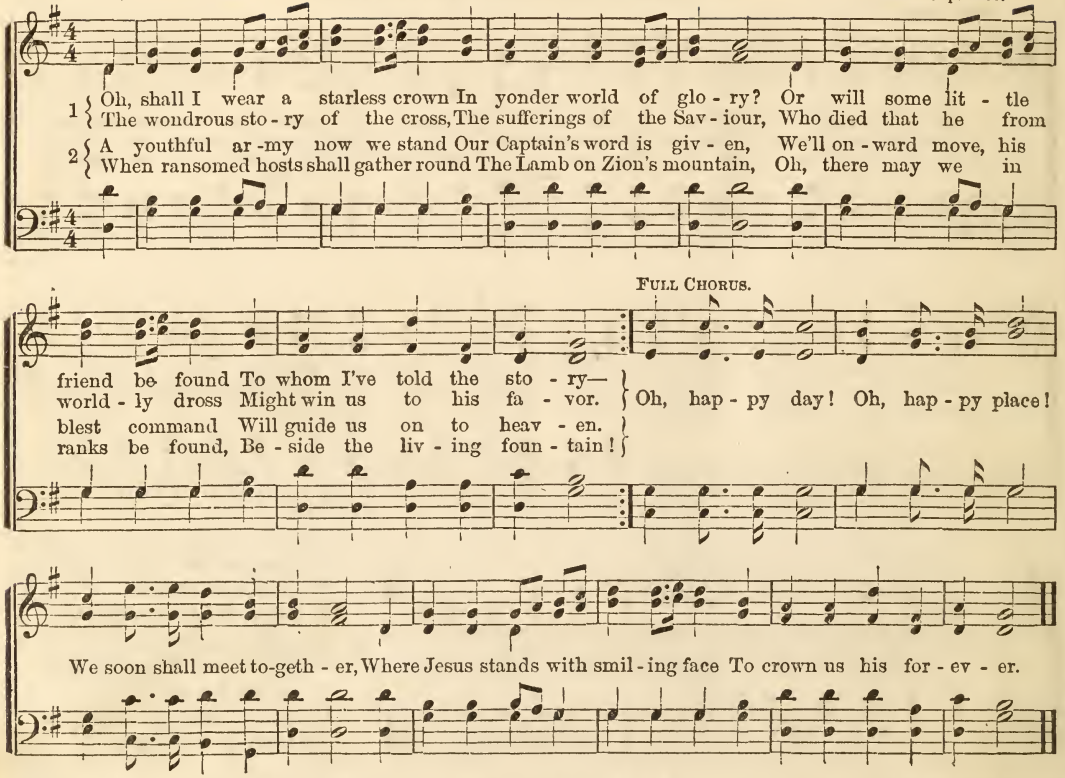
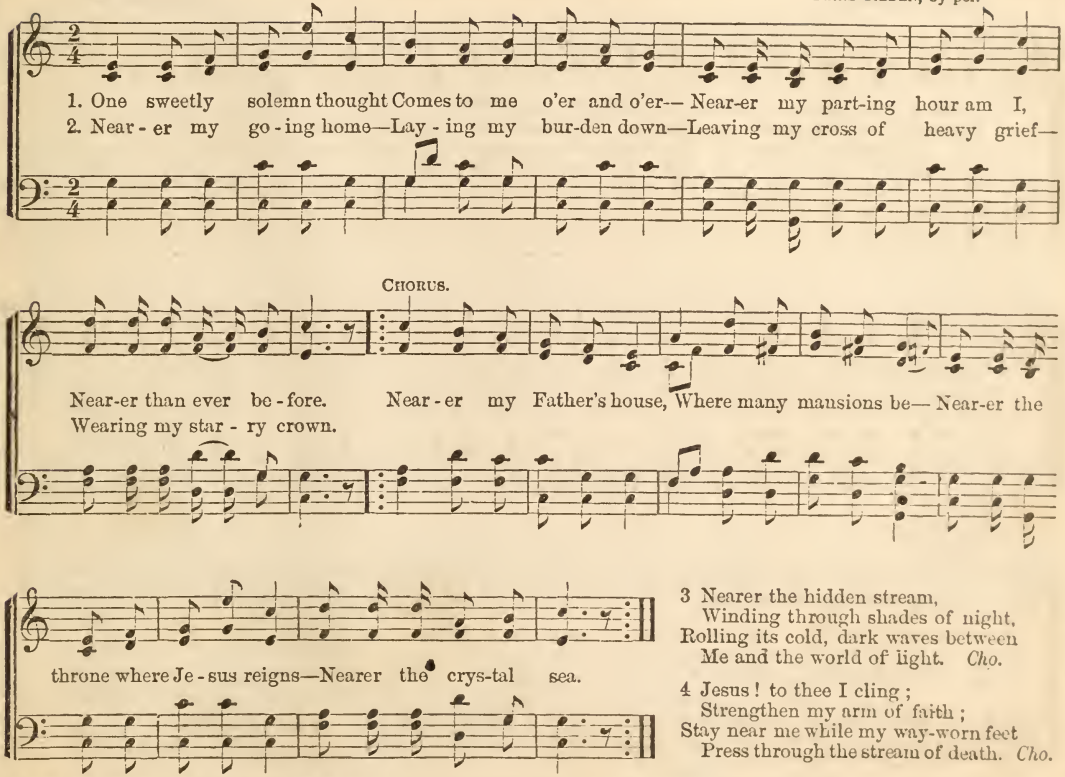
A STARLESS CROWN.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1868.


1 Oh, shall I wear a starless crown In yonder world of glo - ry? Or will some lit - tle
The wondrous sto - ry of the cross, The sufferings of the Sav - iour, Who died that he from
2 A youthful ar - my now we stand Our Captain's word is giv - en, We'll on - ward move, his
When ransomed hosts shall gather round The Lamb on Zion's mountain, Oh, there may we in
Full Chorus.
friend be found To whom I've told the sto - ry—
world - ly dross Might win us to his fa - vor.
blest command Will guide us on to heav - en.
ranks be found, Be - side the liv - ing foun - tain!
Oh, hap - py day! Oh, hap - py place!
We soon shall meet to-geth - er, Where Jesus stands with smil - ing face To crown us his for - ev - er.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

Miss PHOEBE CARY. KARL REDEN, by per.

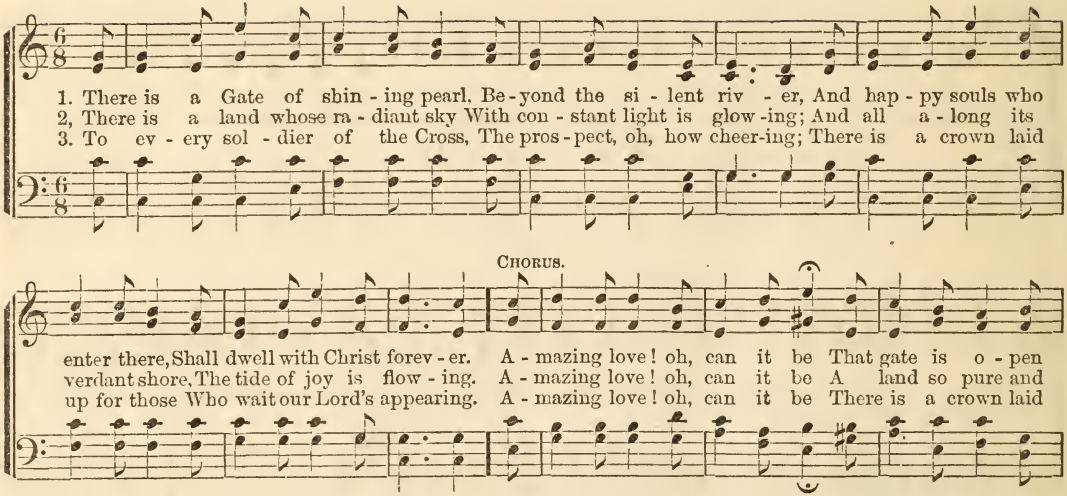

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er— Near-er my part-ing hour am I,
2. Near-er my go-ing home—Lay-ing my bur-den down—Leaving my cross of heavy grief—
CHORUS.
Near-er than ever be-fore. Near-er my Father's house, Where many mansions be— Near-er the
Wearing my star-ry crown.
throne where Je-sus reigns—Nearer the crys-tal sea.

3 Nearer the hidden stream,
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold, dark waves between
Me and the world of light. *Cho.*

4 Jesus! to thee I cling;
Strengthen my arm of faith;
Stay near me while my way-worn feet
Press through the stream of death. *Cho.*

THE GATE OF PEARL.

FANNY CROSBY. S. J. VAIL, Cop. 1874.

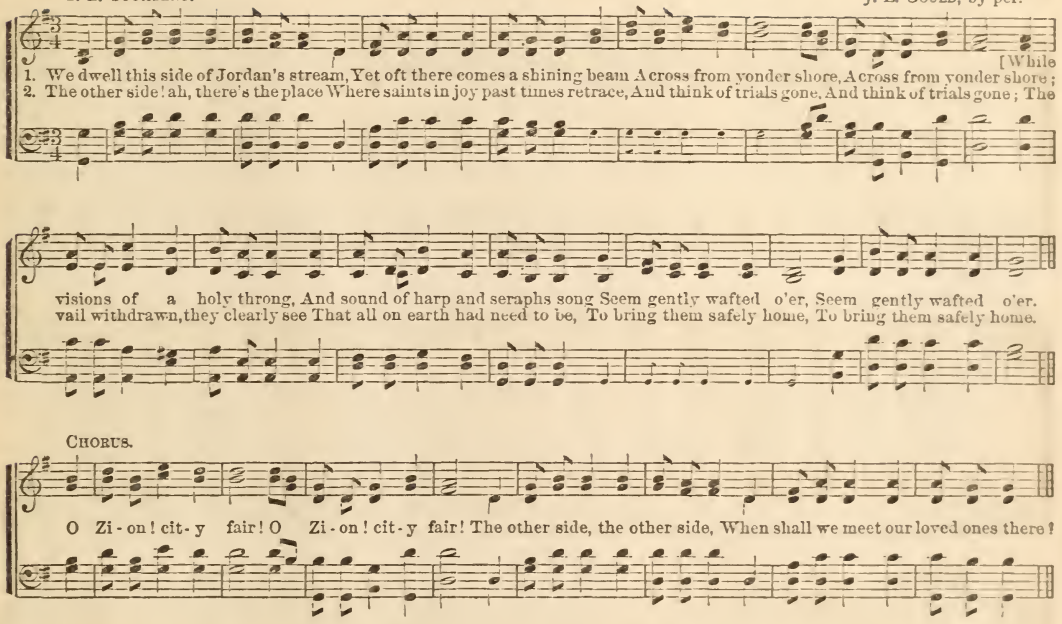

1. There is a Gate of shin - ing pearl, Be - yond the si - lent riv - er, And hap - py souls who
2, There is a land whose ra - diant sky With con - stant light is glow - ing; And all a - long its
3. To ev - ery sol - dier of the Cross, The pros - pect, oh, how cheer-ing; There is a crown laid
CHORUS.
enter there, Shall dwell with Christ forev - er. A - mazing love! oh, can it be That gate is o - pen
verdant shore, The tide of joy is flow - ing. A - mazing love! oh, can it be A land so pure and
up for those Who wait our Lord's appearing. A - mazing love! oh, can it be There is a crown laid
now for me? For me, for me? Stands o - pen now for me?
bright for me? For me, for me? So pure and bright for me?
up for me? For me, for me? A crown laid up for me?
for me, for me,

4.

The blood of him who died for all—
Oh, wondrous, wondrous story!
His blood that cleanseth every sin,
Secures that land of glory.
Amazing love! oh, can it be
His blood secures that land for me?
For me, for me?
Secures that land for me?

THE OTHER SIDE.

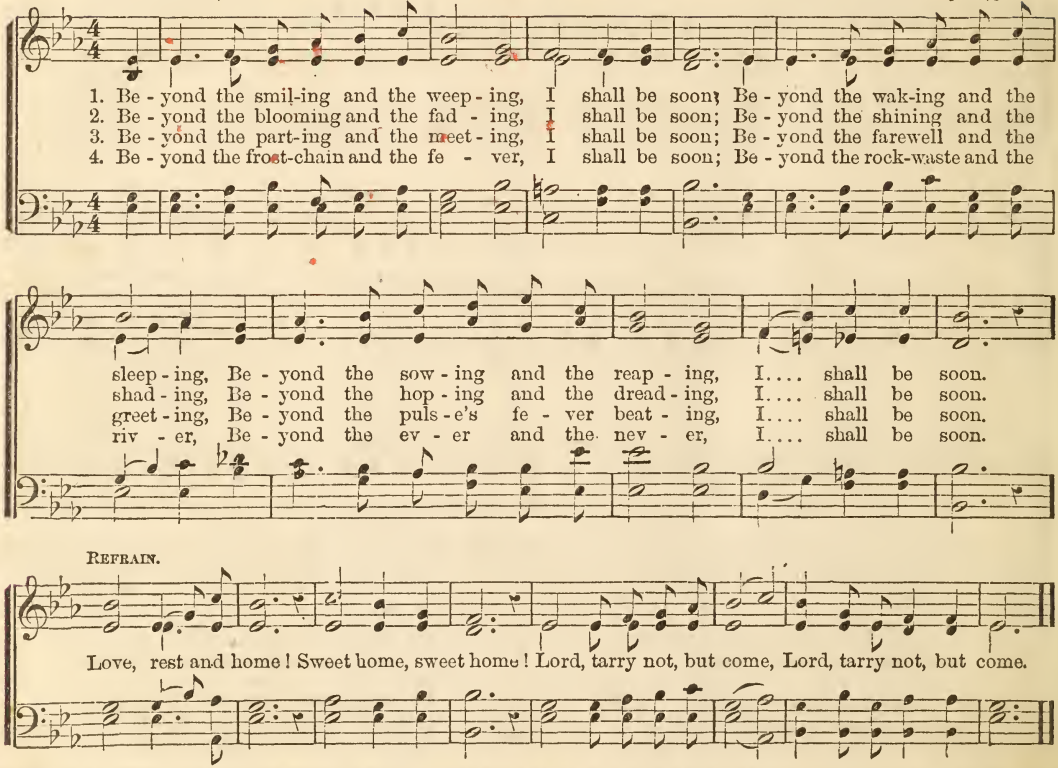
S. L. Cuthbert. J. E. Gould, by per.


1. We dwell this side of Jordan's stream, Yet oft there comes a shining beam A cross from yonder shore, A cross from yonder shore;
2. The other side! ah, there's the place Where saints in joy past times retrace, And think of trials gone, And think of trials gone; The
[While
visions of a holy throng, And sound of harp and seraphs song Seem gently wafted o'er, Seem gently wafted o'er.
vail withdrawn, they clearly see That all on earth had need to be, To bring them safely home, To bring them safely home.
Chorus.
O Zi-on! cit-y fair! O Zi-on! cit-y fair! The other side, the other side, When shall we meet our loved ones there?

3 The other side! oh, charming sight!
Upon its banks, arrayed in white,
‖: For me a loved one waits; :‖
Over the stream he calls to me,
Fear not—I am thy guide to be
‖: Up to the pearly gates. :‖ *Cho.*

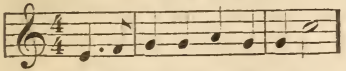
4 The other side! the other side!
Who would not brave the swelling tide
‖: Of earthly toil and care, :‖
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at home at last,
‖: With all the blest ones there? :‖ *Cho.*

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1875.

1. Be - yond the smil-ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the wak-ing and the
2. Be - yond the blooming and the fad - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the shining and the
3. Be - yond the part-ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the farewell and the
4. Be - yond the frost-chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon; Be - yond the rock-waste and the
sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I.... shall be soon.
shad - ing, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dread - ing, I.... shall be soon.
greet - ing, Be - yond the puls - e's fe - ver beat - ing, I.... shall be soon.
riv - er, Be - yond the ev - er and the nev - er, I.... shall be soon.
Refrain.
Love, rest and home! Sweet home, sweet home! Lord, tarry not, but come, Lord, tarry not, but come.

FIRST HYMN.

REST FOR THE WEARY.



1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest:
There the Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

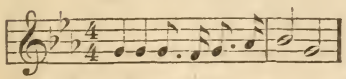
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land. *Cho.*

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear. *Cho.*

SECOND HYMN.

SHALL WE GATHER.



1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

REFRAIN.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

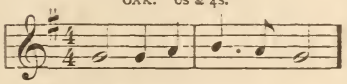
2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day. *Ref.*

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. *Ref.*

4 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. *Ref.*

THIRD HYMN.

OAK. 6s & 4s.

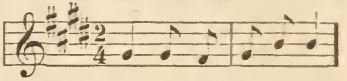


1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best.
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

FOURTH HYMN.

THE HAPPY LAND.

1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

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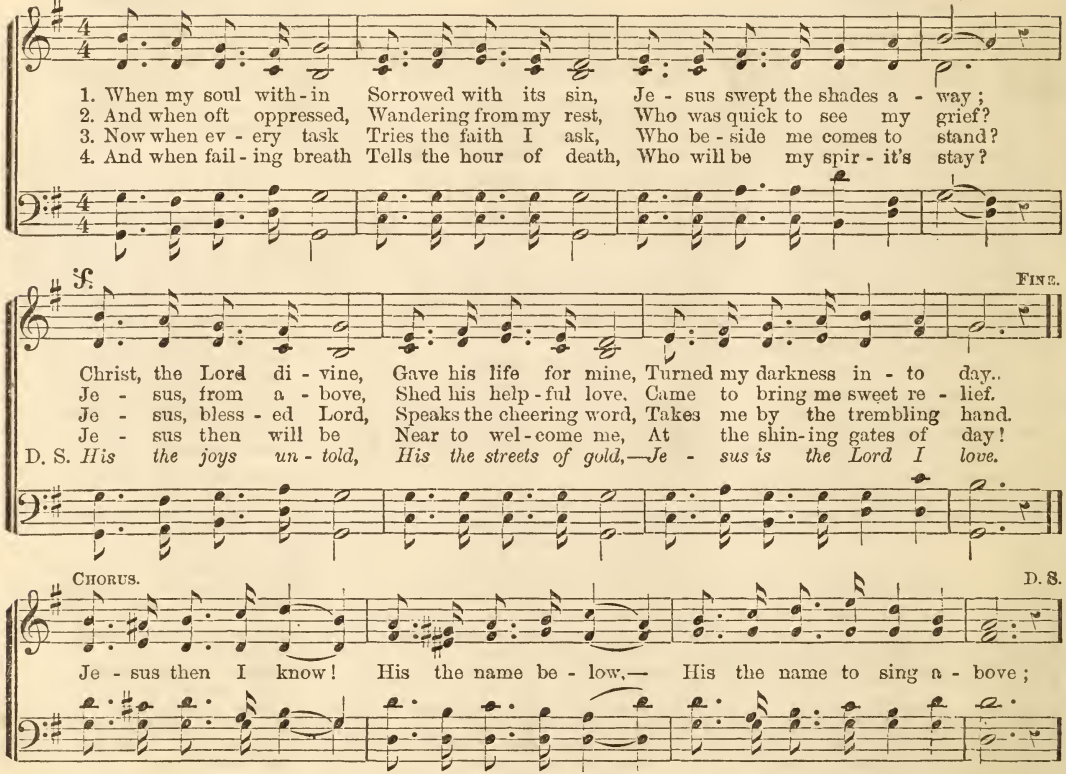
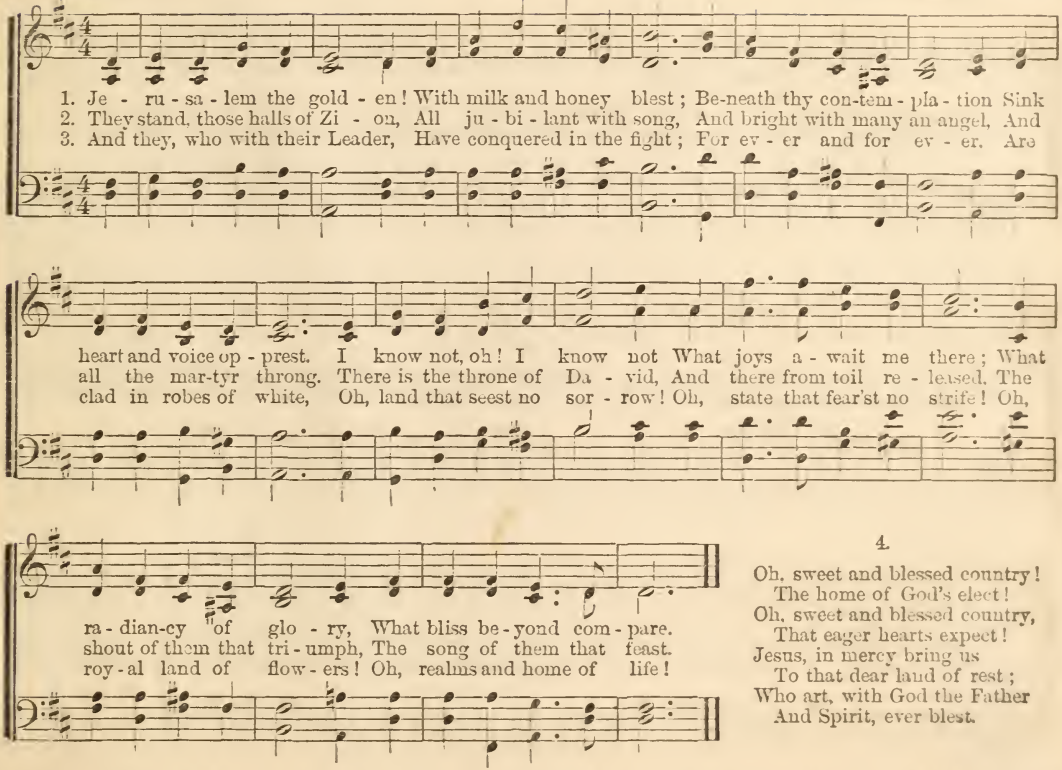
JESUS THEN I KNOW.

C. S. R.

T. E. Perkins, Cop. 1875.

1. When my soul with - in Sorrowed with its sin, Je - sus swept the shades a - way;
2. And when oft oppressed, Wandering from my rest, Who was quick to see my grief?
3. Now when ev - ery task Tries the faith I ask, Who be - side me comes to stand?
4. And when fail - ing breath Tells the hour of death, Who will be my spir - it's stay?
f.
Fine.
Christ, the Lord di - vine, Gave his life for mine, Turned my darkness in - to day..
Je - sus, from a - bove, Shed his help - ful love, Came to bring me sweet re - lief.
Je - sus, bless - ed Lord, Speaks the cheering word, Takes me by the trembling hand.
Je - sus then will be Near to wel - come me, At the shin - ing gates of day!
D. S. His the joys un - told, His the streets of gold,—Je - sus is the Lord I love.
Chorus.
D. S.
Je - sus then I know! His the name be - low,— His the name to sing a - bove;

JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

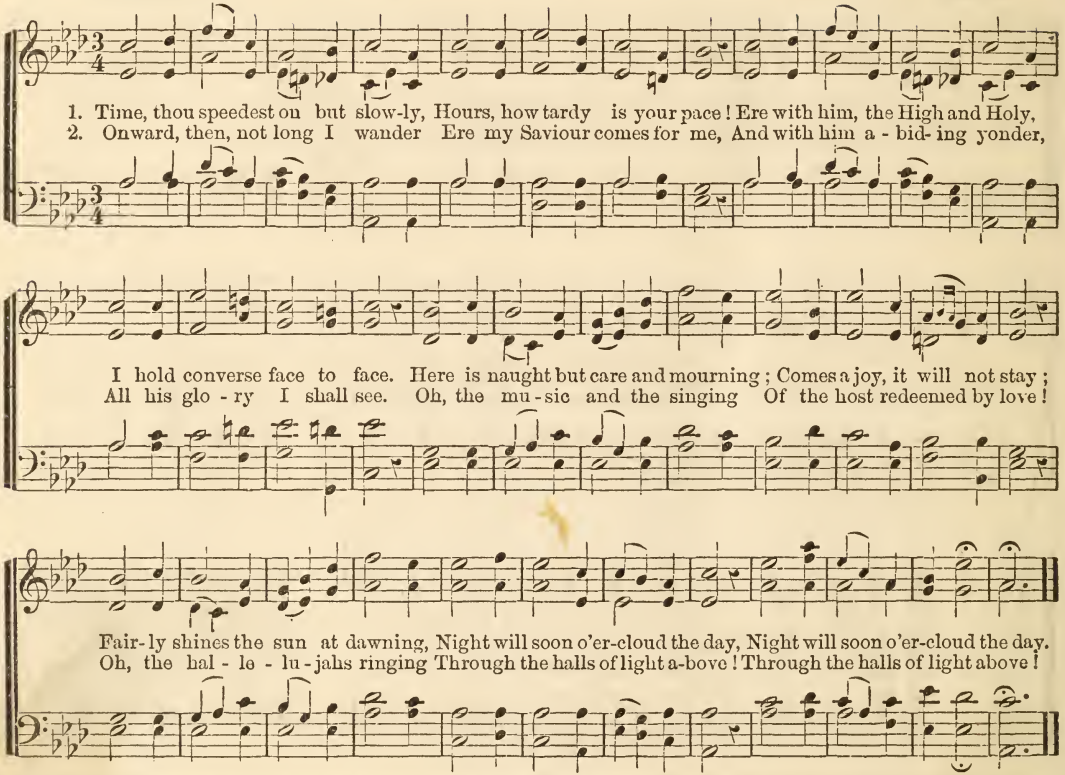
NEALE, Tr. Rev. H. L. JENNER.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and honey blest; Be-neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an angel, And
3. And they, who with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight; For ev - er and for ev - er, Are
heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh! I know not What joys a - wait me there; What
all the mar-tyr throng. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leased, The
clad in robes of white, Oh, land that seest no sor - row! Oh, state that fear'st no strife! Oh,
ra - dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss be-yond com - pare.
shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh, realms and home of life!

4.

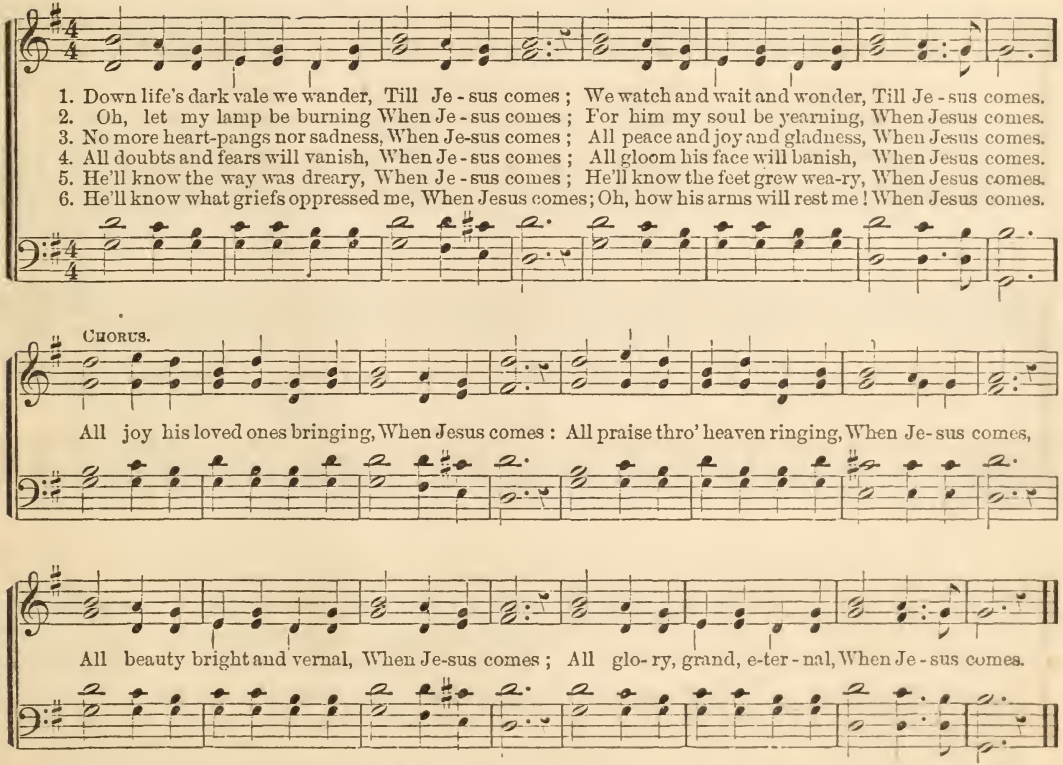
Oh, sweet and blessed country!
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

TIME, THOU SPEEDEST.

WINKWORTH, Tr. FLOTOW.

1. Time, thou speedest on but slow-ly, Hours, how tardy is your pace! Ere with him, the High and Holy,
2. Onward, then, not long I wander Ere my Saviour comes for me, And with him a - bid- ing yonder,
I hold converse face to face. Here is naught but care and mourning; Comes a joy, it will not stay;
All his glo - ry I shall see. Oh, the mu - sic and the singing Of the host redeemed by love!
Fair-ly shines the sun at dawning, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day, Night will soon o'er-cloud the day.
Oh, the hal - le - lu - jahs ringing Through the halls of light a-bove! Through the halls of light above!

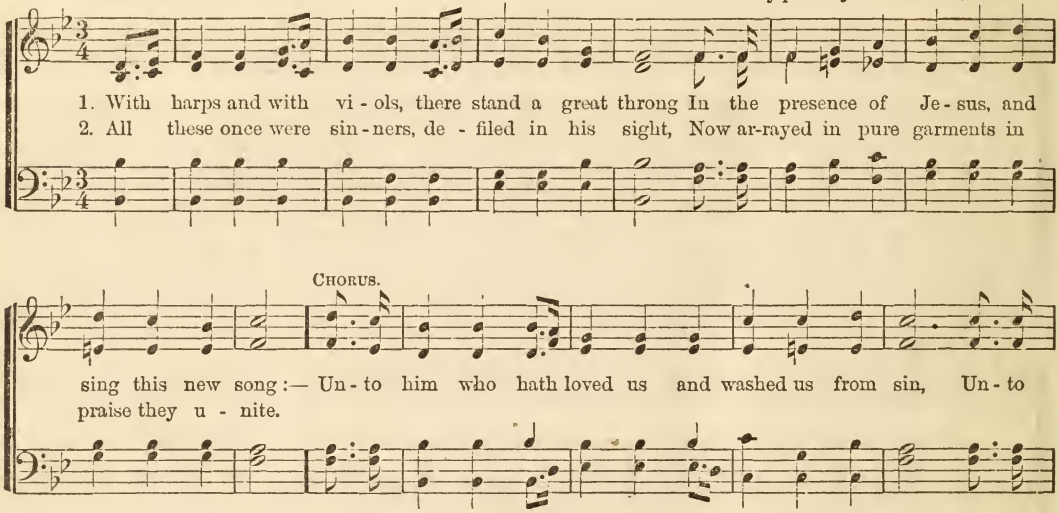
WHEN JESUS COMES.

From "Gospel Songs," by P. P. Bliss. By per. of John Church & Co.


1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Je - sus comes ; We watch and wait and wonder, Till Je - sus comes.
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Je - sus comes ; For him my soul be yearning, When Jesus comes.
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Je-sus comes ; All peace and joy and gladness, When Jesus comes.
4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Je - sus comes ; All gloom his face will banish, When Jesus comes.
5. He'll know the way was dreary, When Je - sus comes ; He'll know the feet grew wea-ry, When Jesus comes.
6. He'll know what griefs oppressed me, When Jesus comes; Oh, how his arms will rest me ! When Jesus comes.
Chorus.
All joy his loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes : All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Je- sus comes,
All beauty bright and vernal, When Je-sus comes ; All glo- ry, grand, e-ter - nal, When Je - sus comes.

THE NEW SONG.

From "Gospel Hymns." By per. of John Church & Co.


1. With harps and with vi - ols, there stand a great throng In the presence of Je - sus, and
2. All these once were sin - ners, de - filed in his sight, Now ar-rayed in pure garments in
Chorus.
sing this new song:— Un - to him who hath loved us and washed us from sin, Un - to
praise they u - nite.
him be the glo - ry for ev - er. A-men.

3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king,
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing. *Cho.*

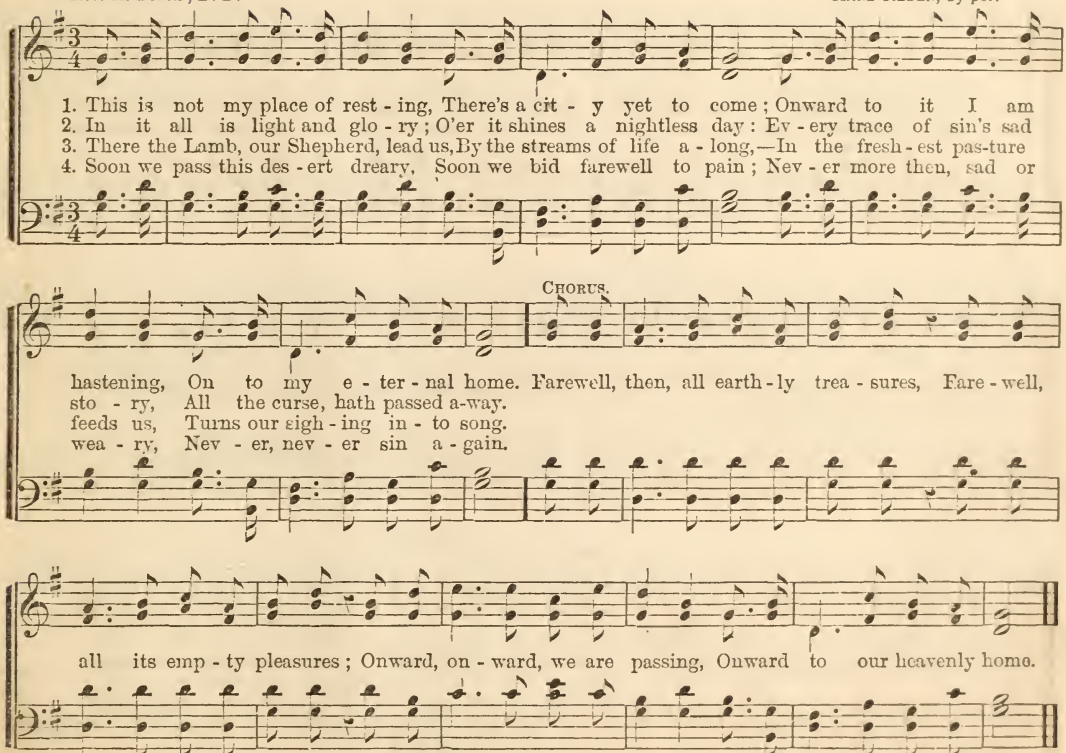
4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,
If he never had loved us till cleansed from our sin. *Cho.*

5 Aloud in his praises, our voices shall ring,
So that others, believing, this new song shall sing *Cho.*

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D.

ONWARD TO OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D. Karl Reden, by per.


1. This is not my place of rest - ing, There's a cit - y yet to come; Onward to it I am hastening, On to my e - ter - nal home. Farewell, then, all earth - ly trea - sures, Fare - well, all its emp - ty pleasures; Onward, on - ward, we are passing, Onward to our heavenly home.
2. In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a nightless day: Ev - ery trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the curse, hath passed a-way.
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, lead us, By the streams of life a - long,—In the fresh - est pas-ture feeds us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.
4. Soon we pass this des - ert dreary, Soon we bid farewell to pain; Nev - er more then, sad or wea - ry, Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain.
Chorus.

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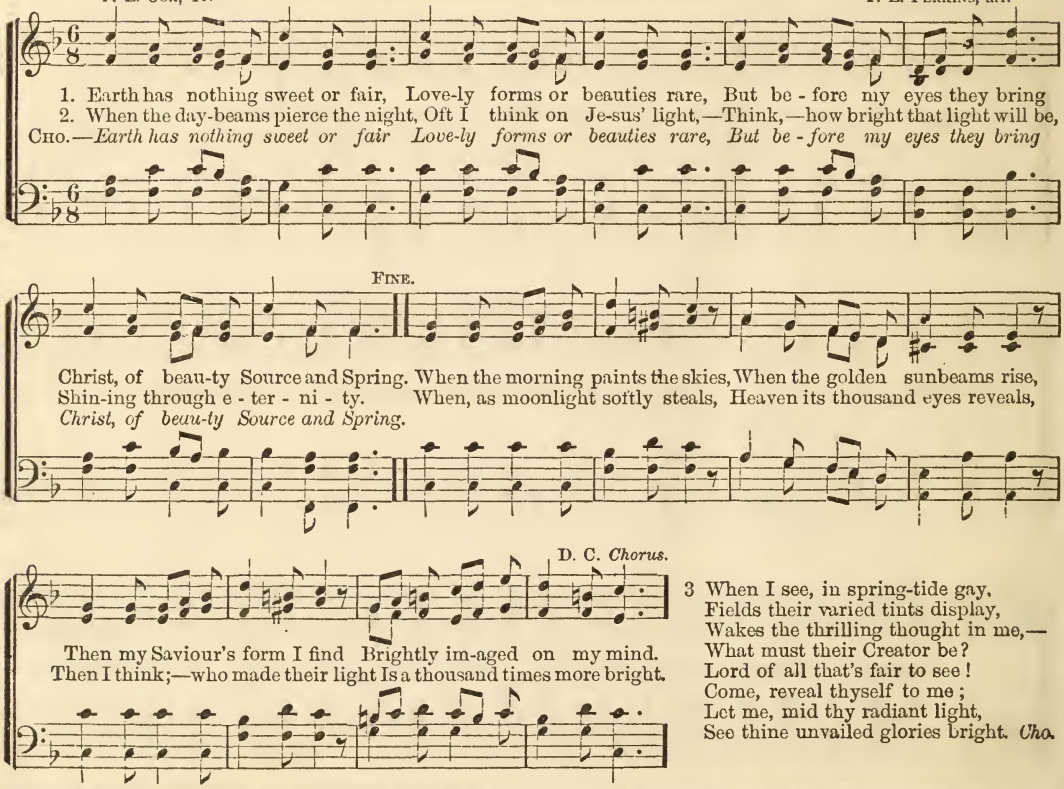
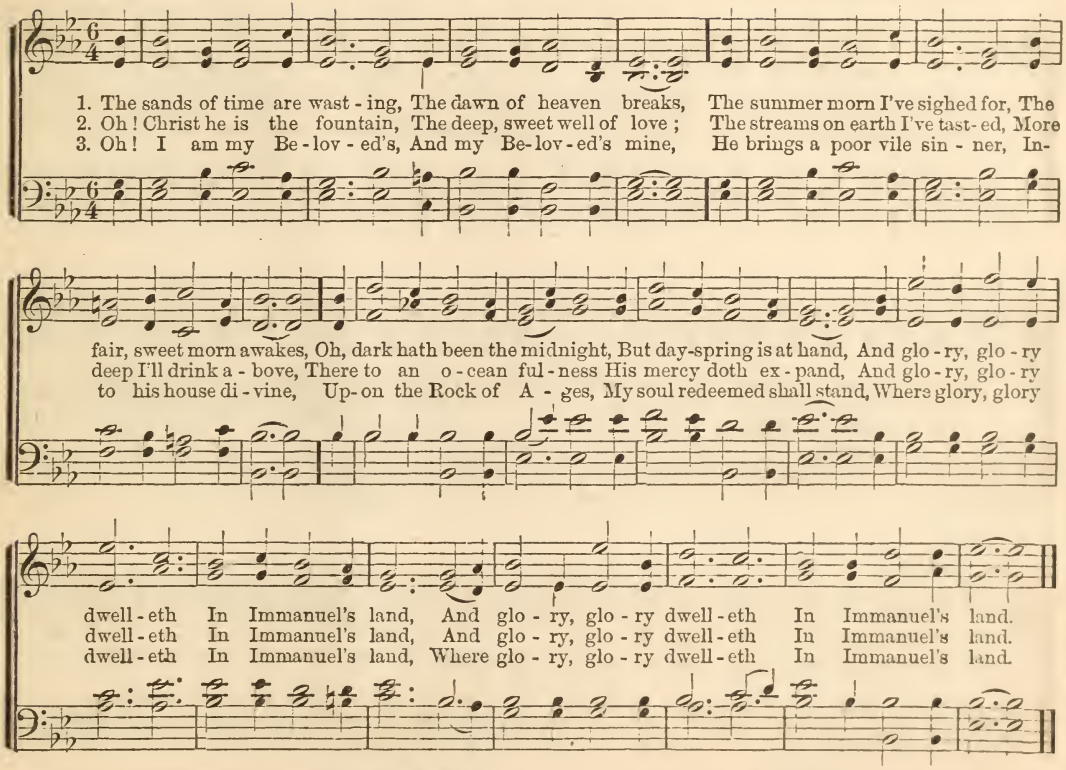
EARTH HAS NOTHING SWEET OR FAIR.

F. E. Cox, Tr. T. E. Perkins, arr.


1. Earth has nothing sweet or fair, Love-ly forms or beauties rare, But be - fore my eyes they bring
2. When the day-beams pierce the night, Oft I think on Je-sus' light,—Think,—how bright that light will be,
Cho.—Earth has nothing sweet or fair Love-ly forms or beauties rare, But be - fore my eyes they bring
Fine.
Christ, of beau-ty Source and Spring. When the morning paints the skies, When the golden sunbeams rise,
Shin-ing through e - ter - ni - ty. When, as moonlight softly steals, Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Christ, of beau-ty Source and Spring.
D. C. Chorus.
Then my Saviour's form I find Brightly im-aged on my mind.
Then I think;—who made their light Is a thousand times more bright.

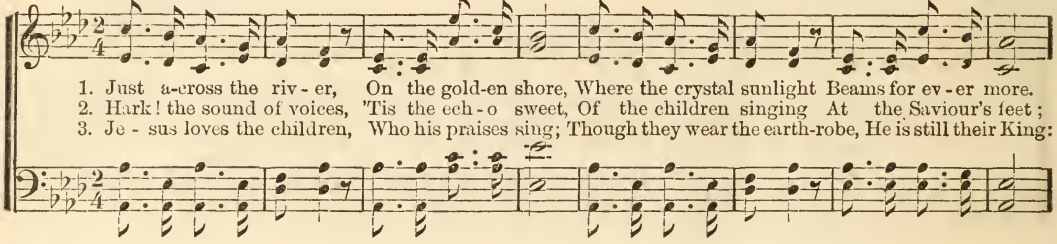
3 When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,—
What must their Creator be?
Lord of all that's fair to see!
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, mid thy radiant light,
See thine unvailed glories bright. *Cho.*

IMMANUEL'S LAND.

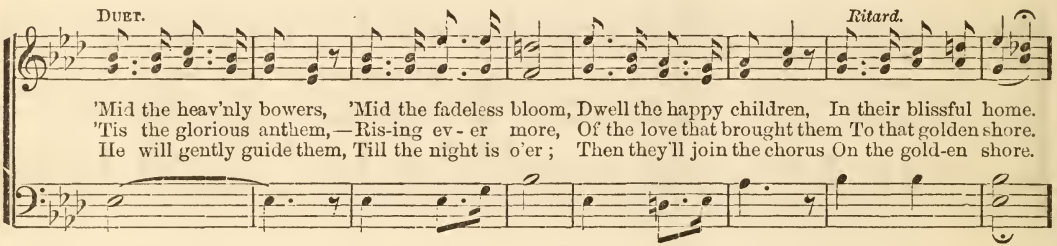
A. R. Cousin. Wm. F. Sherwin. Cop. 1872.

1. The sands of time are wast - ing, The dawn of heaven breaks, The summer morn I've sighed for, The
2. Oh! Christ he is the fountain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More
3. Oh! I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine, He brings a poor vile sin - ner, In -
fair, sweet morn awakes, Oh, dark hath been the midnight, But day-spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry
deep I'll drink a - bove, There to an o - cean ful - ness His mercy doth ex - pand, And glo - ry, glo - ry
to his house di - vine, Up - on the Rock of A - ges, My soul redeemed shall stand, Where glory, glory
dwell - eth In Immanuel's land, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Immanuel's land.
dwell - eth In Immanuel's land, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Immanuel's land.
dwell - eth In Immanuel's land, Where glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Immanuel's land.

JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

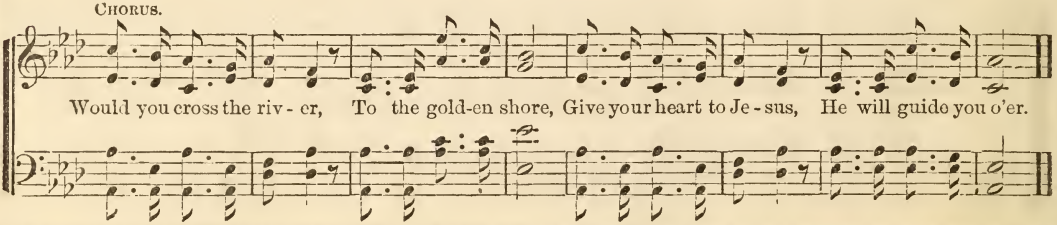
Mrs. S. B. Herrick. Karl Reden, by per.


1. Just a-cross the riv - er, On the gold-en shore, Where the crystal sunlight Beams for ev - er more.
2. Hark! the sound of voices, 'Tis the ech - o sweet, Of the children singing At the Saviour's feet;
3. Je - sus loves the children, Who his praises sing; Though they wear the earth-robe, He is still their King:

Duet. *Ritard.*

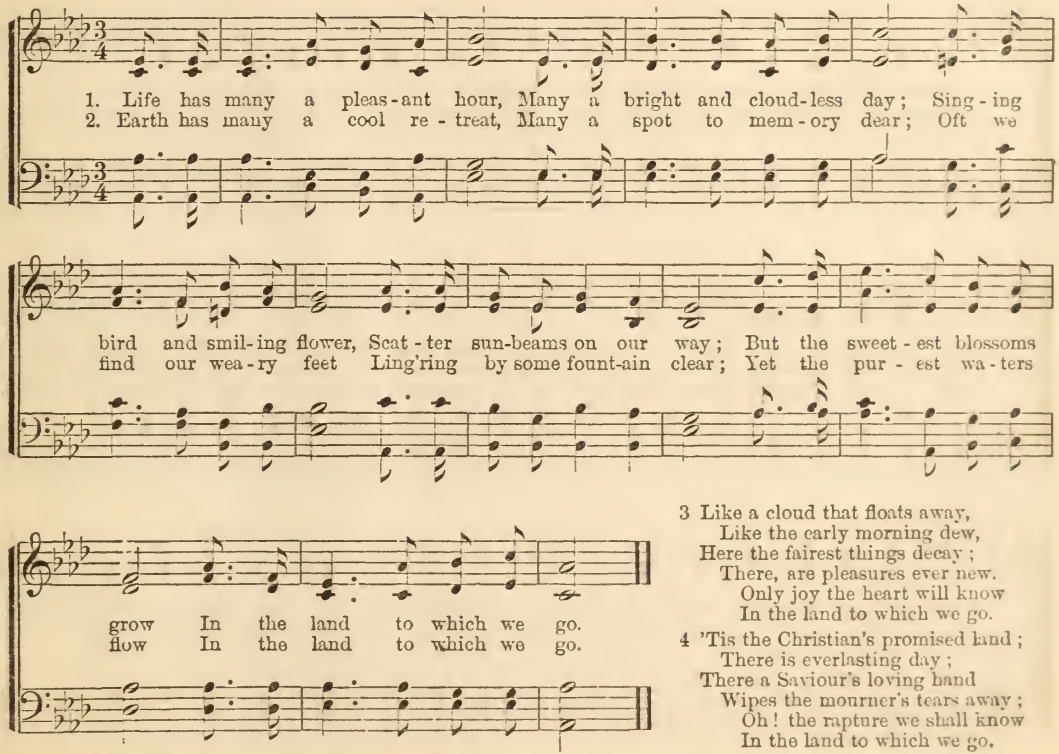

'Mid the heav'nly bowers, 'Mid the fadeless bloom, Dwell the happy children, In their blissful home.
'Tis the glorious anthem,—Ris-ing ev - er more, Of the love that brought them To that golden shore.
He will gently guide them, Till the night is o'er; Then they'll join the chorus On the gold-en shore.

Chorus.



THE LAND TO WHICH WE GO.

FANNY CROSBY. WM. F. SHERWIN. Cop. 1872.


1. Life has many a pleas-ant hour, Many a bright and cloud-less day; Sing-ing
2. Earth has many a cool re-treat, Many a spot to mem-ory dear; Oft we
bird and smil-ing flower, Scat-ter sun-beams on our way; But the sweet-est blossoms
find our wea-ry feet Ling'ring by some fount-ain clear; Yet the pur-est wa-ters
grow In the land to which we go.
flow In the land to which we go.

3 Like a cloud that floats away,
Like the early morning dew,
Here the fairest things decay;
There, are pleasures ever new.
Only joy the heart will know
In the land to which we go.

4 'Tis the Christian's promised land;
There is everlasting day;
There a Saviour's loving hand
Wipes the mourner's tears away;
Oh! the rapture we shall know
In the land to which we go.

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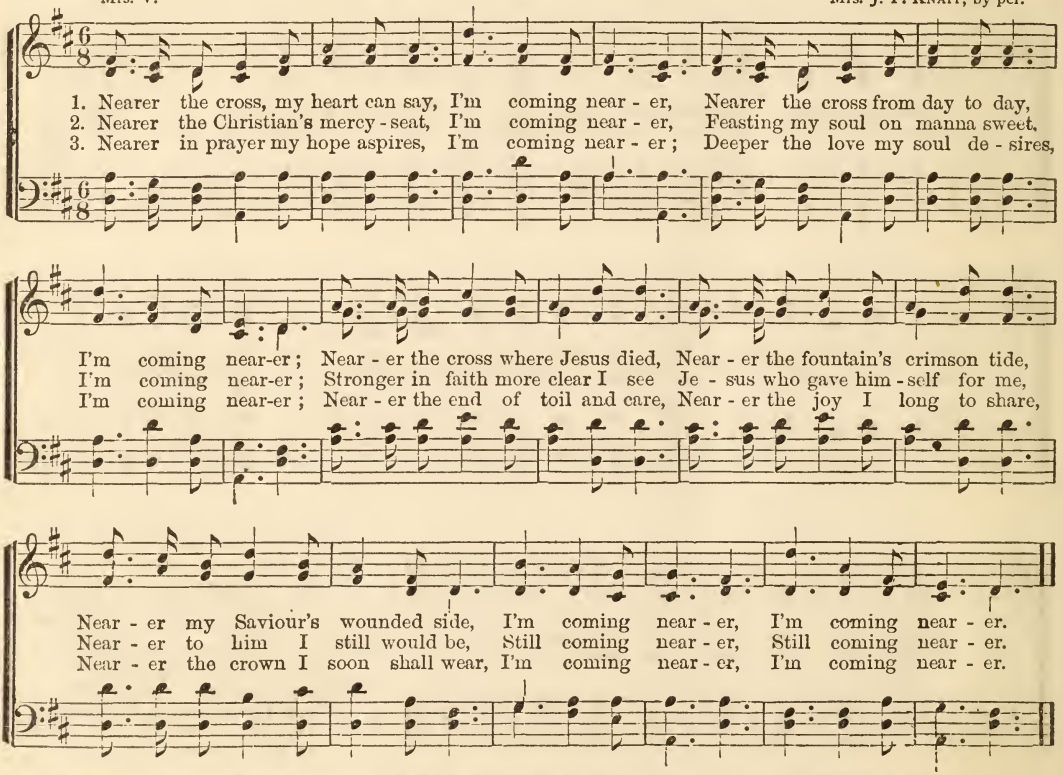
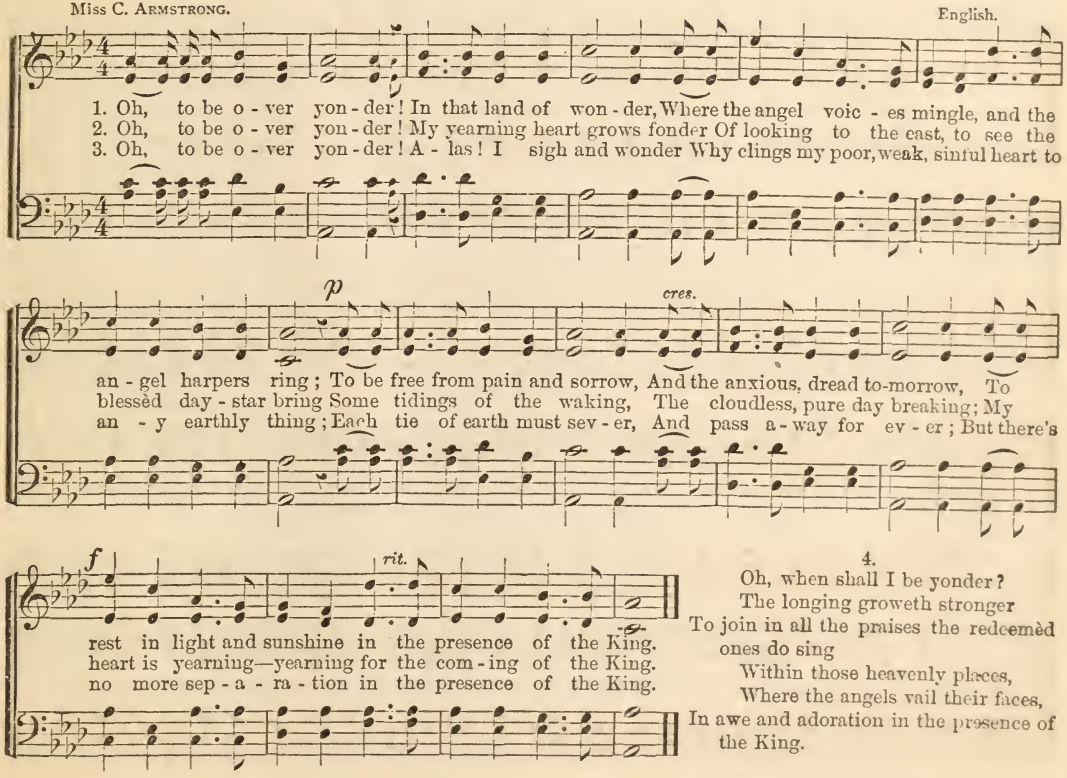
NEARER THE CROSS.

Mrs. V.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Nearer the cross, my heart can say, I'm coming near - er, Nearer the cross from day to day,
2. Nearer the Christian's mercy - seat, I'm coming near - er, Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
3. Nearer in prayer my hope aspires, I'm coming near - er; Deeper the love my soul de - sires,
I'm coming near-er; Near - er the cross where Jesus died, Near - er the fountain's crimson tide,
I'm coming near-er; Stronger in faith more clear I see Je - sus who gave him - self for me,
I'm coming near-er; Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share,
Near - er my Saviour's wounded side, I'm coming near - er, I'm coming near - er.
Near - er to him I still would be, Still coming near - er, Still coming near - er.
Near - er the crown I soon shall wear, I'm coming near - er, I'm coming near - er.

Miss C. ARMSTRONG. English.

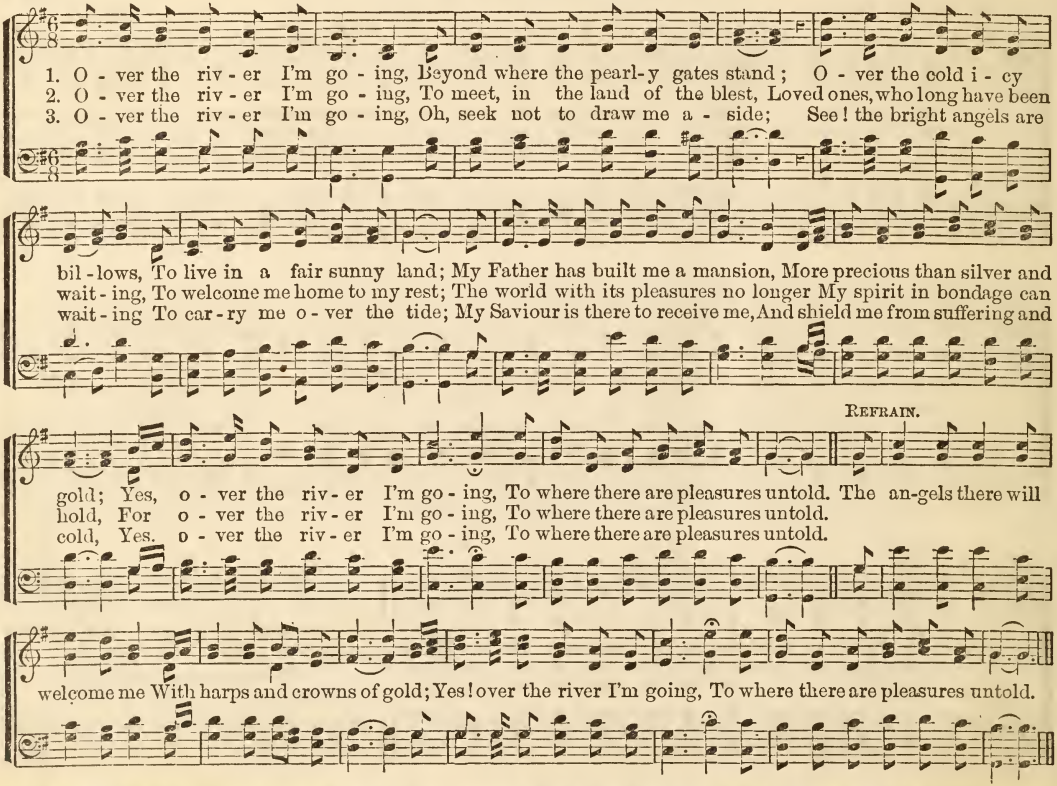

1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der, Where the angel voic - es mingle, and the
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearning heart grows fonder Of looking to the east, to see the
3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and wonder Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart to
p
cres.
an - gel harpers ring; To be free from pain and sorrow, And the anxious, dread to-morrow, To
blessèd day - star bring Some tidings of the waking, The cloudless, pure day breaking; My
an - y earthly thing; Each tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a - way for ev - er; But there's
f
rit.
rest in light and sunshine in the presence of the King.
heart is yearning—yearning for the com - ing of the King.
no more sep - a - ra - tion in the presence of the King.

4.

Oh, when shall I be yonder?
The longing groweth stronger
To join in all the praises the redeemèd ones do sing
Within those heavenly places,
Where the angels vail their faces,
In awe and adoration in the presence of the King.

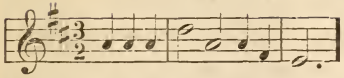
OVER THE RIVER I'M GOING.

J. M. Evans, by per.


1. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, Beyond where the pearl-y gates stand; O - ver the cold i - cy
2. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To meet, in the land of the blest, Loved ones, who long have been
3. O - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, Oh, seek not to draw me a - side; See! the bright angels are
bil - lows, To live in a fair sunny land; My Father has built me a mansion, More precious than silver and
wait - ing, To welcome me home to my rest; The world with its pleasures no longer My spirit in bondage can
wait - ing To car - ry me o - ver the tide; My Saviour is there to receive me, And shield me from suffering and
Refrain.
gold; Yes, o - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To where there are pleasures untold. The an-gels there will
hold, For o - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To where there are pleasures untold.
cold, Yes. o - ver the riv - er I'm go - ing, To where there are pleasures untold.
welcome me With harps and crowns of gold; Yes! over the river I'm going, To where there are pleasures untold.

FIRST HYMN.

REST. L. M.



1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

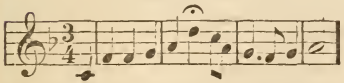
2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

SECOND HYMN.

FREDERICK. 11s.



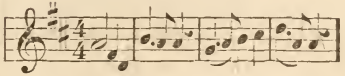
1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer.

2 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns!

3 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

THIRD HYMN.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.



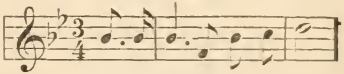
1 Come ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing.
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

FOURTH HYMN.

WHITE ROBES.



1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Singing one triumphant song?

CHORUS.

They have clean robes, white robes,—
White robes are waiting for me!
Yes, clean robes, white robes,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

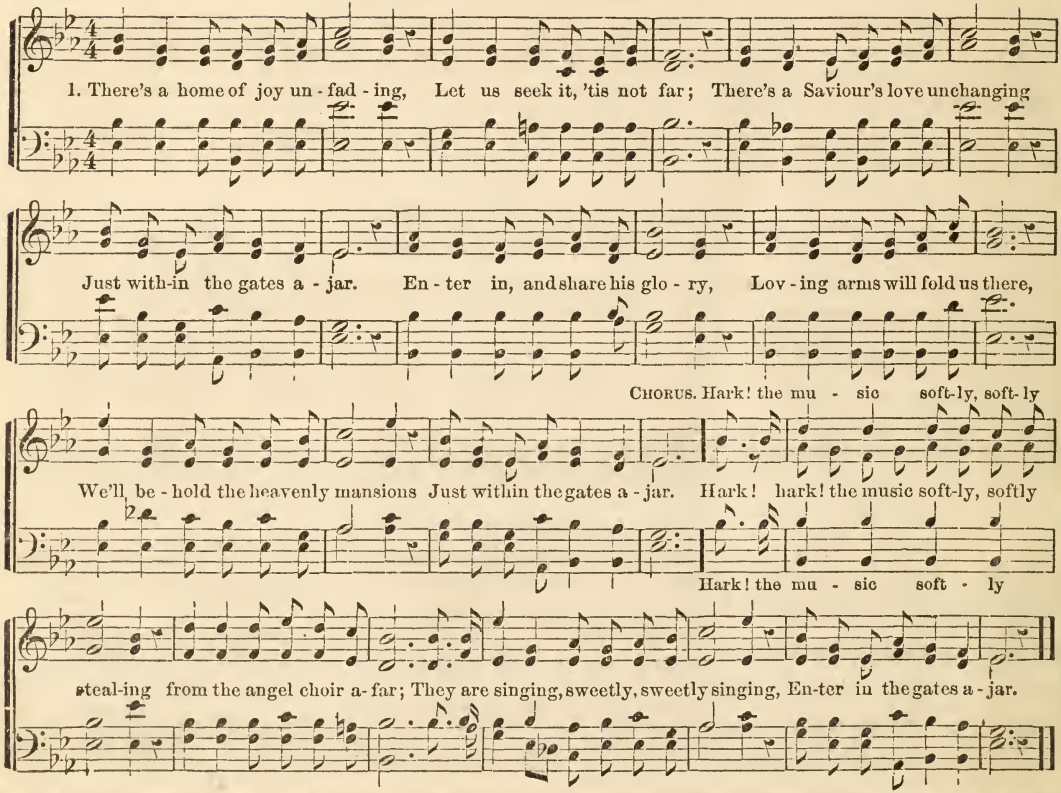
2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name.

3 Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

4 Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

154 G. S. W.

THE GATES AJAR.

GEO. S. WEEKS. Cop. 1875.

1. There's a home of joy un - fad - ing, Let us seek it, 'tis not far; There's a Saviour's love unchanging
Just with-in the gates a - jar. En - ter in, and share his glo - ry, Lov - ing arms will fold us there,
CHORUS. Hark! the mu - sic soft-ly, soft- ly
We'll be - hold the heavenly mansions Just within the gates a - jar. Hark! hark! the music soft-ly, softly
Hark! the mu - sic soft - ly
steal-ing from the angel choir a-far; They are singing, sweetly, sweetly singing, En-ter in the gates a - jar.

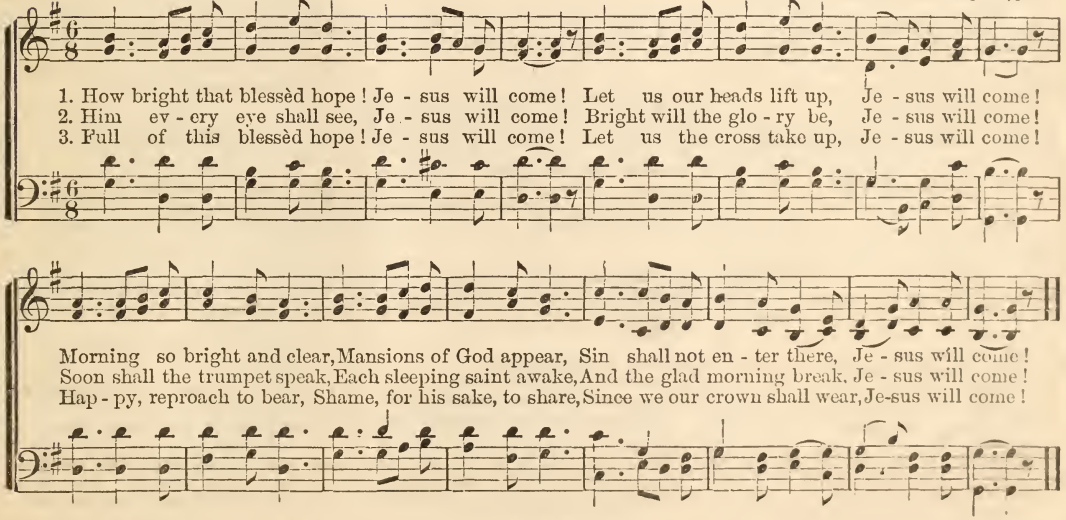
2 'Tis a loving Saviour calls us,
Bids us all his glories share;
Crowns of life he'll surely give us
When within the gates ajar.
Look to Jesus, trust his mercy,
Look to him by faith and prayer,
Live for Jesus, precious Saviour,
Opening wide the gates ajar. *Cho.*

3 No more weeping, no more sadness,
No more strife nor anxious care;
List, the heavenly songs of gladness
Stealing through the gates ajar.
No more longings, no more pinings,
Wing their way through midnight air,
Hark! the voice of mercy calling
Thro' the heavenly gates ajar. *Cho.*

4 Soon we'll reach the heavenly portals,
Angel bands will hail us there,
Then we'll catch the strains immortal
Bursting through the gates ajar.
Saviour, give us hearts to love thee,
Guide us to that land not far;
Thro' the shade of death's dark valley
May we see the gates ajar. *Cho.*

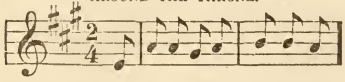
JESUS WILL COME.

T. E. Perkins. Cop. 1875.


1. How bright that blessèd hope! Je - sus will come! Let us our heads lift up, Je - sus will come!
2. Him ev - ery eye shall see, Je - sus will come! Bright will the glo - ry be, Je - sus will come!
3. Full of this blessèd hope! Je - sus will come! Let us the cross take up, Je - sus will come!
Morning so bright and clear, Mansions of God appear, Sin shall not en - ter there, Je - sus will come!
Soon shall the trumpet speak, Each sleeping saint awake, And the glad morning break, Je - sus will come!
Hap - py, reproach to bear, Shame, for his sake, to share, Since we our crown shall wear, Je-sus will come!

FIRST HYMN.

AROUND THE THRONE.



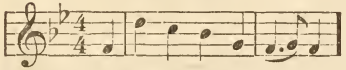
1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children, whose sins are all forgiven;
A holy, happy band.

REF.—Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2 What brought them to that world above?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:—
How came those children there? *Ref.*

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean! *Ref.*

SECOND HYMN.

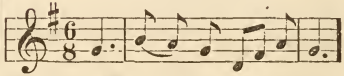
NEWPORT. 7S & 6S.

1 Come, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend:
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

3 Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day:
For those who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will forever bless.

THIRD HYMN.

NO SORROW THERE.



1 Forever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

CHORUS.

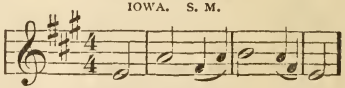
There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home. *Cho.*

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
The golden gates appear! *Cho.*

FOURTH HYMN.

IOWA. S. M.



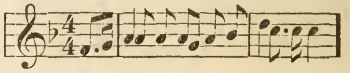
1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill;
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

FIFTH HYMN.

SWEET STORY.

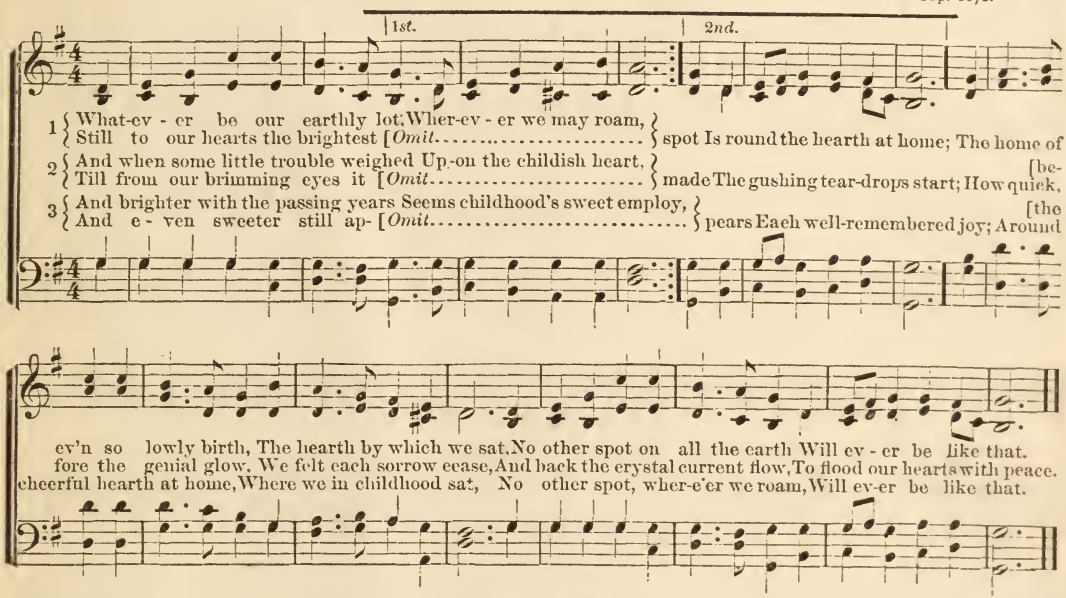


1 I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold.—
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

AROUND THE HEARTH.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1872.


1st.
2nd.
1 What-ev - er be our earthly lot; Wher-ev - er we may roam,
Still to our hearts the brightest [Omit.....
spot Is round the hearth at home; The home of
2 And when some little trouble weighed Up-on the childish heart.
Till from our brimming eyes it [Omit.....
made The gushing tear-drops start; How quick,
3 And brighter with the passing years Seems childhood's sweet employ,
And e - ven sweeter still ap- [Omit.....
pears Each well-remembered joy; Around
ev'n so lowly birth, The hearth by which we sat. No other spot on all the earth Will ev - er be like that.
fore the genial glow. We felt each sorrow cease, And back the crystal current flow, To flood our hearts with peace.
cheerful hearth at home, Where we in childhood sat, No other spot, wher-e'er we roam, Will ev-er be like that.

SECOND HYMN.

Rev. P. A. HANAFORD.

1 "Come unto me, earth's weary ones!"
The Saviour saith to-day;
"Come, ye that, heavy-laden, sigh,
Your burdens cast away!
Come, in the sultry heat of noon,
And I will give you rest:
Come, weary pilgrim, hither come,
And be forever blest!"

2 Lord Jesus! now thy voice we hear,
No longer we delay!
From earthly hopes and vain desires,
Our spirits turn away.
Thy voice, O Teacher, most divine!
With gentle tones so sweet,
Comes o'er us mid the din of earth,
And stays our wandering feet.

3 Rest, rest in thee! my spirit longs
For calm and sweet repose;
To have my soul a tranquil lake
Whereon faith's lily grows.
I claim thy promise, gracious Lord!
Thy love to comfort me,
Repenting, hoping, loving now,
O Christ! I come to thee.

158

WHEAT AND TARES.

Rev. H. KINGSBURY. Cop. 1875.

SOLO.

1. Growing to-geth-er, wheat and tares, Cluster-ing thick and green, Fanned by the gen-tle summer airs,

Un-der one sky se - rene, O - ver them both the sunlight falls, O - ver them both the rain, Till the

CHORUS.

an-gels come, when the Master calls, To gath-er the gold-en grain. Je-sus, oh, grant when thine angels

come, To reap the fields for thee, We may be gathered safe-ly home, Where thy precious wheat shall be.

2 Growing together, side by side,
Both shall the reaper meet,
Tares aloft in their scornful pride,
Bowing heads of the wheat.
Swift and sure o'er the waving plain,
The sickle sharp shall fly,
And the precious wheat, the abundant grain,
Shall be harvested in the sky. *Cho.*

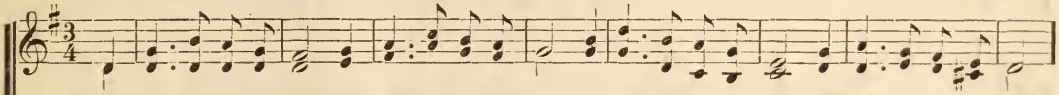
3 But for the tares, for them the word
Of a terrible doom is cast;
Bind and burn, said the blessèd Lord,
They shall leave the wheat at last.
Never again the summer rain,
Never the sunshine sweet,
That were lavished freely, all in vain,
On the tares among the wheat. *Cho.*

4 Where shall the reapers look for us,
When that day of days shall come?
Solemn the thought, with grandeur fraught,
Of that wondrous harvest home.
None but the wheat shall be gathered in,
By the Master's own command,
For the tares alone, the doom of sin,
And the flame in the Judge's hand. *Cho.*

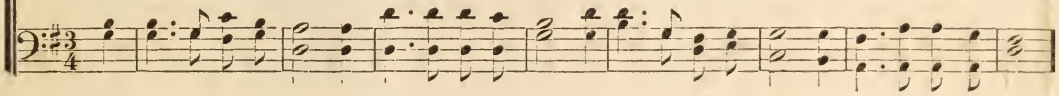
I NEED THEE, O MY GOD.

F.——

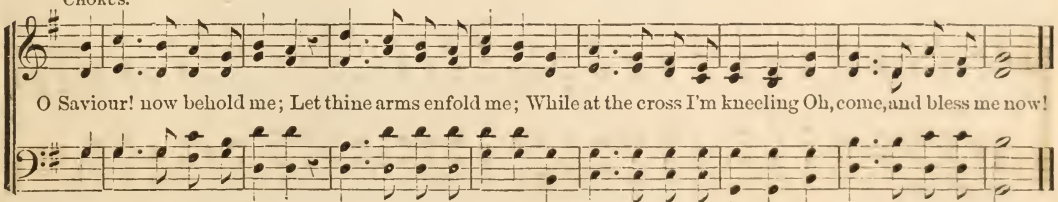
WM. F. SHERWIN. Cop. 1874.



1. I need thee, O my God, Thy all-sustaining power; I need thy cleansing blood To save me every hour.
2. I need thy Spirit, Lord, My comfort day by day, To guide my steps aright And warn me when I stray.
3. I need the sheltering Rock, Where, from the noon-tide heat, My soul may rest awhile Beneath its calm retreat.
4. I'm waiting at the cross; My faith takes hold on thee; In grief, in joy, or pain, O Lord, abide with me!



CHORUS.

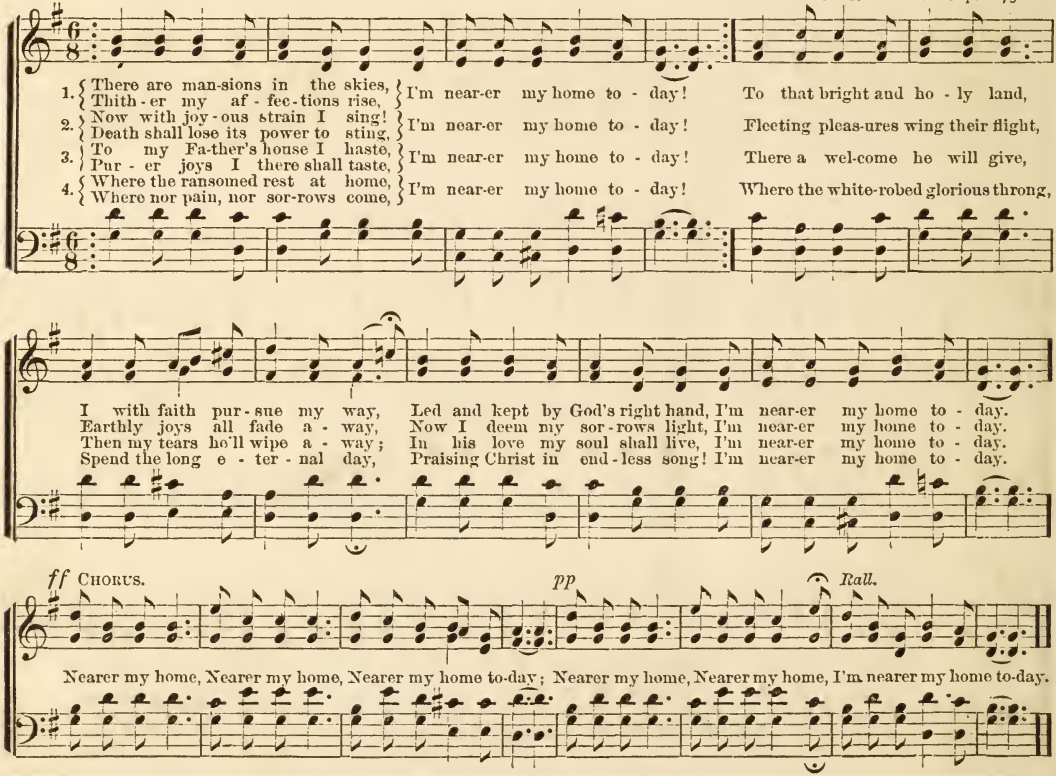


O Saviour! now behold me; Let thine arms enfold me; While at the cross I'm kneeling Oh, come, and bless me now!

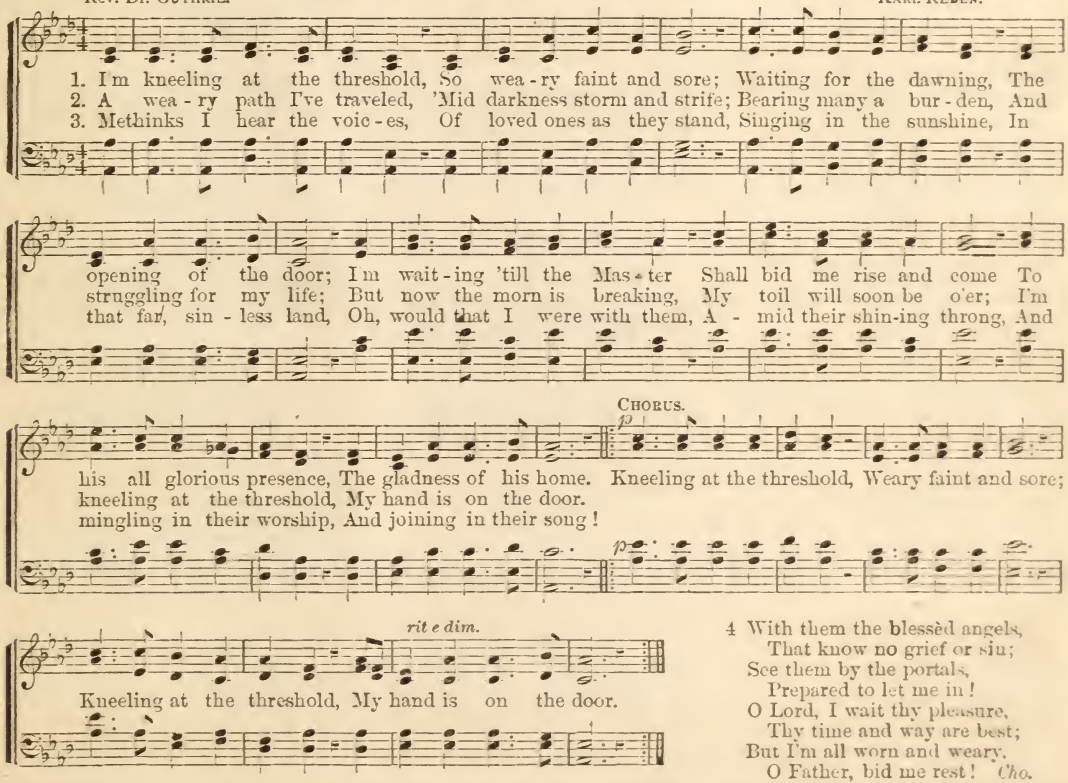
160

I'M NEARER MY HOME TO-DAY.

Rev. GEORGE GILL.

GEORGE S. WEEKS. Cop. 1875.

1. There are man-sions in the skies, Thith-er my af-fec-tions rise, I'm near-er my home to-day! To that bright and ho-ly land,
2. Now with joy-ous strain I sing! Death shall lose its power to sting, I'm near-er my home to-day! Fleeting pleas-ures wing their flight,
3. To my Fa-ther's house I haste, Pur-er joys I there shall taste, I'm near-er my home to-day! There a wel-come he will give,
4. Where the ransomed rest at home, Where nor pain, nor sor-rows come, I'm near-er my home to-day! Where the white-robed glorious throng,
I with faith pur-sue my way, Led and kept by God's right hand, I'm near-er my home to-day.
Earthly joys all fade a-way, Now I deem my sor-rows light, I'm near-er my home to-day.
Then my tears he'll wipe a-way; In his love my soul shall live, I'm near-er my home to-day.
Spend the long e-ter-nal day, Praising Christ in end-less song! I'm near-er my home to-day.
ff CHORUS.
pp
Rall.
Nearer my home, Nearer my home, Nearer my home to-day; Nearer my home, Nearer my home, I'm nearer my home to-day.

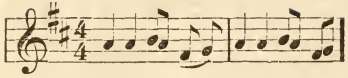
KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

Rev. Dr. GUTHRIE. KARL REDEN.

1. I'm kneeling at the threshold, So wea-ry faint and sore; Waiting for the dawning, The
2. A wea-ry path I've traveled, 'Mid darkness storm and strife; Bearing many a bur-den, And
3. Methinks I hear the voic-es, Of loved ones as they stand, Singing in the sunshine, In
opening of the door; I'm wait-ing 'till the Mas-ter Shall bid me rise and come To
struggling for my life; But now the morn is breaking, My toil will soon be o'er; I'm
that far, sin-less land, Oh, would that I were with them, A-mid their shin-ing throng, And
CHORUS.
p
his all glorious presence, The gladness of his home. Kneeling at the threshold, Weary faint and sore;
kneeling at the threshold, My hand is on the door.
mingling in their worship, And joining in their song!
p
rit e dim.
Kneeling at the threshold, My hand is on the door.

4 With them the blessèd angels,
That know no grief or sin;
See them by the portals,
Prepared to let me in!
O Lord, I wait thy pleasure,
Thy time and way are best;
But I'm all worn and weary,
O Father, bid me rest! *Cho.*

FIRST HYMN.

BEYOND THE TIDE.



1 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

CHORUS.

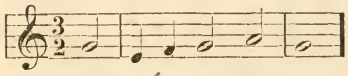
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.

2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

3 Spread your sails while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Sweet salvation is the song.

SECOND HYMN.

BOYLSTON. S. M.



1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

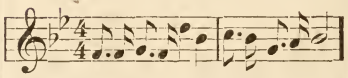
2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

THIRD HYMN.

RING THE BELLS.



1 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming his weary, wand'ring child.

CHORUS.

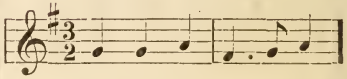
Glory! glory! how the angels sing;
Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring;
'Tis the ransomed army like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day,
Angels swell the glad triumphant strain:
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
For a precious soul is born again.

FOURTH HYMN.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



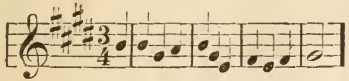
1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

FIRST HYMN.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.



1 Come, children, and join in our festival song,
The New Year has come, and the old year has gone;
We'll join our glad voices in one hymn of praise,
To God, who has kept us and lengthened our days.

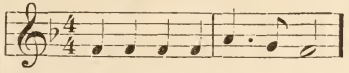
CHORUS.

Happy New Year to all! happy New Year to all!
Happy New Year, happy New Year, happy New Year to all!

2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us, and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray. *Cho.*

3 And if, ere this New Year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell,
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well. *Cho.*

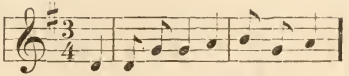
SECOND HYMN.

BENEVENTO.

1 While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view;
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

THIRD HYMN.

SHINING SHORE.



1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as the fly!
Those hours of toil and danger.

REFRAIN.

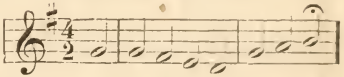
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the Shining Shore,
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning. *Ref.*

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing. *Ref.*

FOURTH HYMN.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



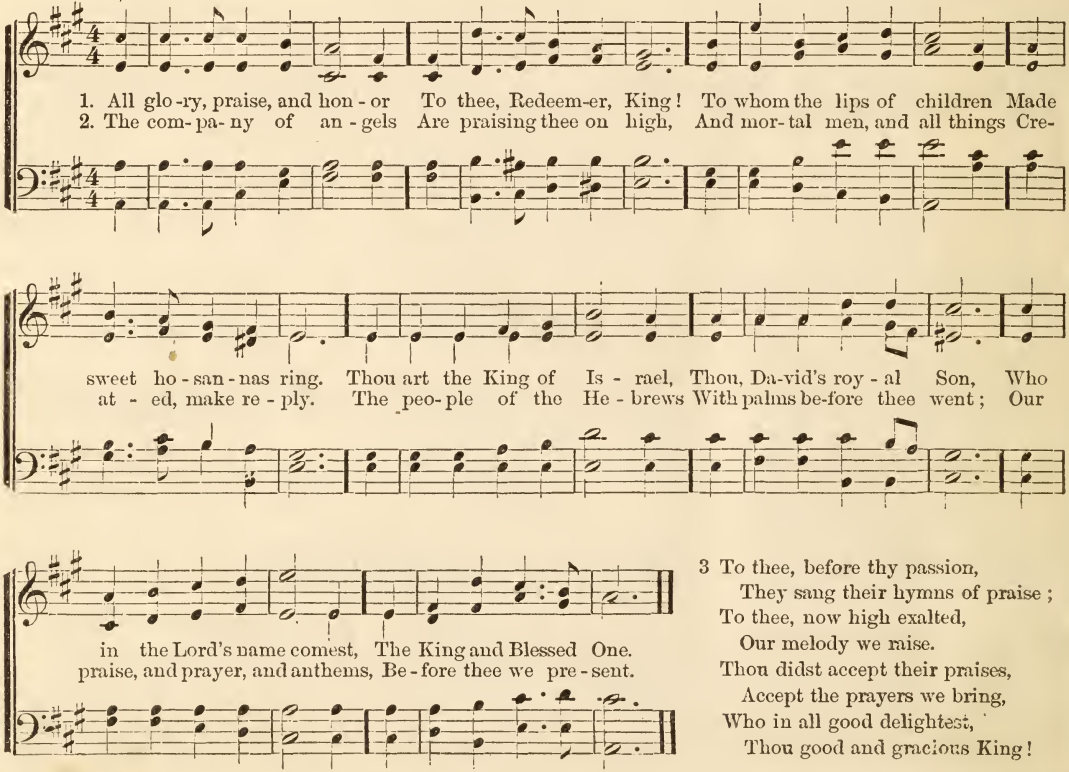
1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ALL GLORY, PRAISE, AND HONOR.

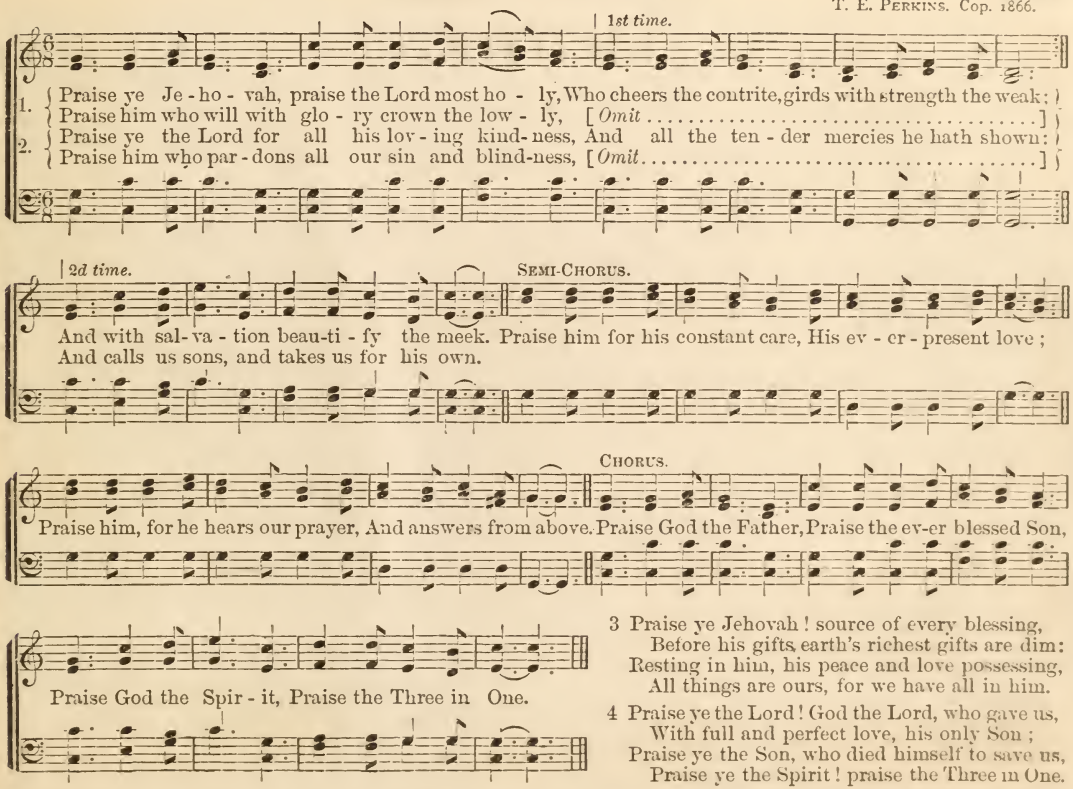
NEALE, Tr. HAVERGAL.


1. All glo-ry, praise, and hon-or To thee, Redeem-er, King! To whom the lips of children Made
2. The com-pa-ny of an-gels Are praising thee on high, And mor-tal men, and all things Cre-
sweet ho-san-nas ring. Thou art the King of Is-rael, Thou, Da-vid's roy-al Son, Who
at-ed, make re-ply. The peo-ple of the He-brews With palms be-fore thee went; Our
in the Lord's name comest, The King and Blessed One.
praise, and prayer, and anthems, Be-fore thee we pre-sent.

3 To thee, before thy passion,
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

PRAISE YE JEHOVAH.

T. E. PERKINS. Cop. 1866.


1st time.
1. Praise ye Je - ho - vah, praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak;
Praise him who will with glo - ry crown the low - ly, [Omit .....]
2. Praise ye the Lord for all his lov - ing kind - ness, And all the ten - der mercies he hath shown:
Praise him who par - dons all our sin and blind - ness, [Omit .....]
2d time.
SEMI-CHORUS.
And with sal - va - tion beau - ti - fy the meek. Praise him for his constant care, His ev - er - present love;
And calls us sons, and takes us for his own.
CHORUS.
Praise him, for he hears our prayer, And answers from above. Praise God the Father, Praise the ev-er blessed Son,
Praise God the Spir - it, Praise the Three in One.

3 Praise ye Jehovah! source of every blessing,
Before his gifts earth's richest gifts are dim:
Resting in him, his peace and love possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in him.

4 Praise ye the Lord! God the Lord, who gave us,
With full and perfect love, his only Son;
Praise ye the Son, who died himself to save us,
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in One.

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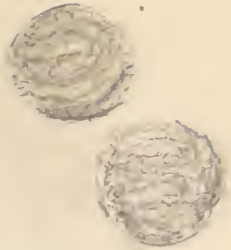

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